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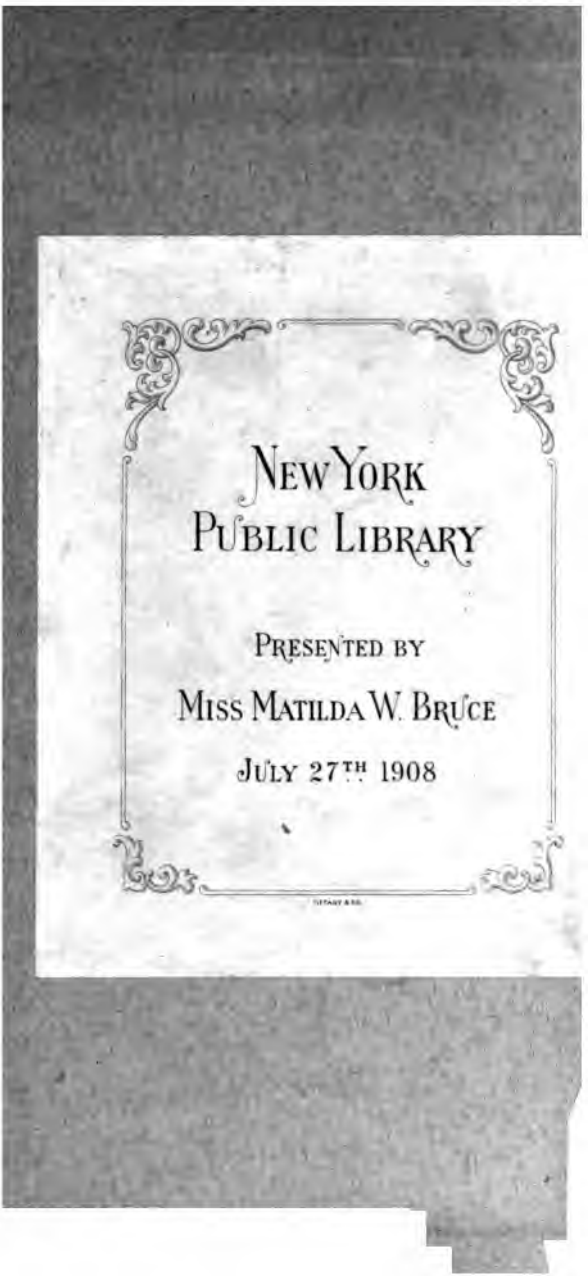
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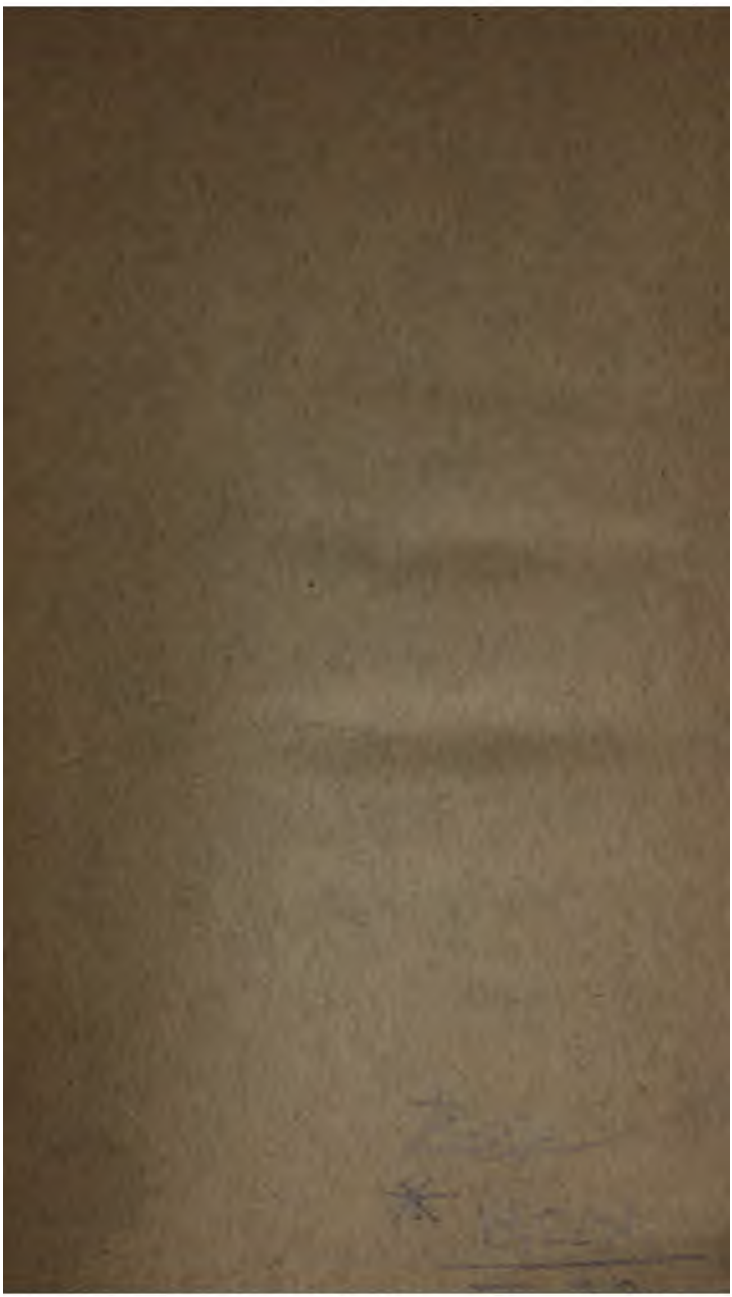

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WITH

NOTES,

BY

JOHNSON AND STEEVENS.

VOL. XIII.

CORIOLANUS,
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

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CORIOLANUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, *a noble* Roman.
Titus Lartius, Cominius, } *generals against the* Volscians.
Menenius Agrippa, *friend to* Coriolanus.
Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, } *tribunes of the people.*
Young Marcius, *son to* Coriolanus.
A Roman *herald.*
Tullus Aufidius, *general of the* Volscians.
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Conspirators with Aufidius.
A citizen of Antium.
Two Volscian *guards.*

Volumnia, *mother to* Coriolanus.
Virgilia, *wife to* Coriolanus.
Valeria, *friend to* Virgilia.
Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.

Roman *and* Volscian *senators, patricians, ædiles, lictors, soldiers, citizens, messengers, servants to* Aufidius, *and other attendants.*

SCENE,

Partly in Rome; *and partly in the territories of the* Volscians *and* Antiates.

CORIOLANUS.[1]

ACT I.....SCENE I.

Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.

1 *Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [*Several speaking at once.*

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know 't, we know 't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we 'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on 't; let it be done: away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good:[2] What authority surfeits on, would relieve us: If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely;

[1] This play I conjecture to have been written in the year 1609. It comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the secession to the *Mons Sacer* in the year of Rome 262, and ending with the death of Coriolanus, A. U. C. 266. *Malone.*

The whole history is exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches exactly copied, from the Life of Coriolanus in *Plutarch. Pope.*

[2] 1 Cit. *We are accounted* poor *citizens; the patricians*, good:] *Good* is here used in the *mercantile* sense. So, *Touchstone* in *Eastward Hoe:*

" —— known *good* men, well monied." *Farmer.*

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" Antonio 's a *good* man." *Malone.*

but they think, we are too dear:[3] the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes,[4] ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first;[5] he 's a very dog to the commonalty.

[3] —— *but they think, we are too dear:*] They think that the charge of maintaining us is more than we are worth. *Johnson.*

[4] *Let us revenge this with our* pikes, *ere we become* rakes:] It was Shakspeare's design to make this fellow quibble all the way. But time, who has done greater things, has here stifled a miserable joke; which was then the same as if it had been now wrote, *Let us now revenge this with* forks, *ere we become* rakes: for *pikes* then signified the same as *forks* do now. So, Jewel in his own translation of his *Apology*, turns *Christianos ad furcas condemnare*, to—*To condemn christians to the* pikes. But the Oxford editor, without knowing any thing of this, has with great sagacity found out the joke, and reads on his own authority, *pitch-forks*. *Warburton.*

It is plain that, in our author's time, we had the proverb, *as lean as a rake*. Of this proverb the original is obscure. *Rake* now signifies a *dissolute man*, a man worn out with disease and debauchery. But the signification is, I think, much more modern than the proverb. *Rækel*, in Islandick, is said to mean a *cur-dog*, and this was probably the first use among us of the word *rake; as lean as a rake* is, therefore, as lean as a dog too worthless to be fed. *Johnson.*

It may be so: and yet I believe the proverb, *as lean as a rake*, owes its origin simply to the thin taper form of the instrument made use of by hay-makers. Chaucer has this simile in his description of the *clerk's* horse in the prologue to the *Canterbur. Tales*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 288:

" As lene was his hors as is a *rake*."

Spenser introduces it in the second Book of his *Fairy Queen*, Canto II:

" His body lean and meagre *as a rake*."

As thin as a whipping-post, is another proverb of the same kind.

Stanyhurst, in his translation of the third Book of *Virgil*, 1582, describing Achæmenides, says:

" A meigre leane *rake*," &c.

This passage, however, seems to countenance Dr. Johnson's supposition; as also does the following from Churchyard's *Tragicall Discourse of the Haplesse Man's Life*, 1593:

" And though *as leane as rake* in every rib." *Steevens.*

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude[6] of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He 's one honest enough; 'Would, all the rest were so!

Men. What work 's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1 *Cit.* Our business[7] is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we 'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

[5] Cit. *Against him first;* &c.] This speech is in the old play, as here, given to a body of the Citizens speaking at once. I believe, it ought to be assigned to the first Citizen. *Malone.*

[6] —— *to the altitude* —] So, in *King Henry VIII:*
" He 's traitor *to the height.*" *Steevens.*

[7] *Our business* &c.] This and all the subsequent plebeian speeches in this scene are given in the old copy to the *second* Citizen. But the dialogue at the opening of the play shows that it must have been a mistake, and that they ought to be attributed to the *first* Citizen. The second is rather friendly to Coriolanus. *Malone.*

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

1 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment:[8] For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

1 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there 's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale 't a little more.[9]

1 *Cit.* Well, I 'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to

[8] —— *cracking ten thousand curbs*
Of more strong link asunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment:] So, in *Othello:*
" I have made my way through more impediments
" Than twenty times your stop." *Malone.*

[9] —— *I will venture*
To scale 't a little more.] To *scale* is to *disperse*. The word is still used in the North. The sense of the old reading is, Though some of you have heard the story, I will spread it yet wider, and diffuse it among the rest.
A measure of wine spilt, is called—" a *scal'd* pottle of wine" in Decker's comedy of *The Honest Whore*, 1604. So, in *T*

fob off our disgrace with a tale:[1] but, an 't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments[2]
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate,[3] did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Hystorie of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield, &c. a play published in 1599:

" The hugie heapes of cares that lodged in my minde,
" Are *skaled* from their nestling-place, and pleasures passage find."

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, already quoted:

" —— Cut off his beard. ——

" Fye, fye; idle, idle; he 's no Frenchman, to fret at the loss of a little *scal'd* hair." In the North they say *scale* the corn, i. e. scatter it: *scale* the muck well, i. e. spread the dung well. The two foregoing instances are taken from Mr. Lambe's notes on the old metrical history of *Floddon Field.*

Again, Holinshed, Vol. II, p. 499, speaking of the retreat of the Welshmen during the absence of Richard II, says: "—they would no longer abide, but *scaled* and departed away." So again, p. 530: " — whereupon their troops *scaled*, and fled their waies." In the learned Ruddiman's Glossary to Gawin Douglas's translation of Virgil, the following account of the word is given. *Skail, skale*, to *scatter*, to *spread*, perhaps from the Fr. *escheveler*, Ital. *scapigliare*, crines passos, seu sparsos habere. All from the Latin *capillus*. Thus *escheveler, schevel, skail;* but of a more general signification. *Steevens.*

Theobald reads—*stale* it. *Malone.*

[1] —— disgrace *with a tale:*] *Disgraces* are *hardships, injuries. Johnson.*

[2] —— where *the other instruments* —] *Where* for *whereas. Johnson.*

We meet with the same expression in *The Winter's Tale*, Vol. VI, p. 205, n. 7:

" As you feel, doing thus; and see withal
" The *instruments* that *feel.*" *Malone.*

[3] —— *participate,*] Here means *participant*, or *participating. Malone.*

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs,[4] but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,[5]
As well as speak,) it tauntingly reply'd
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envy'd his receipt; even so most fitly[6]
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.[7]
1 *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart,[8] the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they ——
Men. What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?
1 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body, ——
Men. Well, what then?
1 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?
Men. I will tell you;
If you 'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience, a while, you 'll hear the belly's answer.
1 *Cit.* You are long about it.
Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,

[4] *Which ne'er came from the lungs,*] With a smile not indicating pleasure, but contempt. *Johnson.*

[5] —— *I may make the belly* smile,] "And so the belly, all this notwithstanding, *laughed* at their folly, and sayed," &c. North's translation of Plutarch, p. 240, edit. 1579. *Malone.*

[6] —— *even so most* fitly —] i. e. exactly. *Warburton.*

[7] *They are not* such *as you.*] I suppose we should read—*They are not as you.* So, in *St. Luke*, xviii, 11: "God, I thank thee, I am not *as* this publican." The pronoun—*such*, only disorders the measure. *Steevens.*

[8] *The counsellor heart,*] The heart was anciently esteemed the seat of prudence. *Homo cordatus* is a *prudent man. Johnson.*

The heart was considered by Shakspeare as the seat of the *understanding*. See the next note. *Malone.*

That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain;[9]

[9] —— *to the seat o' the brain;*] seems to me a very languid expression. I believe we should read, with the omission of a particle:

Even to the court, the heart, to the seat, the *brain.*

He uses *seat* for *throne*, the *royal seat*, which the first editors probably not apprehending, corrupted the passage. It is thus used in *Richard II*, Act III, sc. iv:

" Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
" Against thy *seat*." ——

It should be observed too, that one of the *Citizens* had just before characterized these principal parts of the human fabrick by similar metaphors:

" The *kingly-crowned head*, the vigilant eye,
" The *counsellor heart*, ——." *Tyrwhitt.*

I have too great respect for even the conjectures of my respectable and very judicious friend, to suppress his note, though it appears to me erroneous. In the present instance I have not the smallest doubt, being clearly of opinion that the text is right. *Brain* is here used for *reason* or understanding. Shakspeare seems to have had Camden as well as Plutarch before him; the former of whom has told a similar story in his *Remains*, 1605, and has likewise made the *heart* the *seat* of the *brain*, or understanding: " Hereupon they all agreed to pine away their lasie and publike enemy. One day passed over, the second followed very tedious, but the third day was so grievous to them, that they called a common counsel. The eyes waxed dimme, the feete could not support the body, the armes waxed lazie, the tongue faltered, and could not lay open the matter. Therefore they all with one accord desired the *advice* of the *heart*. *There* REASON laid open before them," &c. *Remains*, p. 109.

I agree, however, entirely with Mr. Tyrwhitt, in thinking that *seat* means here the *royal* seat, the throne. *The seat of the brain*, is put in opposition with *the heart*, and is descriptive of it. "I send it, (says the belly) through the blood, even to the *royal residence*, the *heart*, in which the kingly-crowned understanding *sits enthroned.*

So, in *King Henry VI*, P. II:

" The rightful heir to England's royal *seat*."

In like manner in *Twelfth Night*, our author has erected the *throne* of love in the *heart*:

" It gives a very echo to the *seat*
" Where love is *throned*."

Again, in *Othello*:

And, through the cranks and offices of man,[1]
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly) mark me,—
1 *Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.
Men. *Though all at once cannot*
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to 't?
1 *Cit.* It was an answer: How apply you this?
Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find,
No public benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?—
1 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?
Men. For that being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
Lead'st first, to win some vantage.[2]—

" Yield up, O love, thy crown and *hearted throne.*"
See also a passage in *King Henry V*, where *seat* is used in the same sense as here; Vol. IX, p. 227, n. 4. *Malone.*

[1] —— *the* cranks *and offices of man,*] *Cranks* are the meandrous ducts of the human body. *Steevens.*
Cranks are *windings*. So, in *Venus and Adonis:*
" He *cranks* and crosses, with a thousand doubles."
Malone.

[2] *Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to* run.
Lead'st first, to win some vantage.] I think, we may better read, by an easy change:
Thou rascal that art worst in blood, to ruin
Lead'st first, to win &c.
Thou that art the meanest by birth, art the foremost to lead thy fellows *to ruin*, in hope of some advantage. The meaning, however, is perhaps only this, Thou that art a hound, or running dog of the lowest breed, lead'st the pack, when any thing is to be gotten. *Johnson.*
Worst in blood may be the true reading. In *King Henry VI*, P. I:

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale.[3]—Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What 's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,

" If we be English deer, be then *in blood*."
i. e. high spirits, in vigour.

Again, in this play of *Coriolanus*, Act IV, sc. v: " But when they shall see his crest up again, and the man *in blood*," &c.

Mr. M. Mason judiciously observes that *blood*, in all these passages, is applied to *deer*, for a lean *deer* is called a rascal; and that " worst in blood," is *least in vigour*. *Steevens.*

Both *rascal* and *in blood* are terms of the forest. *Rascal* meant a lean deer, and is here used equivocally. The phrase *in blood* has been proved in a former note to be a phrase of the forest. See Vol. X, p. 86, n. 7.

Our author seldom is careful that his comparisons should answer on both sides. He seems to mean here, thou, worthless scoundrel, though, like a deer not in blood, thou art in the worst condition for running of all the herd of plebeians, takest the lead in this tumult, in order to obtain some private advantage to yourself. What advantage the foremost of a herd of deer could obtain, is not easy to point out, nor did Shakspeare, I believe, consider. Perhaps indeed he only uses *rascal* in its ordinary sense. So afterwards—

" From *rascals* worse than they."

Dr. Johnson's interpretation appears to me inadmissible; as the term, though it is applicable both in its original and metaphorical sense to a man, cannot, I think, be applied to a dog; nor have I found any instance of the term *in blood* being applied to the canine species. *Malone.*

[3] *The one side must have* bale.] *Bale* is an old Saxon word, for *misery* or *calamity*:

" For light she hated as the deadly *bale*."
Spenser's *Fairy Queen.*

Mr. M. Mason observes that " *bale*, as well as *bane*, signified *poison* in Shakspeare's days. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" With *baleful* weeds and precious-juiced flowers."
Steevens.

This word was antiquated in Shakspeare's time, being marked as obsolete by Bullokar, in his *English Expositor*, 1616. Malone.

That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud.[4] He that trusts you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it.[5] Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What 's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What 's their seeking?[6]
Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.
Mar. Hang 'em! They say?
They 'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What 's done i' the Capitol: who 's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines:[7] side factions, and give
out

[4] *That* like nor *peace, nor war? the one affrights you,*
The other makes you proud.] Coriolanus does not use these two sentences consequentially, but first reproaches them with unsteadiness, then with their other occasional vices. *Johnson.*

[5] ——*Your virtue is,*
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it.] i. e. Your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished. *Steevens.*

[6] *What 's* their *seeking?*] *Seeking* is here used substantively. —The answer is, "There seeking, or *suit* (to use the language of the time) is *for* corn." *Malone.*

[7] —— *who 's like to rise,*
Who thrives, *and who declines:*] The words—*who thrives*, which destroy the metre, appear to be an evident and tasteless interpolation. They are omitted by Sir T. Hanmer. *Steevens.*

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there 's grain enough?
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,[8]
And let me use my sword, I 'd make a quarry
With thousands[9] of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.[1]

[8] —— *their* ruth,] i. e. their pity, compassion. Fairfax and Spenser often use the word. Hence the adjective—*ruth*less, which is still current. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *I 'd make a quarry*
With thousands —] Why a quarry? I suppose, not because he would pile them square, but because he would give them for carrion to the birds of prey. *Johnson.*

So, in *The Miracles of Moses*, by Drayton:

"And like a *quarry* cast them on the land."

See Vol. VII, p. 204, n. 8. *Steevens.*

The word *quarry* occurs in *Macbeth*, where Ross says to Macduff:

"—— to state the manner,
"Were on the *quarry* of these murder'd deer
"To add the death of you."

In a note on this last passage, Steevens asserts, that *quarry* means *game* pursued or killed, and supports that opinion by a passage in Massinger's *Guardian:* and from thence I suppose the word was used to express a heap of slaughtered persons.

In the concluding scene of *Hamlet*, where Fortinbras sees so many lying dead, he says:

"This *quarry* cries, on havock!"

and in the last scene of *A Wife for a Month*, Valerio, in describing his own fictitious battle with the Turks, says:

"I saw the child of honour, for he was young,
"Deal such an alms among the spiteful Pagans,
"And round about his reach invade the Turks,
"He had intrench'd himself in his dead *quarries*."

M. Mason.

Bullokar, in his *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, says that "a *quarry* among hunters signifieth the reward given to hounds after they have hunted, or the venison which is taken by hunting." This sufficiently explains the word of Coriolanus. *Malone.*

[1] —— pick *my lance.*] And so the word [*pitch*] is still pronounced in Staffordshire, where they say—*picke* me such a thing, that is, *pitch* or throw any thing that the demander wants. *Tollet.*

Thus, in Froissart's *Chronicle*, cap. C, lxiii, fo. lxxxii, b: "—and as he stouped downe to take up his swerde, the Frenche squyer dyd *pycke* his swerde at hym, and by hap strake hym through bothe the thyes." *Steevens.*

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd: Hang 'em!
They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs;—
That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat;
That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity,[2]
And make bold power look pale,) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,[3]
Shouting their emulation.[4]

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: One 's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!

So, in *An Account of auntient Customes and Games*, &c. MSS. Harl. 2057, fol. 10, b:

"To wrestle, play at strole-ball, [stool-ball] or to runne,
"To *picke* the barre, or to shoot off a gun."

The word is again used in *King Henry VIII*, with only a slight variation in the spelling: "I 'll *peck* you o'er the pales else." See Vol. XI, p. 352, n. 3. *Malone.*

[2] —— *the heart of* generosity.] To give the final blow to the *nobles. Generosity* is *high birth. Johnson.*

So, in *Measure for Measure:*

"The *generous* and gravest citizens —." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *hang them on the horns o' the moon,*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon." *Steevens.*

[4] *Shouting their emulation.*] Each of them striving to shout louder than the rest. *Malone.*

Emulation, in the present instance, I believe, signifies *faction. Shouting their emulation,* may mean, *expressing the triumph of their faction by shouts.*

Emulation, in our author, is sometimes used in an unfavourable sense, and not to imply an honest contest for superior excellence. Thus, in *King Henry VI,* P. I:

"—— the trust of England's honour
"Keep off aloof with worthless *emulation.*"

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"While *emulation* in the army crept."

i. e. faction. *Steevens.*

The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,[5]
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.[6]

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where 's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What 's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on 't; then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *and other* Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS VELUTUS.

1 *Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us;
The Volces are in arms.[7]

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.
I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I 'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.[8]—Titus Lartius, thou

[5] —— unroof'd *the city,*] Old copy—*unroost.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

[6] *For insurrection's arguing.*] For insurgents to debate upon. *Malone.*

[7] ——*'Tis true, that you have lately told us;*
The Volces are in arms.] Coriolanus had been just told himself that *the Volces were in arms.* The meaning is, *The intelligence which you gave us some little time ago of the designs of the Volces is now verified; they are in arms. Johnson.*

[8] —— *constant.*] i. e. immoveable in my resolution. So, in *Julius Cæsar:*
"But I am *constant* as the northern star." *Steevens.*

Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?
Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I 'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.
Men. O, true bred!
1 *Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.
Tit. Lead you on:—
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.[9]
Com. Noble Lartius![1]
1 *Sen.* Hence! To your homes, be gone. [*To the* Citizens.
Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners:—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth:[2] pray, follow.
[*Exeunt* Senators, Com. Mar. Tit. *and* Menen. Citizens *steal away.*
Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?
Bru. He has no equal.
Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—
Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?
Sic. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird[3] the gods.

[9] *Right worthy* you *priority.*] You *being* right worthy your precedence. *Malone.*
Mr. M. Mason would read—*your* priority. *Steevens.*

[1] *Noble* Lartius!] Old copy—*Martius.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. I am not sure that the emendation is necessary. Perhaps Lartius in the latter part of the preceding speech addresses *Marcius. Malone.*

[2] *Your valour puts well forth:*] That is, You have in this mutiny shown fair blossoms of valour. *Johnson.*
So, in *King Henry VIII:*
"—— To-day he *puts forth*
"The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms," &c.
Malone.

[3] —— *to* gird —] To *sneer*, to *gibe.* So Falstaff uses the noun, when he says, *every man has a* gird *at me. Johnson.*
Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew:*
"I thank thee for that *gird*, good Tranio."
Many instances of the use of this word, might be added.
Steevens.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.
Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.[4]
Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,

To *gird*, as an anonymous correspondent observes to me, "in some parts of England means *to push vehemently*. So, when a ram pushes at any thing with his head, they say he *girds* at it." To *gird* likewise signified, to pluck or twinge. Hence probably it was metaphorically used in the sense of to taunt, or annoy by a *stroke* of sarcasm. Cotgrave makes *gird*, *nip*, and *twinge*, synonymous. *Malone.*

[4] *The present wars devour him: he is grown*
Too proud to be so valiant.] Mr. Theobald says, *This is obscurely expressed*, but that *the poet's meaning* must *certainly be, that Marcius is so conscious of, and so elate upon the notion of his own valour, that he is eaten up with* pride, &c. According to this critick then, we must conclude, that when Shakspeare had a mind to say, *A man was eaten up with pride*, he was so great a blunderer in expression, as to say, *He was eaten up with war.* But our poet wrote at another rate, and the blunder is his critrick's. *The present wars devour him*, is an imprecation, and should be so pointed. As much as to say, *May he fall in those wars!* The reason of the curse is subjoined, for (says the speaker) having so much pride with so much valour, his life, with increase of honours, is dangerous to the republic.
Warburton.

I am by no means convinced that Dr. Warburton's punctuation, or explanation, is right. The sense may be, that *the present wars annihilate his gentler qualities.* To *eat up*, and consequently to *devour*, has this meaning. So, in *The Second Part of King Henry IV*, Act IV, sc. iv:

"But thou [the crown] most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
"*Hast eat thy bearer up.*"

To be *eat up with pride*, is still a phrase in common and vulgar use.

He is grown too proud to be so valiant, may signify, his pride is such as not to deserve the accompanyment of so much valour.
Steevens.

I concur with Mr. Steevens. "The present wars," Shakspeare uses to express the pride of Coriolanus grounded on his military prowess; which kind of pride Brutus says *devours* him. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act II, sc. iii:

"—— He that 's proud, *eats up* himself."

Perhaps the meaning of the latter member of the sentence is, "he is grown too proud *of being* so valiant, *to be endured.*"
Malone.

His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, *O, if he*
Had borne the business!

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.[5]

Bru. Come;
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let 's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity,[6] he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let 's along. [*Exeunt.*

[5] *Of his* demerits *rob Cominius.*] *Merits* and *Demerits* had anciently the same meaning. So, in *Othello:*

"—— and my *demerits*
"May speak," &c.

Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, Cardinal Wolsey says to his servants: "— I have not promoted, preferred, and advanced you all according to your *demerits*." Again, in P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Epistle to T. Vespasian*, 1600: "— his *demerit* had been the greater to have continued his story." *Steevens.*

Again, in Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry VI, fol. 69: "— this noble prince, for his *demerits* called the good duke of Gloucester, —." *Malone.*

[6] *More than his singularity*, &c.] We will learn what he is to do, besides *going himself;* what are his powers, and what is his appointment. *Johnson.*

Perhaps the word *singularity* implies a sarcasm on Coriolanus, and the speaker means to say—after what fashion, *beside that in which his own singularity of disposition invests him*, he goes into the field. So, in *Twelfth Night:* "Put thyself into the trick of *singularity*." *Steevens.*

SCENE II.

Corioli. *The Senate House.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *and certain* Senators.

1 *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on[7] in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,[8]
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*Reads.*
They have press'd a power,[9] *but it is not known*
Whether for east, or west: The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius *your old enemy,*
(*Who is of Rome worse hated than of you*)
And Titus Lartius, *a most valiant Roman,*
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.
1 *Sen.* Our army 's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.
Auf. Nor did you think it folly,

[7] —— hath *been thought on* —] Old copy—*have*. Corrected by the second folio. *Steevens.*

[8] ——*'Tis not four days* gone,] i. e. four days *past. Steevens.*

[9] *They have* press'd *a power,*] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads—They have *prest* a power; which may signify, have a power *ready;* from *pret.* Fr. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"And I am *prest* unto it."

See note on this passage, Act I, sc. i. *Steevens.*

The spelling of the old copy proves nothing, for participles were generally so *spelt* in Shakspeare's time: so *distrest, blest,* &c. I believe *press'd* in its usual sense is right. It appears to have been used in Shakspeare's time in the sense of *impress'd.* So, in Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus,* translated by Sir T. North, 1579: "— the common people—would not appeare when the consuls called their names by a bill, to *presse* them for the warres." Again, in *King Henry VI,* P. III:

"From London by the king was I *press'd* forth."

To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns,[1] ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they sit down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army;[2] but, I think, you 'll find
They have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more.[3]
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 Sen. Farewel.

2 Sen. Farewel.

All. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *To* take *in many towns,*] *To take in* is here, as in many other places, *to subdue.* So, in *The Execration of Vulcan*, by Ben Jonson:

"—— The Globe, the glory of the Bank,
"I saw with two poor chambers *taken in*,
"And raz'd." *Malone.*

Again, more appositely, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"—— cut the Ionian sea,
"And *take in* Toryne." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *for the* remove
Bring up your army;] Says the Senator to Aufidius, *Go to your troops, we will garrison Corioli.* If the Romans besiege us, bring up your army *to remove them.* If any change should be made, I would read:

—— *for* their *remove. Johnson.*

The remove and *their remove* are so near in sound, that the transcriber's ear might easily have deceived him. But it is always dangerous to let conjecture loose where there is no difficulty. *Malone.*

[3] *I speak from certainties. Nay, more,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer completes this line by reading:

I speak from very *certainties.* &c. *Steevens.*

SCENE III.

Rome. *An Apartment in* Marcius' *House.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, *and* VIRGILIA: *They sit down on two low Stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way;[4] when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak.[5] I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.[6]

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

[4] —— *when youth with comeliness* plucked all gaze his *way;*] i. e. attracted the attention of every one towards him. *Douce.*

[5] —— *brows bound with oak.*] The crown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a Citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other. *Johnson.*

[6] —— *to* retire *myself.*] This verb active (signifying to *withdraw*) has already occurred in *The Tempest:*

"—— I will thence
"*Retire* me to my Milan —."

Again, in *Timon of Athens:*

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
Come on, you cowards; you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome: His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping,[7] forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that 's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy:[8] The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,[9]
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit.* Gent.

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He 'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, *with* VALERIA *and her Usher.*

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam, ——

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot,[1] in good faith.— How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

"I have *retir'd* me to a wasteful cock, —." *Steevens.*

See Vol. VIII, p. 57, n. 4. *Malone.*

[7] *With his* mail'd *hand then wiping,*] i. e. his hand cover'd or arm'd with mail. *Douce.*

[8] *Than* gilt *his trophy:*] *Gilt* means a superficial display of gold, a word now obsolete. So, in *King Henry V:*

"Our gayness and our *gilt*, are all besmirch'd." *Steevens.*

[9] *At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,*] The accuracy of the first folio may be ascertained from the manner in which this line is printed:

At Grecian sword. Contending, *tell* Valeria. *Steevens.*

[1] *A fine spot,*] This expression (whatever may be the precise meaning of it) is still in use among the vulgar: "You have made *a fine spot* of work of it," being a common phrase of reproach to those who have brought themselves into a scrape. *Steevens.*

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I 'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it![2]

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.[3]*

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fy, you confine yourself most unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn, she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

[2] —— mammocked *it!*] To *mammock* is to cut in pieces, or to tear. So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"That he were chopt in *mammocks*, I could eat him."

Steevens.

[3] *A* crack, *madam.*] Thus in *Cynthia's Revels* by Ben Jonson:

"—— Since we are turn'd *cracks*, let 's study to be like *cracks*, act freely, carelessly, and capriciously."

Again, in *The Four Prentices of London*, 1615:

"A notable, dissembling lad, a *crack*."

Crack signifies a *boy child.* See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on *The Second Part of King Henry IV*, Vol. IX, p. 94, n. 6. *Steevens.*

* *A* crack, *madam.*] i. e. a wonder, a boast; the word is still in use in the north of England; and in the very quotation introduced by the learned and industrious Mr. Steevens, it bears the meaning which I have here given.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth la, go with me; and I 'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it 's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Before Corioli.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *Officers, and Soldiers. To them a* Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I 'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I 'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,
For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.[4]

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends![5]—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, some Senators, *and Others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That 's lesser than a little.[6] Hark, our drums
[*Alarums afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth: We 'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They 'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;
[*Other Alarums.*
There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volces *enter and pass over the Stage.*

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave Titus:

[4] *Within this mile* and half.] The two last words, which disturb the measure, should be omitted; as we are told in p. 31, that—" 'Tis *not a mile*" between the two armies. *Steevens.*

[5] ——fielded *friends!*] i. e. our friends who are in the field of battle. *Steevens.*

[6] ——*nor a man that fears you* less *than he,*
That 's lesser than a little.] The sense requires it to be read:
——*nor a man that fears you* more *than he;*
Or, more probably:
——*nor a man* but *fears you less than he,* &c. *Johnson.*

The text, I am confident, is right, our author almost always entangling himself when he uses *less* and *more.* See Vol. VI, p. 226, n. 7. *Lesser* in the next line shows that *less* in that preceding was the author's word, and it is extremely improbable that he should have written—*but* fears you less, &c. *Malone.*

Dr. Johnson's note appears to me unnecessary, nor do I think with Mr. Malone that Shakspeare has here *entangled* himself; but on the contrary that he could not have expressed himself better. The sense is " *however little* Tullus Aufidius fears you, there *is not a man* within the walls that fears you less." Douce.

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come, on my fellows;
He that retires, I 'll take him for a Volce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans *and* Volces, *fighting. The* Romans *are beaten back to their Trenches. Re-enter* MARCIUS.[7]

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of — Boils and plagues[8]
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I 'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you; look to 't: Come on;
If you 'll stand fast, we 'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

[7] *Re-enter Marcius.*] The old copy reads—Enter Marcius *cursing. Steevens.*

[8] *You shames of Rome! you herd of — Boils and plagues* &c.] This passage, like almost every other abrupt sentence in these plays, was rendered unintelligible in the old copy by inaccurate punctuation. See Vol. II, p. 324, n. 4; Vol. IV, p. 30, n. 3; and p 340, n. 2. For the present regulation I am answerable. "You herd of *cowards!*" Marcius would say, but his rage prevents him.

In a former passage (p. 14 and 15,) he is equally impetuous and abrupt:

"—— One 's Junius Brutus,
"Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
"The rabble should have first" &c.

Speaking of the people in a subsequent scene, he uses the same expression:

"—— Are these your *herd?*
"Must these have voices," &c.

"Again: "More of your conversation would infect my brain, being the *herdsmen* of *the beastly* plebeians."

In Mr. Rowe's edition *herds* was printed instead of *herd*, the reading of the old copy; and the passage has been exhibited thus in the modern editions:

"You shames of Rome, you! *Herds* of boils and plagues
"Plaster you o'er!" *Malone.*

Another Alarum. The Volces *and* Romans *re-enter, and the Fight is renewed. The* Volces *retire into* Corioli, *and* MARCIUS *follows them to the Gates.*

So, now the gates are ope:—Now prove good seconds:
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the Gates, and is shut in.*

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness; not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they
Have shut him in. [*Alarum continues.*

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!
Who, sensible, outdares[9] his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire,[1] as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish: not fierce and terrible

[9] *Who, sensible, outdares* —] The old editions read:
Who sensibly *out-dares* ——.
Thirlby reads:
Who, sensible, outdoes *his senseless sword.*
He is followed by the later editors, but I have taken only his correction. *Johnson.*

Sensible is here, having *sensation.* So before: "I would, your cambrick were *sensible* as your finger." Though Coriolanus has the feeling of pain like other men, he is more hardy in daring exploits than his *senseless* sword, for *after* it is bent, he yet stands firm in the field. *Malone.*

The thought seems to have been adopted from Sidney's *Arcadia,* edit. 1633, p. 293:
"Their very armour by piece-meale fell away from them: and yet their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as though it were lesse *sensible* of smart than the *senselesse* armour," &c. *Steevens.*

[1] *A carbuncle entire,* &c.] So, in *Othello:*
"If heaven had made me such another woman,
"Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
"I 'd not have ta'en it for her." *Malone.*

Only in strokes;[2] but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.[3]

[2] —— *Thou wast a soldier*
Even to Cato's wish: *not fierce and terrible*
Only in strokes; &c.] In the old editions it was:
—— Calvus' *wish:* ——
Plutarch, in *The Life of Coriolanus*, relates this as the opinion of Cato the Elder, that a great soldier should carry terrour in his looks and tone of voice; and the poet hereby following the historian, is fallen into a great chronological impropriety. *Theobald.*

The old copy reads—*Calues* wish. The correction made by Theobald is fully justified by the passage in Plutarch, which Shakspeare had in view: " Martius, being there [before Corioli] at that time, ronning out of the campe with a fewe men with him, he slue the first enemies he met withal, and made the rest of them staye upon a sodaine; crying out to the Romaines that had turned their backes, and calling them againe to fight with a lowde voyce. For he was even such another as *Cato* would have a *souldier* and a captaine to be; not only *terrible and fierce* to lay about him, but to make the enemies afeard with *the sounde of his voyce and grimnes of his countenance.*" North's translation of Plutarch, 1579, p. 240.

Mr. M. Mason supposes that Shakspeare, to avoid the chronological impropriety, put this saying of the elder *Cato* " into the mouth of a certain *Calvus*, who might have lived at any time." Had Shakspeare known that Cato was not contemporary with Coriolanus, (for there is nothing in the foregoing passage to make him even *suspect* that was the case) and in consequence made this alteration, he would have attended in this particular instance to a point, of which almost every page of his works shows that he was totally negligent; a supposition which is so improbable, that I have no doubt the correction that has been adopted by the modern editors, is right. In the first Act of this play, we have *Lucius* and *Marcius* printed instead of *Lartius*, in the original and only authentick ancient copy. The substitution of *Calues*, instead of *Cato's*, is easily accounted for. Shakspeare wrote, according to the mode of his time, *Catoes* wish; (So, in Beaumont's *Masque*, 1613:

" And what will *Junoes* Iris do for her?")

omitting to draw a line across the *t*, and writing the *o* inaccurately, the transcriber or printer gave us *Calues*. See a subsequent passage in Act II, sc. ult. in which our author has been led by another passage in Plutarch into a similar anachronism.
Malone

[3] —— *as if the world*
Were feverous, and did tremble.] So, in *Macbeth:*
" —— some say, the earth
" Was feverous, and did shake." *Steevens.*

Re-enter MARCIUS, *bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look, sir.

Lart. 'Tis Marcius:
Let 's fetch him off, or make remain[4] alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the City.*

SCENE V.

Within the Town. A Street.

Enter certain Romans, *with Spoils.*

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on 't! I took this for silver.

[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter MARCIUS, *and* TITUS LARTIUS, *with a Trumpet.*

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours[5]
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them,[6] these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with them.—
And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him:—
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

[4] —— *make* remain —] is an old manner of speaking, which means no more than *remain. Hanmer.*

[5] —— *prize their* hours —] Mr. Pope arbitrarily changed the word *hours* to *honours*, and Dr. Johnson, too hastily I think, approves of the alteration. Every page of Mr. Pope's edition abounds with similar innovations. *Malone.*

A modern editor, who had made such an improvement, would have spent half a page in ostentation of his sagacity. *Johnson.*

Coriolanus blames the Roman soldiers only for wasting *their time* in packing up trifles of such small value. So, in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch: "Martius was marvellous angry with them, and cried out on them, that it was no *time* now to looke after spoyle, and to ronne straggling here and there to enrich themselves, whilst the other consul and their fellow citizens peradventure were fighting with their enemies." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *doublets that hangmen would*
Bury with those that wore them,] Instead of taking them as their lawful perquisite. *Malone.*

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.
Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.
Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,[7]
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!
Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewel.
Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!— [*Exit* MAR.
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind: Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near the Camp of Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS *and Forces, retreating.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends:—The Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own;[8]
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,

[7] *Than dangerous* to me: *To Aufidius thus*
I will appear, and fight.
Lart. *Now the fair goddess, Fortune,*] The metre being here violated, I think we might safely read with Sir T. Hanmer (omitting the words—*to me:*)
Than dangerous: To Aufidius thus will I
Appear, and fight.
Now the fair goddess, Fortune —. *Steevens.*

[8] ——— *The Roman gods,*
Lead their successes as we wish our own;] i. e. May the Roman gods, &c. *Malone.*

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is 't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,[9]
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who 's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.[1]

[9] —— confound *an hour,*] *Confound* is here used not in its common acceptation, but in the sense of—*to expend.* Conterere tempus. *Malone.*

So, in *King Henry IV,* P. I, Act I, sc. iii:

"He did *confound* the best part of an hour," &c. *Steevens.*

[1] *From every meaner* man's.] [Old copy—meaner *man.*] That is, from *that* of every meaner man. This kind of phraseology is found in many places in these plays; and as the peculiarities of our author, or rather the language of his age, ought to be scrupulously attended to, Hanmer and the subsequent editors who read here—every meaner *man's,* ought not in my apprehension to be followed, though we should now write so. *Malone.*

When I am certified that this, and many corresponding offences against grammar, were common to the writers of our author's age, I shall not persevere in correcting them. But while I suspect (as in the present instance) that such irregularities were the gibberish of a theatre, or the blunders of a transcriber, I shall forbear to set nonsense before my readers; especially when it can be avoided by the insertion of a single letter, which indeed might have dropped out at the press. *Steevens.*

Mar. Come I too late?
Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.
Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.[2]
Com. Flower of warriors,
How is 't with Titus Lartius?
Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying,[3] threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.
Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.
Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?
Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire, to win our purpose.
Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side[4]
They have plac'd their men of trust?

[2] —— *to* bedward.] So, in *Albumazar*, 1615:
"Sweats hourly for a dry brown crust to *bedward*." *Steevens.*

[3] *Ransoming him, or* pitying,] i. e. *remitting his ransom.* *Johnson*

[4] —— *on which side* &c.] So, in the old translation of Plutarch:
"Martius asked him howe the order of the enemies battell was, and on which side they had placed their best fighting men. The consul made him aunswer that he thought the bandes which were in the vaward of their battell, were those of the Antiates, whom they esteemed to be the warlikest men, and which for valiant corage would geve no place to any of the hoste of their enemies. Then prayed Martius to be set directly against them. The consul graunted him, greatly praysing his corage." *Steevens.*

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,[5]
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.[6]
Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present;[7] but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd,[8] and darts,
We prove this very hour.
Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.
Mar. Those are they
That most are willing:—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;[9]

[5] —— *Antiates,*] The old copy reads—*Antients*, which might mean *veterans;* but a following line, as well as the previous quotation, seems to prove—*Antiates* to be the proper reading:

"Set me against Aufidius and his *Antiates.*"

Our author employs—*Antiates* as a trisyllable, as if it had been written—*Antiats. Steevens.*

Mr. Pope made the correction. *Malone.*

[6] *Their very* heart of hope.] The same expression is found in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion:*

"——— thy desperate arm
"Hath almost thrust quite through *the heart of hope.*"
Malone.

In *King Henry IV*, P. I, we have:

"The very bottom and *the soul of hope.*" *Steevens.*

[7] *And that you not* delay *the present;*] *Delay*, for let slip. *Warburton.*

[8] —— *swords advanc'd.*] That is, swords lifted high. *Johnson.*

[9] ——— *if any fear*
Lesser *his person than an ill report;*] The old copy has *lessen.* If the present reading, which was introduced by Mr. Steevens, be right, *his person* must mean his *personal danger.*—If any one less fears personal danger, than an ill name, &c. If the fears of any man are less *for* his person, than they are from an apprehension of being esteemed a coward, &c. We have nearly the same sentiment in *Troilus and Cressida:*

If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country 's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus, [*waving his hand*] to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius. [*They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their Caps.*
O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volces? None of you, but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select: the rest
Shall bear[1] the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.[2]
Com. March on, my fellows:

"If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,
"That holds his honour higher than his ease, —."

Again, in *King Henry VI*, P. III:

"But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour."

In this play we have already had *lesser* used for *less*. *Malone.*

[1] *Though thanks to all, I must select: the rest*
Shall bear &c.] The old copy—I must select *from all*. I have followed Sir Thomas Hanmer in the omission of words apparently needless and redundant. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *Please you to march;*
And four *shall quickly draw out my command,*
Which men are best inclin'd.] I cannot but suspect this passage of corruption. Why should they *march*, that *four* might select those that were *best inclin'd*? How would their inclinations be known? Who were the *four* that should select them? Perhaps we may read:

—— *Please you to march:*
And fear *shall quickly draw out my command,*
Which men are least *inclin'd.*

It is easy to conceive that, by a little negligence, *fear* might be changed to *four*, and *least* to *best*. Let us march, and that fear which incites desertion will free my army from cowards. *Johnson.*

Mr. Heath thinks the poet wrote:

"And *so I* shall quickly draw out," &c.

Some sense, however, may be extorted from the ancient reading. Coriolanus may mean, that as *all* the soldiers have offered to attend him on this expedition, and he wants only a *part* of them, he will submit the selection to *four* indifferent persons,

Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a Guard upon* Corioli, *going with a Drum and Trumpet toward* COMINIUS *and* CAIUS MARCIUS, *enters with a lieutenant, a Party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports[3] be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries[4] to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.
Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.
Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

A Field of Battle between the Roman *and the* Volcian *Camps.*

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I 'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

that he himself may escape the charge of partiality. If this be the drift of Shakspeare, he has expressed it with uncommon obscurity. The old translation of Plutarch only says: "Wherefore, with those that willingly offered themselves to followe him, he went out of the cittie." *Steevens.*

Coriolanus means only to say, that he would appoint four persons to select for his particular command *or party*, those who were best inclined; and in order to save time, he proposes to have this choice made, while the army is marching forward. They all march towards the enemy, and on the way he chooses those who are to go on that particular service. *M. Mason.*

[3] —— *the* ports —] i. e. the gates. So, in *Timon of Athens:*
"Descend, and open your uncharged *ports*." *Steevens.*

[4] *Those* centuries —] i. e. companies consisting each of a hundred men. Our author sometimes uses this word to express simply—*a hundred;* as in *Cymbeline:*
"*And on it said a century* of prayers." Steevens.

Auf. We hate alike;
Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy:[5] Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after![6]
Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.
Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,[7]
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.
Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,[8]

[5] —— *thy fame and* envy:] *Envy* here, as in many other places, means, *malice*. See Vol. XI, p. 240, n. 7. *Malone.*

The phrase—*death and honour*, being allowed, in our author's language, to signify no more than—*honourable death*, so *fame and envy*, may only mean—*detested* or *odious fame*. The verb—to *envy*, in ancient language, signifies to *hate*. Or the construction may be—*Not Africk owns a serpent I more abhor and envy, than thy fame. Steevens.*

[6] *Let the first budger die the other's slave,*
And the gods doom him after!] So, in *Macbeth:*
" And damn'd be him who first cries, Hold, Enough!"
Steevens.

[7] *Within these three hours*, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,] If the name of *Tullus* be omitted, the metre will become regular. *Steevens.*

[8] *Wert thou the Hector,*
That was the whip *of your bragg'd progeny,*] The Romans boasted themselves descended from the Trojans; how then was Hector the *whip of their progeny?* It must mean the whip with which the Trojans scourged the Greeks, which cannot be but by a very unusual construction, or the author must have forgotten the original of the Romans; unless *whip* has some meaning which includes *advantage* or *superiority*, as we say, *he has the* whip-hand, for *he has the* advantage. *Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson considers this as a very unusual construction, but it appears to me only such as every page of these plays furnishes; and the foregoing interpretation is in my opinion undoubtedly the true one. An anonymous correspondent justly observes, that the words mean, "the whip that your bragg'd progeny was *possessed of*." *Malone.*

Whip might anciently be used, as *crack* is now, to denote any thing peculiarly boasted of; as—the *crack* house in the county—the *crack* boy of a school, &c. Modern phraseology, perhaps, has *only passed from* the *whip*, to the *crack* of it. *Steevens.*

Thou should'st not scape me here.—[*They fight, and certain* Volces *come to the aid of* Aufidius.
Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.[9]
[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by* Marcius.

SCENE IX.

The Roman *Camp.*

Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, Cominius, *and* Romans; *at the other side,* Marcius, *with his arm in a Scarf, and other* Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee[1] o'er this thy day's work,
Thou 'lt not believe thy deeds: but I 'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,

[9] —— *you have sham'd me*
In your condemned *seconds.*] For *condemned,* we may read *contemned.* You have, to my shame, sent me help *which I despise.* *Johnson.*

Why may we not as well be contented with the old reading, and explain it, *You have, to my shame, sent me help, which I must* condemn *as intrusive, instead of applauding it as necessary?* Mr. M. Mason proposes to read *second* instead of *seconds;* but the latter is right. So, *King Lear:* " No *seconds?* all myself?" *Steevens.*

We have had the same phrase in the fourth scene of this play:
" Now prove good *seconds!*" *Malone.*

[1] *If I should tell thee* &c.] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: " There the consul Cominius going up to his chayer of state, in the presence of the whole armie, gaue thankes to the goddes for so great, glorious, and prosperous a victorie: then he spake to Martius, whose valliantnes he commended beyond the moone, both for that he him selfe sawe him doe with his eyes, as also for that Martius had reported vnto him. So in the ende he willed Martius, he should choose out of all the horses they had taken of their enemies, and of all the goodes they had wonne (whereof there was great store) tenne of euery sorte which he likest best, before any distribution should be made to other. Besides this great honorable offer he had made him, he gaue him in testimonie that he had wonne that daye the price of prowes above all other, a goodly horse with a *capparison,* and all furniture to him: which the whole armie beholding, dyd marvelously praise and commend. But Martius stepping forth, told the consul, he most thanckefully accepted the gifte of his horse, and

And, gladly quak'd,[2] hear more; where the dull Tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—*We thank the gods,*
Our Rome hath such a soldier!—
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, *with his Power, from the pursuit.*

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:[3]
Hadst thou beheld ——
Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol[4] her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,
As you have done; that 's what I can; induc'd
As you have been; that 's for my country:[5]
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.[6]
Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment

was a glad man besides, that his seruice had deserued his generalls commendation: and as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenary reward, than an honourable recompence, he would none of it; but was contented to haue his equall parte with other souldiers." *Steevens.*

[2] *And, gladly quak'd,*] i. e. thrown into grateful trepidation. To *quake* is likewise used as a verb active by T. Heywood, in his *Silver Age*, 1613:

" We 'll *quake* them at that bar
" Where all souls wait for sentence." *Steevens.*

[3] *Here is the steed, we the caparison;*] This is an odd encomium. The meaning is, *this man performed the action, and we only filled up the show. Johnson.*

[4] —— *a charter to extol* —] A privilege to praise her own son. *Johnson.*

[5] —— *that 's for my* country:] The latter word is used here, as in other places, as a trisyllable. See Vol. II, p. 160, n. 3. *Malone.*

[6] *He, that hath but effected his good will,*
Hath overta'en *mine act.*] That is, has done as much as I have done, inasmuch as my ardour to serve the state is such that I have never been able to effect all that I wish'd.
So, in *Macbeth:*

" The flighty *purpose* never is *o'ertook,*
" Unless the deed goes with it." *Malone.*

Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,[7]) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remembered.

Com. Should they not,[8]
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe, to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long Flourish. They all cry*, Marcius! Marcius! *cast up their Caps and Lances:* COMINIUS *and* LARTIUS, *stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall[9]

[7] —— not to reward
What you have done,)] So, in *Macbeth:*
" To herald thee into his sight, *not pay thee.*" *Steevens.*

[8] *Should they not,*] That is, *not be remembered. Johnson.*

[9] —— *When drums and trumpets shall* &c.] In the old copy:
" —— when drums and trumpets shall
" I' the field, prove flatterers, let *courts and* cities be
" Made *all* of false-fac'd soothing.
" When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,
" Let *him* be made an overture for the wars:" ——
All here is miserably corrupt and disjointed. We should read the whole thus:
—— *when drums and trumpets shall*
I' th' field prove flatterers, let camps, as *cities,*
Be made of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let hymns *be made*
An overture for the wars! ——
The thought is this, If one thing changes its usual nature to a thing most opposite, there is no reason but that all the rest which

I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made

depend on it should do so too. [If drums and trumpets prove flatterers, let the *camp* bear the false face of the city.] And if another changes its usual nature, that its opposite should do so too. [When steel softens to the condition of the parasite's silk, the peaceful *hymns* of devotion should be employed to excite to the charge.] Now, in the first instance, the thought, in the common reading, was entirely lost by putting in *courts* for *camps;* and the latter miserably involved in nonsense, by blundering *hymns* into *him*. *Warburton.*

The first part of the passage has been altered, in my opinion, unnecessarily by Dr. Warburton; and the latter not so happily, I think, as he often conjectures. In the latter part, which only I mean to consider, instead of, *him*, (an evident corruption) he substitutes *hymns;* which perhaps may palliate, but certainly has not cured, the wounds of the sentence. I would propose an alteration of two words:

" —— when steel grows
" Soft as the parasite's silk, let *this* [i. e. silk] be made
" A *coverture* for the wars!"

The sense will then be apt and complete. *When* steel *grows soft as* silk, *let armour be made of* silk *instead of* steel. *Tyrwhitt.*

It should be remembered, that the personal *him*, is not unfrequently used by our author, and other writers of his age, instead of *it*, the neuter; and that *overture*, in its musical sense, is not so ancient as the age of Shakspeare. What Martial has said of Mutius Scævola, may however be applied to Dr. Warburton's proposed emendation:

Si non errâsset, fecerat ille minus. Steevens.

Bullokar, in his *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, interprets the word *Overture* thus: " An overturning; a sudden change." The latter sense suits the present passage sufficiently well, understanding the word *him* to mean *it*, as Mr. Steevens has very properly explained it. When steel grows soft as silk, let silk be *suddenly converted* to the use of war.

We have many expressions equally licentious in these plays. By *steel* Martius means a *coat of mail*. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

" Shall we go throw away our *coats of steel*,
" And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns?"

Shakspeare has introduced a similar image in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
" And in my temper *soften'd valour's steel*."

Overture, I have observed since this note was written, was used by the writers of Shakspeare's time in the sense of *prelude* or *preparation*. It is so used by Sir John Davies and Philemon Holland. *Malone.*

An overture for the wars! No more, I say;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without note,
Here 's many else have done,—you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.
Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we 'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,[1]
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.[2]—
Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.*

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!
Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—
I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition,
To the fairness of my power.[3]

[1] *For what he did,* &c.] So; in the old translation of Plutarch: "After this showte and noyse of the assembly was somewhat appeased, the consul Cominius beganne to speake in this sorte. We cannot compell Martius to take these giftes we offer him, if he will not receaue them: but we will geue him suche a rewarde for the noble seruice he hath done, as he cannot refuse. Therefore we doe order and decree, that henceforth he be called *Coriolanus*, onles his valiant acts haue wonne him that name before our nomination." *Steevens.*

[2] The folio—*Marcus Caius Coriolanus. Steevens.*

[3] *To* undercrest *your good* addition,
To the fairness of my power.] A phrase from heraldry, signifying, that he would endeavour to support his good opinion of him. *Warburton.*
I understand the meaning to be, to illustrate this honourable distinction you have conferred on me by fresh deservings.

Com. So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best,[4] with whom we may articulate,[5]
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: 'tis yours.—What is 't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house;[6] he us'd me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind.[7] Deliver him, Titus.

extent of my power. To *undercrest*, I should guess, signifies properly, to wear beneath the crest as a part of a coat of arms. The name or title now given seems to be considered as the crest; the promised future achievements as the future additions to that coat. *Heath.*

When two engage on *equal* terms, we say it is *fair; fairness* may therefore be *equality; in proportion equal to my power.* *Johnson.*

"To the fairness of my power"—is, as fairly as I can. *M. Mason.*

[4] *The best,*] The *chief* men of Corioli. *Johnson.*

[5] —— *with whom we may* articulate,] i. e. *enter into articles.* This word occurs again in *King Henry IV*, Act V, sc. i:

"Indeed these things you have *articulated.*"

i. e. set down *article by article.* So, in Holinshed's *Chronicles of Ireland*, p. 163: "The earl of Desmond's treasons *articulated.*" *Steevens.*

[6] *At a poor man's house;*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Only this grace (said he) I craue, and beseeche you to grant me. Among the Volces there is an old friende and hoste of mine, an honest wealthie man, and now a prisoner, who liuing before in great wealthe, in his owne countrie, liueth now a poore prisoner in the handes of his enemies: and yet notwithstanding all this his miserie and misfortune, it would doe me great pleasure if I could saue him from this one daunger: to keepe him from being solde as a slaue." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *free, as is the wind.*] So, in *As you Like it:*

Lart. Marcius, his name?
Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?
Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries: 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

The Camp of the Volces.

A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *bloody, with Two or Three* Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!
1 *Sol.* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.
Auf. Condition?—
I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am.[8]—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,[9]
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in 't, it had; for where[1]
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword) I 'll potch at him some way;[2]

" —— I must have *liberty*,
" Withal, as large a charter *as the wind*." *Malone.*

[8] *Being a* Volce, &c.] It may be just observed, that Shakspeare calls the *Volci*, *Volces*, which the modern editors have changed to the modern termination [Volcian.] I mention it here, because here the change has spoiled the measure:
Being a Volce, *be that I am.—Condition! Johnson.*
The *Volci* are called *Volces* in Sir Thomas North's Plutarch, and so I have printed the word throughout this tragedy. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *meet him* beard to beard,] So, in *Macbeth:*
" We might have met them dareful, *beard to beard* —" *Steevens.*

[1] —— *for* where —] *Where* is used here, as in many other places, for *whereas*. *Malone.*

[2] —— *I 'll* potch *at him some way;*] Mr. Heath reads *poach*; but *potch*, to which the objection is made as no [illegible] word, is used in the midland counties for a rough, violent [illegible]

Or wrath, or craft, may get him.
1 *Sol.* He 's the devil.
Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour 's poi-
son'd,[3]
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself;[4] nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor fame, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury,[5] shall lift up

Cole, in his DICTIONARY, 1679, renders, "to *poche*," *fundum explorare*. The modern word *poke* is only a hard pronunciation of this word. So to *eke* was formerly written to *ech*. *Malone*.

In Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, the word *potch* is used in almost the same sense, p. 31: "They use also to *poche* them (fish) with an instrument somewhat like a salmon-speare." *Tollet*.

[3] —— *My valour 's poison'd*, &c.] The construction of this passage would be clearer, if it were written thus:

—— *my* valour, *poison'd*
With only suffering stain by him, for him
Shall fly out of itself. *Tyrwhitt.*

The amendment proposed by Tyrwhitt would make the construction clear; but I think the passage will run better thus, and with as little deviation from the text:—

—— *my valour 's poison'd;*
Which *only suffering stain by him, for him*
Shall fly out of itself. *M. Mason.*

[4] ——————*for him*
Shall fly out of itself:] To mischief him, my valour should *deviate from* its own native generosity. *Johnson.*

[5] —— *nor sleep, nor sanctuary*, &c.

Embarquements *all of fury*, &c.] The word, in the old copy, is spelt *embarquements*, and, as Cotgrave says, meant not only an *embarkation*, but an *embargoing*. *The rotten privilege and custom* that follow, seem to favour this explanation, and therefore the old reading may well enough stand, as an *embargo* is undoubtedly an *impediment*. *Steevens.*

In Sherwood's *English and French Dictionary* at the end of Cotgrave's, we find—

"To imbark, to imbargue. *Embarquer.*
"An imbarking, an imbarguing. *Embarquement.*"

Cole, in his *Latin Dictionary*, 1679, has "to *imbargue*, or lay an *imbargo* upon." There can be no doubt therefore that the old copy is right.—If we derive the word from the Spanish, *embargar*, perhaps we ought to write *embargement*; but Shakspeare's word certainly came to us from the French, and therefore is more properly written *embarquements*, or *embarkments*. *Malone.*

Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard,[6] even there
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1 *Sol.* Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended[7] at the cypress grove:
I pray you,
('Tis south the city mills[8]) bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1 *Sol.* I shall, sir. [*Exeunt,*

[6] *At home, upon my brother's guard,*] In my own house, with my brother posted to protect him. *Johnson.*

So, in *Othello:*

"——and *on* the court of guard, —." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *attended* —] i. e. waited for. So, in *Twelfth Night:* "—thy intercepter—*attends* thee at the orchard end." *Steevens.*

[8] (*'Tis south the city* mills)]—But where could Shakspeare have heard of these *mills* at Antium? I believe we should read:

(*'Tis south the city a* mile.)

The old edition reads *mils. Tyrwhitt.*

Shakspeare is seldom careful about such little improprieties. *Coriolanus* speaks of *our divines*, and *Menenius* of *graves in the holy churchyard.* It is said afterwards, that Coriolanus talks like a *knell;* and *drums*, and *Hob*, and *Dick*, are with as little attention to time or place, introduced in this tragedy. *Steevens.*

Shakspeare frequently introduces those minute local descriptions, probably to give an air of truth to his pieces. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"——underneath the *grove of sycamore*,
"That *westward* rooteth from the *city's* side."

Again:

"It was the nightingale and not the lark——
"——Nightly she sings on *yon pomegranate tree.*"

Mr. Tyrwhitt's question, "where could Shakspeare have heard of these mills at Antium?" may be answered by another question: Where could Lydgate hear of the mills near Troy?

"And as I ride upon this flode,
"On eche syde many a *mylle* stode,
"When nede was their graine and corne to grinde," &c.
Auncyent Historie, &c. 1555. *Malone.*

ACT II.....SCENE I.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?[9]

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He 's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He 's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor,[1] that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He 's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

[9] *Pray you,* &c.] When the tribune, in reply to Menenius's remark, on the people's hate of Coriolanus, had observed that even *beasts know their friends,* Menenius asks, *whom does the wolf love?* implying that there are beasts which love nobody, and that among those beasts are the people. *Johnson.*

[1] *In what enormity is Marcius poor,*] [Old copy—poor *in.*] Here we have another of our author's peculiar modes of phraseology; which, however, the modern editors have not suffered him to retain; having dismissed the redundant *in* at the end of this part of the sentence. *Malone.*

I shall continue to dismiss it, till such peculiarities can, by authority, be discriminated from the corruptions of the stage, the transcriber, or the printer.

It is scarce credible, that, in the expression of a common idea, in prose, our modest Shakspeare should have advanced a phraseology of his own, in equal defiance of customary language, and established grammar.

As, on the present occasion, the word—*in* might have stood with propriety at either end of the question, it has been casually, or ignorantly, inserted at both. *Steevens.*

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks,[2] and make but one interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.[3]

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in 't;[4] said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint: hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night,[5] than with the forehead of the morning. What I

[2] —— *towards the napes of your necks,*] With allusion to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which he stows his own. *Johnson.*

[3] —— *a brace of unmeriting,—magistrates,*—as *any in Rome.*] This was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age, of which I have met with many instances in the books of that time. Mr. Pope, as usual, reduced the passage to the modern standard, by reading—a brace of *as* unmeriting, &c. as any in Rome: and all the subsequent editors have adopted his emendation. *Malone.*

[4] —— *with not a drop of* allaying Tyber *in 't;*] Lovelace, in his Verses to *Althea from Prison*, has borrowed this expression:

"When flowing cups run swiftly round
"With no *allaying Thames,*" &c.

See Dr. Percy's *Reliques* &c. Vol. II, p. 324, 3d edit. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *one that converses more* &c.] Rather a late lier down than an early riser. *Johnson.*

think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses) if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say,[6] your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm,[7] follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson conspectuities[8] glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs;[9] you wear out a good wholesome forenoon,[1] in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the cholick, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost:* "It is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the *posteriors of this day;* which the rude multitude call, the afternoon." Again, in *King Henry IV,* P. II:

"—— Thou art a summer bird,
"Which ever in the *haunch* of winter sings
"The lifting up of day." *Malone.*

[6] ——*I* cannot *say,*] *Not,* which appears to have been omitted in the old copy, by negligence, was inserted by Mr. Theobald. *Malone.*

[7] ——*my microcosm,*] So, in *King Lear:*

"Strives, in his *little world of man* —."

Microcosmos is the title of a poem by John Davies, of Hereford, 4to. 1605. *Steevens.*

[8] ——bisson *conspectuities,*] *Bisson,* blind, in the old copies, is *beesome,* restored by Mr. Theobald. *Johnson.*

So, in *Hamlet:*

"Ran barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames,
"With *bisson* rheum." *Malone.*

[9] ——*for poor knaves' caps and legs:*] That is, for their obeisance showed by bowing to you. See Vol. VIII, p. 242, n. 5. *Malone.*

[1] ——*you wear out a good* &c.] It appears from this whole speech that Shakspeare mistook the office of *præfectus urbis* for the tribune's office. *Warburton.*

flag against all patience;[2] and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are.[3] When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians:[4] I will be bold to take my leave of you. [BRU. *and* SIC. *retire to the back of the Scene.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* VALERIA, *&c.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let 's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:[5]—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

[2] —— *set up the bloody flag against all patience;*] That is, declare war against patience. There is not wit enough in this satire to recompense its grossness. *Johnson.*

[3] *Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are.*] So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:* "Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *herdsmen of—plebeians:*] As kings are called ποιμενες λαων. *Johnson.*

[5] *Take my* cap, *Jupiter, and I thank thee:*] Dr. Warburton proposed to read—*Take my* cup, *Jupiter.*— *Reed.*

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here 's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there 's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night:—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there 's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen,[6] is but empiricutick,[7] and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for 't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On 's brows, Menenius:[8] he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Shakspeare so often mentions throwing up caps in this play, that Menenius may be well enough supposed to throw up his cap in thanks to Jupiter. *Johnson.*

[6] ——*in Galen*—] An anachronism of near 650 years. Menenius flourished Anno U. C. 260, about 492 years before the birth of our Saviour.—Galen was born in the year of our Lord 130, flourished about the year 155 or 160, and lived to the year 200. *Grey.*

[7] ——*empiricutick,*] The old copies—*empirickqutique.* "The most sovereign prescription in Galen (says Menenius) is to this news but *empiricutick:* an adjective evidently formed by the author from *empiric (empirique,* Fr.) a quack." *Ritson.*

[8] *On 's brows, Menenius:*] Mr. M. Mason proposes that there should be a comma placed after Menenius; On 's brows, Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland, "for," says the commentator, "it was the oaken garland, not the wounds, that Volumnia says he had on his brows." In *Julius Cæsar* we find a dialogue exactly similar:

"*Cas.* No, it is Casca; one incorporate
"To our attempts.—Am I not staid for, Cinna?
"*Cin.* I am glad on 't."

i. e. I am glad that Casca is incorporate, &c.

But he appears to me to have misapprehended the passage. Volumnia answers Menenius, without taking notice of his last words,—"The wounds become him." Menenius had asked—Brings he victory in his *pocket?* He brings it, says Volumnia, on his *brows,* for he comes the third time home *brow-bound* with the oaken garland, the emblem of victory. So, afterwards:

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I 'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that 's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?[9]

Vol. Good ladies, let 's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there 's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True? I 'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the* Tribunes, *who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there 's nine that I know.[1]

" He prov'd best man o' the field, and for his meed,
" Was *brow*-bound with the *oak*."

If these words did not admit of so clear an explanation, (in which the conceit is truly Shakspearian) the arrangement proposed by Mr. M. Mason might perhaps be admitted, though it is extremely harsh, and the inversion of the natural order of the words not much in our author's manner in his prose writings. *Malone.*

[9] —— possessed *of this?*] *Possessed,* in our author's language, is fully informed. *Johnson.*

So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" I have *possess'd* your grace of what I purpose —." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *seven hurts* &c.] Old copy—seven *hurts i' the body.*

Men. One *i' the neck, and* two *i' the thigh;—there 's* nine *that I know.* Seven,—one,—and two, and these make but nine? Surely, we may safely assist Menenius in his arithmetick. This is a stupid blunder; but wherever we can account by a probable reason for the cause of it, that directs the emendation. Here it was

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it 's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*A Shout, and Flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him
He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears;
Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie;
Which being advanc'd, declines;[2] and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS; *between them,* CORIOLANUS, *crowned with an oaken Garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a* Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows, Coriolanus:[3]—
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother, ——

Cor. O!
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But O, thy wife ——

easy for a negligent transcriber to omit the second *one*, as a needless repetition of the first, and to make a numeral word of *too*. *Warburton.*

The old man, agreeable to his character, is minutely particular: *Seven wounds? let me see; one in the neck, two in the thigh—Nay, I am sure there are more; there are nine that I know of.* *Upton.*

[2] *Which being advanc'd, declines;*] Volumnia, in her boasting strain, says, that her son to kill his enemy, has nothing to do but to lift his hand up and let it fall. *Johnson.*

[3] —— *Coriolanus:*] The old copy—*Martius Caius Coriolanus.* *Steevens.*

The compositor, it is highly probable, caught the words *Marcius Caius* from the preceding line, where also in the old copy the original names of Coriolanus are accidently transposed. The correction in the former line was made by Mr. Rowe; in the latter by Mr. Steevens. *Malone.*

Cor. My gracious silence, hail![4]
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.
[*To* VAL.

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O welcome home;
And welcome, general;—And you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: Welcome:
A curse begin at very root of his heart,
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,

[4] *My gracious silence, hail!*] The epithet to *silence* shows it not to proceed from reserve or sullenness, but to be the effect of a virtuous mind possessing itself in peace. The expression is extremely sublime; and the sense of it conveys the finest praise that can be given to a good woman. *Warburton.*

By my gracious silence, I believe, the poet meant, *thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me, than the clamorous applause of the rest!* So, Crashaw:

" Sententious show'rs! O! let them fall!
" Their cadence is rhetorical."

Again, in *Love's Cure, or the Martial Maid* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" A lady's tears are silent orators,
" Or should be so at least, to move beyond
" The honey-tongued rhetorician."

Again, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1599:

" Ah beauty, syren, fair enchanting good!
" Sweet silent rhetorick of persuading eyes!
" Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood,
" More than the words, or wisdom of the wise!"

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour:*

" You shall see sweet *silent rhetorick*, and *dumb eloquence* speaking in her eye." *Steevens.*

I believe, " My *gracious* silence," only means " My *beauteous* silence," or " my silent Grace." *Gracious* seems to have had the same meaning formerly that *graceful* has at this day. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" But being season'd with a *gracious* voice."

Again, in *King John:*

" There was not such a *gracious* creature born."

Again, in Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604:—" he is the most exquisite in forging of veines, spright'ning of eyes, dying of haire, sleeking of skinnes, blushing of cheekes, &c. that ever made an old lady *gracious* by torchlight." *Malone.*

That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.[5]

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours:
[*To his Wife and Mother.*
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.[6]

Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy: only there
Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol.

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.*
The Tribunes remain.

[5] Com. *Ever right.*
Cor. *Menenius, ever, ever.*]
Rather, I think:
Com. *Ever right Menenius.*
Cor. *Ever, ever.*
Cominius means to say, that—Menenius is *always the same*; —retains his old humour. So, in *Julius Cæsar*, Act V, sc. i, upon a speech from Cassius, Antony only says—*Old Cassius still. Tyrwhitt.*
By these words, as they stand in the old copy, I believe, Coriolanus means to say—Menenius is still the same affectionate friend as formerly. So, in *Julius Cæsar:* "—for *always* I am *Cæsar.*" *Malone.*

[6] *But with them* change *of honours.*] So all the editions read. But Mr. Theobald has *ventured* (as he expresses it) *to substitute* charge. For *change*, he thinks, *is a very poor expression, and communicates but a very poor idea.* He had better have told the plain truth, and confessed that it *communicated* none at all to him. However, it has a very good one in itself; and signifies *variety of honours;* as *change of rayment*, among the writers of that time, signified *variety of rayment. Warburton.*

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him: Your pratling nurse
Into a rapture[7] lets her baby cry,
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin[8] pins

Change of raiment is a phrase that occurs not unfrequently in the *Old Testament*. *Steevens*.

[7] *Into a* rapture —] *Rapture*, a common term at that time used for a fit, simply. So, *to be rap'd*, signified, *to be in a fit*. *Warburton*.

If the explanation of Bishop Warburton be allowed, a *rapture* means a fit; but it does not appear from the note where the word is used in that sense. The right word is in all probability *rupture*, to which children are liable from excessive fits of crying. This emendation was the property of a very ingenious scholar long before I had any claim to it. *S. W.*

That a child will "cry itself into fits," is still a common phrase among nurses.

That the words *fit* and *rapture*, were once synonymous, may be inferred from the following passage in *The Hospital for Londons' Follies*, 1602, where Gossip Luce says: "Your darling will weep itself into a *Rapture*, if you take not good heed. *Steevens*.

In *Troilus and Cressida*, *raptures* signifies *ravings*:

"——her brainsick *raptures*
"Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel."

I have not met with the word *rapture* in the sense of a *fit* in any book of our author's age, nor found it in any Dictionary previous to Cole's *Latin Dictionary*, 1679. He renders the word by the Latin *ecstasis*, which he interprets a *trance*. However, the rule—*de non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio*—certainly does not hold, when applied to the use of words. Had we *all* the books of our author's age, and had we read them all, it then might be urged.—Drayton, speaking of Marlowe, says his *raptures* were "all air and fire." *Malone*.

[8] ——*the kitchen* malkin —) A maukin, or malkin, is a kind of mop made of clouts for the use of sweeping ovens: thence a frightful figure of clouts dressed up: thence a dirty wench. *Hanmer*.

Maukin in some parts of England signifies a figure of clouts set up to fright birds in gardens: a scare-crow. *P.*

Malkin is properly the diminutive of *Mal* (Mary); as *Wilkin*, *Tomkin*, &c. In Scotland, pronounced *Maukin*, it signifies a *hare*. *Grey malkin* (corruptly *grimalkin*) is a *cat*. The *kitchen malkin* is just the same as the *kitchen Madge* or *Bess*: the scullion. *Ritson*.

Minsheu gives the same explanation of this term, as Sir T. Hanmer has done, calling it "an instrument to clean an oven,—now made of old clowtes." The etymology which Dr. Johnson has given in his *Dictionary*—"MALKIN, from *Mal* or *Mary*, and *kin*, the diminutive termination,"—is, I apprehend, errone-

Her richest lockram[9] 'bout her reechy neck,[1]
Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens[2]
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station:[3] our veil'd dames

ous. The kitchen-wench very naturally takes her name from this word, a *scullion;* another of her titles, is in like manner derived from *escouillon,* the French term for the utensil called a *malkin.* *Malone.*

After the morris-dance degenerated into a piece of coarse buffoonery, and *Maid Marian* was personated by a clown, this once elegant Queen of May obtained the name of *Malkin.* To this Beaumont and Fletcher allude in *Monsieur Thomas:*

" Put on the shape of order and humanity,
" Or you must marry *Malkyn, the May-Lady.*"

Maux, a corruption of *malkin,* is a low term, still current in several counties, and always indicative of a coarse vulgar wench. *Steevens.*

[9] *Her richest* lockram *&c.*] *Lockram* was some kind of cheap linen. Greene, in his *Vision,* describing the dress of a man, says:

" His ruffe was of fine *lockeram,* stitched very faire with Coventry blue."

Again, in *The Spanish Curate* of Beaumont and Fletcher, Diego says:

" I give per annum two hundred ells of *lockram,*
" That there be no strait dealings in their linnens."

Again, in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable,* 1639:

" Thou thought'st, because I did wear *lockram* shirts,
" I had no wit." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *her* reechy *neck,*] *Reechy* is greasy, sweaty. So, in *Hamlet:* " — a pair of *reechy* kisses." Laneham, speaking of " three pretty puzels" in a morris-dance, says they were " az *bright* az a *breast of bacon,*" that is, bacon hung in the *chimney:* and hence *reechy,* which in its primitive signification is *smoky,* came to imply *greasy. Ritson.*

[2] —— seld-shown *flamens*—] i. e. priests who *seldom* exhibit themselves to publick view. The word is used in *Humour out of Breath,* a comedy, by John Day, 1607:

" O *seld-seen* metamorphosis."

The same adverb likewise occurs in the old play of *Hieronimo:*

" Why is not this a strange and *seld*-seen thing?"

Seld is often used by ancient writers for *seldom. Steevens.*

[3] —— *a* vulgar *station:*] A station among the rabble. So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

" A *vulgar* comment will be made of it." *Malone.*

Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks,[4] to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsover god,[5] who leads him,
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end;[6] but will

A *vulgar station*, I believe signifies only a common standing-place, such as is distinguished by no particular convenience. *Steevens.*

[4] *Commit the* war *of white and damask, in Their nicely-gawded cheeks,*] Dr. Warburton, for *war*, absurdly reads—*ware*. *Malone.*

Has the commentator never heard of roses *contending* with lilies for the empire of a lady's cheek? The *opposition* of colours, though not the *commixture*, may be called a war. *Johnson.*

So, in Shakspeare's *Turquin and Lucrece:*

" The silent *war* of lilies and of roses,
" Which Tarquin view'd in her fair faces field."

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew:*

" Such *war* of white and red," &c.

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

" To note the *fighting conflict* of her hue,
" How *white* and *red* each other did destroy." *Malone.*

Cleaveland introduces this, according to his quaint manner:

" ——— her cheeks,
" Where roses mix: no civil war
" Between her York and Lancaster." *Farmer.*

[5] *As if that whatsoever god,*] That is, *as if that god who leads him, whatsoever* god he be. *Johnson.*

So, in our author's 26th Sonnet:

" Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
" Points on me *graciously* with fair aspect."

[6] *From where he should begin,* and *end;*] Perhaps it should be read:

From where he should begin t' an *end. Johnson.*

Our author means, though he has expressed himself most licentiously, he cannot carry his honours temperately from where he should begin *to where he should end.* The word *transport* includes the ending as well as the beginning. He cannot begin to carry his honours, and conclude his journey, *from* the spot *where he should begin, and* to the spot where he should end. I have no doubt that the text is right.

Lose those that he hath won.

Bru. In that there 's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand,
But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;
Which that he 'll give them, make as little question
As he is proud to do 't.[7]

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture[8] of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills;
A sure destruction.[9]

The reading of the old copy is supported by a passage in *Cymbeline:* where we find exactly the same phraseology:

" ——————— the gap
" That we shall make in time, *from our hence going*
" And *our return*, to excuse."

where the modern editors read—*Till* our return. *Malone.*

[7] *As he 's* proud *to do 't.*] *Proud to do*, is the same as, *proud of doing. Johnson.*

As means here, as *that. Malone.*

[8] *The* napless *vesture*—] The players read—the *Naples*,—. *Steevens.*

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. By *naples* Shakspeare means *thread-bare.* So, in *King Henry VI*, P. II: "*Geo.* I tell the, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new *nap* upon it. *John.* So he had need; for 'tis *thread-bare.*"

Plutarch's words are "with a *poore* gowne on their backes." See p. 70, n. 1. *Malone.*

[9] *It shall be to him then, as our good* wills;
A sure destruction.] This should be written *will 's* for *will is. Tyrwhitt.*

It shall be to him of the same nature as our dispositions towards him; *deadly. Malone.*

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people,[1] in what hatred
He still hath held them; that, to his power,[2] he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Dispropertied their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war;[3] who have their provand[4]

Neither Malone nor Tyrwhitt have justly explained this passage. The word *wills* is here a verb; and as our "*good wills*" means, "as our advantage" requires. *M. Mason.*

[1] —— suggest *the people,*] i. e. *prompt* them. So, in *King Richard II:*

"*Suggest* his soon-believing adversaries."

The verb—to *suggest*, has, in our author, many different shades of meaning. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *to his power,*] i. e. as far as his power goes, to the utmost of it. *Steevens.*

[3] *Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,*
Than camels in their war;] In what war? Camels are mere beasts of burthen, and are never used in war.—We should certainly read:

As camels in their way. *M. Mason.*

I am far from certain that this amendment is necessary. Brutus means to say that Coriolanus thought the people as useless expletives in the world, as camels would be in *the* war. I would read *the* instead of *their*. *Their*, however, may stand, and signify the war undertaken for the sake of the people.

Mr. M. Mason, however is not correct in the assertion with which his note begins; for we are told by Aristotle, that shoes were put upon *camels* in the *time of war*. See *Hist. Anim.* II. 6. p. 165, edit. Scaligeri. *Steevens.*

Their war may certainly mean, the wars in which the Roman people engaged with various nations; but I suspect Shakspeare wrote—in *the* war. *Malone.*

[4] —— *their* provand—] So the old copy, and rightly, though all the modern editors read *provender*. The following instances may serve to establish the ancient reading. Thus, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, edit. 1615, p. 737: "—— the *provaunte* was cut off, and every soldier had half a crowne a weeke." Again: "The horsmenne had foure shillings the weeke loane, to find them and their horse, which was better than the *provaunt*." Again, in Sir Walter Raleigh's *Works*, 1751, Vol. II, p. 229. Again, in Hakewil *on the Providence of God*, p. 118, or Lib. II, c. vii, sec. 1: "—— At the siege of Luxenburge, 1543, the weather was so cold that the *provant* wine, ordained for the army, be[illegible] frozen, was divided with hatchets," &c. Again, in [illegible] *Nightcap, &c. 1623:*

Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.
Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people,[5] (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon 't; and that 's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire[6]
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What 's the matter?
Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: The matrons flung their gloves,[7]
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made

"Sometimes seeks change of pasture and *provant*,
"Because her commons be at home so scant."

The word appears to be derived from the French, *provende*, provender. *Steevens.*

[5] *Shall* teach *the people*,] Thus the old copy. "When his soaring insolence shall *teach* the people," may mean—When he with the insolence of a proud patrician shall instruct the people in their duty to their rulers. Mr. Theobald reads, I think, without necessity,—shall *reach* the people, and his emendation was adopted by all the subsequent editors. *Malone.*

The word—*teach*, though left in the text, is hardly sense, unless it means—*instruct the people in favour of our purposes.*

I strongly incline to the emendation of Mr. Theobald.
Steevens.

[6] —— *will be* his *fire* —] Will be a fire lighted by himself. Perhaps the author wrote—*as* fire. There is, however, no need of change. *Malone.*

[7] *To hear him speak:* The *matrons flung* their *gloves*,] The words—*The* and *their*, which are wanting in the old copy, were properly supplied by Sir T. Hanmer to complete the verse.
Steevens.

Matrons flung gloves—
Ladies—their scarfs—] Here our author has attributed some of the customs of his own age to a people who were wholly unacquainted with them. Few men of fashion of his time appeared at a tournament without a lady's favour upon his arm: and sometimes when a nobleman had tilted with uncommon grace and agility, some of the fair spectators used to *fling a scarf* or glove "upon him as he pass'd." *Malone.*

A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,[8]
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. The Capitol.

Enter Two Officers,[9] *to lay Cushions.*

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: How many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That 's a brave fellow; but he 's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see 't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved[1] indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite.[2]

[8] —— *carry with us ears and eyes* &c.] That is, let us observe what passes, but keep our hearts fixed on our design of crushing Coriolanus. *Johnson.*

[9] *Enter two Officers,* &c.] The old copy reads: "Enter two officers to lay cushions, *as it were,* in the capitoll." *Steevens.*

This *as it were* was inserted, because there being no scenes in the theatres in our author's time, no exhibition of the inside of the capitol could be given. *Malone.*

[1] —— *he waved*—] That is, *he would have waved indifferently.* *Johnson.*

[2] —— *their* opposite.] That is, their adversary. *Malone.*

Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those,[3] who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted,[4] without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS *the Consul,* MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, *many other* Senators, SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS. *The* Senators *take their places; the* Tribunes *take theirs also by themselves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report

[3] —— *as those,*] That is, as the ascent of those. *Malone.*

[4] —— *supple and courteous to the people,* bonnetted, &c.] *Bonnetter,* Fr. is to pull off one's cap. See Cotgrave.

So, in the academick style, to *cap* a fellow, is to take off the cap to him. *M. Mason.*

—— *who,* having *been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, without any further deed to* have *them at all* into *their estimation and report:*] I have adhered to the original copy in printing this very obscure passage, because it appears to me at least as intelligible, as what has been substituted in its room. Mr. Rowe, for *having,* reads *have,* and Mr. Pope, for *have* in a subsequent part of the sentence, reads *heave. Bonnetted,* is, I apprehend, a verb, not a participle, here. They humbly took off their bonnets, without any further deed whatsoever done in order to *have* them, that is, to insinuate themselves into the good opinion of the people. To *have them,* for to have *themselves* or to wind themselves into,—is certainly very harsh; but to *heave* themselves, &c. is not much less so. *Malone.*

A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank,[5] and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length; and make us think,
Rather our state 's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out.[6] Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,[7]
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.[8]

I continue to read—*heave*. *Have*, in *King Henry VIII*, (See Vol. XI, p. 248, n. 7.) was likewise printed instead of *heave*, in the first folio, though corrected in the second. The phrase in question occurs in Hayward: "The Scots *heaved* up *into* high hope of victory," &c. Many instances of Shakspeare's attachment to the verb *heave*, might be added on this occasion. *Steevens.*

[5] ——— *whom*
We meet here, both to thank, &c.] The construction, I think, is, whom to thank, &c. (or, for the purpose of thanking whom) we met or assembled here. *Malone.*

[6] —— *and made us think,*
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out.] I once thought the meaning was, And make us imagine that the state rather wants inclination or ability to requite his services, than that we are blamable for expanding and expatiating upon them. A more simple explication, however, is perhaps the true one. And make us think that the republick is rather too niggard than too liberal in rewarding his services. *Malone.*

The plain sense, I believe, is:—Rather say that our means are too defective to afford an adequate reward for his services, than suppose our wishes to stretch out those means are defective. *Steevens.*

[7] *Your loving motion toward the common body,*] Your kind interposition with the common people. *Johnson.*

[8] *The theme of* our *assembly.*] Here is a fault in the expression: And had it affected our author's knowledge of nature, I should have adjudged it to his transcribers or editors; but as it affects only his knowledge of history, I suppose it to be his own. He should have said *your* assembly. For till the *Lex Attinia*, (the author of which is supposed by Sigonius [*De vetere Italiæ Jure*] to have been contemporary with Quintus Metellus Macedonicus,) the tribunes had not the privilege of entering the senate, but

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.
Men. That 's off, that 's off:[9]
I would you rather had been silent: Please you
To hear Cominius speak?
Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.
Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.
[Cor. *rises, and offers to go away.*
1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.
Cor. Your honour's pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.
Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not.
Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not:[1] But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.
Men. Pray now, sit down.
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun[2],

had seats placed for them near the door on the outside of the house. *Warburton.*

Though I was formerly of a different opinion, I am now convinced that Shakspeare, had he been aware of the circumstance pointed out by Dr. Warburton, might have conducted this scene without violence to Roman usage. The presence of Brutus and Sicinius being necessary, it would not have been difficult to exhibit both the outside and inside of the Senate-house in a manner sufficiently consonant to theatrical probability. *Steevens.*

[9] *That 's off, that 's off;*] That is, that is nothing to the purpose. *Johnson.*

[1] *You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not:*] You *did not* flatter me, and therefore did not offend me.—*Hurt* is commonly used by our author for *hurted.* Mr. Pope, not perceiving this, for *sooth'd* reads *sooth,* which was adopted by the subsequent editors. *Malone.*

[2] ——*have one scratch my head i' the sun,*] See Vol. IX, p. 77, n. 6. *Steevens.*

When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [*Exit* Cor.
Men. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,[3]
(That 's thousand to one good one) when you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.
Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome,[4] he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin[5] he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
And o'er-press'd Roman,[6] and i' the consul's view

[3] —— *how can he flatter,*] The reasoning of Menenius is this: How can he be expected to practise flattery to others, who abhors it so much, that he cannot hear it even when offered to himself? *Johnson.*

[4] *When Tarquin made a head for Rome,*] When Tarquin who had been expelled, *raised a power* to recover Rome. *Johnson.*

We learn from one of Cicero's letters, that the consular age in his time was *forty three.* If Coriolanus was but sixteen when Tarquin endeavoured to recover Rome, he could not now, A. U. C. 263, have been much more than twenty-one years of age, and should therefore seem to be incapable of standing for the consulship. But perhaps the rule mentioned by Cicero, as subsisting in his time, was not established at this early period of the republick. *Malone.*

[5] —— *his Amazonian* chin —] i. e. his chin on which there was no beard. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *he* bestrid

An o'er-press'd Roman,] This was an act of similar friendship in our old English armies: [See Vol. VIII, p. 316, n. 6; and Vol. X, p. 278, n. 1.] but there is no proof that any such practice prevailed among the legionary soldiers of Rome, nor did our author give himself any trouble on that subject. He was led into the error by North's translation of Plutarch, where he found these words: "The Roman souldier being thrown unto the ground even hard by him, Martius straight *bestrid* him, and slew the enemy." The translation ought to have been: "Martius hastened to his assistance, and *standing before* him, slew his

Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met.
And struck him on his knee:[7] in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,[8]
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,[9]
He lurch'd all swords o' the garland.[1] For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fliers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward

assailant." See the next note, where there is a similar inaccuracy. See also p. 63, n. 8. *Malone.*

Shakspeare may, on this occasion, be vindicated by higher authority than that of books. Is it probable that any Roman soldier was so far divested of humanity as not to protect his friend who had fallen in battle? Our author (if unacquainted with the Grecian *Hyperaspists*) was too well read in the volume of nature to need any apology for the introduction of the present incident, which must have been as familiar to Roman as to British warfare. *Steevens.*

[7] *And struck him on his knee:*] This does not mean that he gave Tarquin a blow on the knee, but gave him such a blow as occasioned him *to fall on his knee:*

—— *ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus. Steevens.*

[8] *When he might act the woman in the scene,*] It has been more than once mentioned, that the parts of women were, in Shakspeare's time, represented by the most smooth-faced young men to be found among the players. *Steevens.*

Here is a great anachronism. There were no theatres at Rome for the exhibition of plays for about two hundred and fifty years after the death of Coriolanus. *Malone.*

[9] *And, in the brunt of* seventeen *battles since,*] The number *seventeen*, for which there is no authority, was suggested to Shakspeare by North's translation of Plutarch: "Now Martius followed this custome, showed many woundes and cutts upon his bodie, which he had received in *seventeene* yeeres service at the warres, and in many sundry battells." So also the original Greek; but it is undoubtedly erroneous; for from Coriolanus's first campaign to his death, was only a period of *eight* years. *Malone.*

[1] *He lurch'd all swords o' the garland.*] Ben Jonson has the same expression in *The Silent Woman:* "—you have *lurch'd* your friends *of the better half of the garland.*" *Steevens.*

To *lurch* is properly to *purloin;* hence Shakspeare uses it in the sense of to *deprive.* So, in *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem,* by Thomas Nashe, 1594: "I see others of them sharing halfe with

Turn terror into sport: as waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem:[2*] his sword (death's stamp)

the bawdes, their hostesses, and laughing at the punies they had *lurched*."

I suspect, however, I have not rightly traced the origin of this phrase. To *lurch*, in Shakspeare's time signified to win a maiden set at cards, &c. See Florio's *Italian Dict.* 1598: "*Gioco marzo.* A maiden set, or *lurch*, at any game." See also Cole's *Latin Dict.* 1679: "A lurch, *Duplex palma facilis victoria.*"

"To lurch all swords of the garland," therefore, was, to gain from all other warriors the wreath of victory, with ease, and incontestable superiority. *Malone.*

[2] —— *as* waves *before*
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem:] First folio—*weeds.*] The editor of the second folio, for *weeds* substituted *waves*, and this capricious alteration has been adopted in all the subsequent editions. In the same page of that copy, which has been the source of at least one half of the corruptions that have been introduced in our author's works, we find *defamy* for *destiny*, *sir* Coriolanus, for "*sit*, Coriolanus," *trim'd* for *tim'd*, and *painting* for *panting:* but luckily none of the latter sophistications have found admission into any of the modern editions, except Mr. Rowe's. *Rushes* falling below a vessel passing over them is an image as expressive of the prowess of Coriolanus as well can be conceived.

A kindred image is found in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"—— there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
"Fall down before him, like the mower's swath."

Malone.

Waves, the reading of the second folio, I regard as no trivial evidence in favour of the copy from which it was printed. *Weeds*, instead of *falling below* a vessel under sail, cling fast about the *stem* of it. The justice of my remark every sailor or waterman will confirm.

But were not this the truth, by conflict with a mean adversary, valour would be depreciated. The submersion of *weeds* resembles a Frenchman's triumph over a *soup aux herbes;* but to rise above the threatening billow, or force a way through the watery bulwark, is a conquest worthy of a ship, and furnishes a comparison suitable to the exploits of Coriolanus. Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cuts,
"Bounding between the two moist elements,
"Like Perseus' horse."

If Shakspeare originally wrote *weeds*, on finding such an image less apposite and dignified than that of *waves*, he might have introduced the correction which Mr. Malone has excluded from his text.

Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion

The *stem* is that end of the ship which leads. From *stem* to *stern* is an expression used by Dryden in his translation of Virgil:

"Orontes' bark ——

"From *stem* to *stern* by waves was overborne." *Steevens.*

* Had Mr. Steevens considered the passage more attentively, he would have found the reading of the first folio justified by the context, and perfectly in unison with that extravagance of comparison, introduced by the friends of Coriolanus, when speaking of him personally, or recounting his deeds. He is never described as one who must *contend* for victory, but as one who commands it: He conquers without struggle, without effort, for none can withstand his prowess: between him and the rest of mankind the line of comparison is extended to the utmost stretch of imagination. By the alteration, admitted by Mr. Steevens, he, who is represented as leading victory captive, he who rivals the minister of death, is degraded to the *contending* warrior. The boast of Volumnia (p. 52.) was enough to prevent a mistake of the hero's character:

"Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie;
"Which being advanc'd, declines; and then men die."

It may be said, this is the foolish vaunt of a doting mother; but when we find the same strain of eulogium persevered in throughout; when we find powers attributed to him, on various occasions, beyond humanity, we must not suppose our author has, in this instance, deviated from a regular display of character, to gratify a freak.

Mr. Steevens asserts, that *weeds cling fast about the stem of a vessel, instead of falling below it:* This assertion is as ridiculous as is his appeal to watermen and seamen to support it. Every child who ever played with toy-boat on a duck-pool knows better.

That *waves obey* and *fall beneath* a vessel's stem, is not correct; and how Mr. Steevens reconciles it with "a vessel's *rising above* the threatening billow," I cannot comprehend. The quotation which he adduces as illustrative, is also against his position:

"The strong ribb'd bark," &c.

Here is no elementary obedience; here is no *falling* beneath the stem; but, in place of these, stubborn resistance; threatening billows, that must be surmounted; watery bulwarks, that must be overcome.

That *weeds obey*, and fall, or sink, beneath a vessel's stem, is not only true, but conveys at once the mighty contrast, which our author seems to have drawn on every occasion, between Coriolanus and all other men.

I must therefore agree with Mr. Malone, and recommend the reading of the first folio:

"—— *as* weeds *before*
"*A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,*
"*And fell below his* stem:"

Was timed with dying cries:[3] alone he entered
The mortal gate[4] o' the city, which he painted,
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet:[5] Now all 's his:
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours[6]
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were

Coriolanus is the vessel gliding o'er the deep; his foes, are the floating *weeds* that sink, unfelt, beneath his stem.

The remaining part of the speech continues in a flow of glowing metaphor, awful description, and bold eulogium. *Am. Ed.*

[3] —— *his sword*, &c.] Old copy:

"—— His sword, death's stamp,
"Where it did mark, it took from face to foot.
"He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
"Was tim'd with dying cries."

This passage should be pointed thus:

—— *His sword* (*death's stamp*)
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, &c. *Tyrwhitt.*

I have followed the punctuation recommended. *Steevens.*

—— *every motion*
Was tim'd with dying cries.] The cries of the slaughter'd regularly followed his motion, as musick and a dancer accompany each other. *Johnson.*

[4] *The mortal gate*—] The gate that was made the scene of death. *Johnson.*

[5] —— *struck*
Corioli, like a planet:] So, in *Timon of Athens:*

"Be as a *planetary* plague, when Jove
"Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
"In the sick air." *Steevens.*

[6] *He cannot but with measure fit the honours* —] That is, no honour *will be too great for* him; he will show a mind equal to any elevation. *Johnson.*

The common muck o' the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give;[7] rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.[8]
Men. He 's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.
1 *Sen.* Call for Coriolanus.[9]
Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.
Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.
Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.[1]

[7] *Than* misery *itself would give;*] *Misery* for avarice; because a *miser* signifies avaricious. *Warburton.*

[8] —— *and is content*
To spend the time, to end it.] I know not whether my conceit will be approved, but I cannot forbear to think that our author wrote thus:

——— he *rewards*
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend his time, to spend *it.*

To do great acts, for the sake of doing them; to spend his life, for the sake of spending it. *Johnson.*

I think the words afford this meaning, without any alteration. *Malone.*

[9] *Call* for *Coriolanus.*] I have supplied the preposition—*for*, to complete the measure. *Steevens.*

[1] *It then remains,*
That you do speak to the people.] Coriolanus was banished U. C. 262. But till the time of Manlius Torquatus, U. C. 393, the senate chose *both* the consuls: And then the people, assisted by the seditious temper of the tribunes, got the choice of one. But if Shakspeare makes Rome a democracy, which at this time was a perfect aristocracy; he sets the balance even in his *Timon*, and turns Athens, which was a perfect democracy, into an aristocracy. But it would be unjust to attribute this entirely to his ignorance; it sometimes proceeded from the too powerful blaze of his imagination, which, when once lighted up, made all acquired knowledge fade and disappear before it. For sometimes again we find him, when occasion serves, not only writing up to the truth of history, but fitting his sentiments to the nicest manners of his peculiar subject, as well to the *dignity* of his characters, or the *dictates* of nature in general. *Warburton.*

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'er-leap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to 't:—
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.[2]

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus;—
Show them the unaking scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only:——

Men. Do not stand upon 't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;[3]—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish. Then exeunt* Senators.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

The inaccuracy is to be attributed, not to our author, but to Plutarch, who expressly says, in his *Life of Coriolanus*, that "it was the custome of Rome *at that time*, that such as dyd sue for *any* office, should for certen dayes before be in the market-place, only with a poor gowne on their backes, and without any coate underneath, to *praye the people to remember them at the day of election*." North's translation, p. 244. *Malone.*

[2] *Your honour with* your *form.*] I believe we should read—"Your honour with *the* form."—That is, the usual form.
M. Mason.

Your form, may mean the form which custom prescribes *to you*.
Steevens.

[3] *We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,*
Our purpose to them;] We entreat you, tribunes of the people, to recommend and enforce to the plebeians, what we propose to them for their approbation; namely the appointment of Coriolanus to the consulship. *Malone.*

This passage is rendered almost unintelligible by the false

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.
Bru. Come, we 'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once,[4]* if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do:[5] for if he show us

punctuation. It should evidently be pointed thus, and then the sense will be clear:

We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose;—to them, and to our noble consul,
Wish we all joy and honour.

To *them*, means *to the people*, whom Menenius artfully joins to the consul, in the good wishes of the senate. *M. Mason.*

[4] *Once,*] *Once* here means the same as when we say, *once for all. Warburton.*

This use of the word *once* is found in *The Supposes*, by Gascoigne:

"*Once*, twenty-four ducattes he cost me." *Farmer.*

I doubt whether *once* here signifies *once for all.* I believe, it means, "if he do but *so much as* require our voices;" as in the following passage in Holinshed's *Chronicle:* "—they left many of their servants and men of war behind them, and some of them would not *once* stay for their standards." *Malone.*

* The meaning may be this, if he do require our voices, *once* we ought not to deny him: his services entitle him to the office, and though we do not like him, yet gratitude requires we should elect him *once;* That debt discharged, obligation ceases; we are not bound to give him our voices a *second* time. *Am. Ed.*

[5] *We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do:*] *Power* first signifies *natural power* or *force*, and then *moral power* or *right.* Davies has used the same word with great variety of meaning:

"Use all thy *powers* that heavenly *power* to praise,
"That gave thee *power* to do." —— *Johnson.*

his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn,[6] he himself stuck not to call us—the many-headed multitude.[7]

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn,[8] some bald, but that our wits are so diversly coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull,[9] they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way[1] should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

[6] —— *for* once, when *we stood up about the corn,*] [Old copy—once *we stood up*] That is, *as soon as ever* we stood up. This word is still used in nearly the same sense, in familiar or rather vulgar language, such as Shakspeare wished to allot to the Roman populace: "*Once* the will of the monarch is the only law, the constitution is destroyed." Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read—for once, *when* we stood up, &c. *Malone.*

As no decisive evidence is brought to prove that the adverb *once* has at any time signified—*as soon as ever*, I have not rejected the word introduced by Mr. Rowe, which, in my judgment, is necessary to the speaker's meaning. *Steevens.*

[7] —— many-headed *multitude.*] Hanmer reads, *many-headed* monster, but without necessity. To be *many-headed* includes *monstrousness. Johnson.*

[8] —— *some* auburn,] The folio reads, some *Abram.* I should unwillingly suppose this to be the true reading; but we have already heard of *Cain* and *Abram*-coloured beards. *Steevens.*

The emendation was made in the fourth folio. *Malone.*

[9] —— *if all our wits were to issue out of one skull,* &c.] Meaning though our having but one interest was most apparent, yet our wishes and projects would be infinitely discordant. *Warburton.*

To suppose all their wits to issue from one skull, and that their common consent and agreement to go all one way, should end in their flying to every point of the compass, is a just description of the variety and inconsistency of the opinions, wishes, and actions of the multitude. *M. Mason.*

[1] —— *and their* consent *of one direct way* —] See Vol. VII. p. 80, n. 7; and Vol. X, p. 10, n. 4. *Steevens.*

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.[2]

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that 's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He 's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I 'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done 't?

Cor. What must I say?—
I pray, sir,—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:——Look, sir;——my wounds;—
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that; you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!

[2] *You may, you may.*] This colloquial phrase, which seems to signify—*You may divert yourself, as you please, at my expense,*—has occurred already in *Troilus and Cressida:*

" *Hel.* By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.
" *Pan.* Ay, *you may, you may.*" *Steevens.*

I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by them.[3]
Men. You 'll mar all;
I 'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner.[4] [*Exit.*

Enter Two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.
1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to 't.
Cor. Mine own desert.
2 *Cit.* Your own desert?
Cor. Ay, not
Mine own desire.[5]
1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?
Cor. No, sir:
'Twas never my desire yet,
To trouble the poor with begging.
1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing,
We hope to gain by you.
Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?
1 *Cit.* The price is, sir,[6] to ask it kindly.

[3] *I would they would forget me, like the virtues*
Which our divines lose by them.] i. e. I wish they would forget me as they do those virtuous precepts, which the divines preach up to them, and lose by them, as it were, by their neglecting the practice. *Theobald.*

[4] *In* wholesome *manner.*] So, in *Hamlet*: "If it shall please you to make me a *wholesome* answer." *Steevens.*

[5] ——— not
Mine own desire.] The old copy—*but* mine own desire. If *but* be the true reading, it must signify, as in the North—*without.* *Steevens.*

But is only the reading of the first folio: *Not* is the true reading. *Ritson.*

The answer of the Citizen fully supports the correction, which was made by the editor of the third folio. *But* and *not* are often confounded in these plays. See Vol. V, p. 33, n. 1.

In a passage in *Love's Labour 's Lost*, Vol. IV. p. 80, n. 6, from the reluctance which I always feel to depart from the original copy, I have suffered *not* to remain, and have endeavoured to explain the words as they stand; but I am now convinced that I ought to have printed—

By earth, she is but *corporal; there you lie. Malone.*

[6] *The price is, sir, &c.*] The word—*sir*, has been supplied by *one of the modern* editors to complete the verse. Steevens.

Cor. Kindly?
Sir, I pray, let me ha 't: I have wounds to show you,
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir;
What say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir:—
There is in all two worthy voices begg'd:—
I have your alms; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.[7]

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt Two* Citizens.

Enter Two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge[8] with showing

[7] But *this is something odd.*] As this hemistich is too bulky to join with its predecessor, we may suppose our author to have written only—

This is something odd;

and that the compositor's eye had caught—*But*, from the succeeding line. *Steevens.*

[8] *I will not* seal *your knowledge*—] I will not strengthen or com-

them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices!—
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire[9] which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish gown[1] should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,

plete your knowledge. The seal is that which gives authenticity to a writing. *Johnson.*

[9] —— *the* hire —] The old copy has *higher*, and this is one of the many proofs that several parts of the original folio edition of these plays were dictated by one and written down by another. *Malone.*

[1] —— *this woolvish* gown —] Signifies this *rough hirsute* gown. *Johnson.*

The first folio reads—*this wolvish* tongue. *Gown* is the reading of the second folio, and, I believe, the true one.

Let us try, however, to extract some meaning from the word exhibited in the elder copy.

The white robe worn by a candidate was made, I think, of white lamb-skins. How comes it then to be called *woolvish*, unless in allusion to the fable of the *wolf in sheep's clothing?* Perhaps the poet meant only, *Why do I stand with a* tongue *deceitful as that of the wolf, and seem to flatter those whom I would wish to treat with my usual ferocity?* We might perhaps more distinctly read:

—— *with this* woolvish tongue,

unless *tongue* be used for *tone* or *accent*. *Tongue* might, indeed, be only a typographical mistake, and the word designed be *toge*, which is used in *Othello*. Yet, it is as probable, if Shakspeare originally wrote—*toge*, that he afterwards exchanged it for—*gown*, a word more intelligible to his audience. Our author, however, does not appear to have known what the *toga hirsuta* was, because he has just before called it the *napless* gown of humility.

Since the foregoing note was written, I met with the following passage in " A Merye Jest of a Man called *Howleglas*," bl. l. no date. *Howleglas* hired himself to a tailor, who " caste unto him a husbande mans gown, and bad him take a *wolfe*, and make it up.—Then cut *Howleglas* the husbandmans gowne and made thereof a *woulfe* with the head and feete, &c. Then sayd the maister, I ment that you should have made up the russet gown, for a husbandman's gowne is here called a *wolfe*." By a *wolvish* gown, therefore, Shakspeare might have meant *Coriolanus* to compare the *dress of a Roman candidate* to the *coarse frock of a ploughman*, who exposed himself to solicit the votes of his fellow rusticks. *Steevens.*

Mr. Steevens has in his note on this passage cited the ro-

Their needless vouches?[2] **Custom calls me to 't:—**
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,

mance of *Howleglas* to show that a husbandman's gown was called a *wolf;* but quære if it be called so in this country? it must be remembered that *Howleglas* is literally translated from the *French* where the word "loup" certainly occurs, but I believe it has not the same signification in that language. The French copy also may be *literally* rendered from the *German. Douce.*

Mr. Steevens, however, is clearly right, in supposing the allusion to be to the "wolf in sheep's clothing;" not indeed that Coriolanus means to call himself a wolf; but merely to say, "Why should I stand here playing the hypocrite, and simulating the humility which is not in my nature?" *Ritson.*

Why in this woolvish gown *should I stand here,*] I suppose the meaning is, Why should I stand in this gown of humility, which is little expressive of my feelings towards the people; as far from being an emblem of my real character, as the sheep's clothing on a wolf is expressive of his disposition. I believe *woolvish* was used by our author for false or deceitful, and that the phrase was suggested to him, as Mr. Steevens seems to think, by the common expression,—"a wolf in sheep's clothing." Mr. Mason says, that this is "a ludicrous idea, and ought to be treated as such." I have paid due attention to many of the ingenious commentator's remarks in the present edition, and therefore I am sure he will pardon me when I observe that speculative criticism on these plays will ever be liable to error, unless we add to it an intimate acquaintance with the language and writings of the predecessors and contemporaries of Shakspeare. If Mr. Mason had read the following line in Churchyard's Legend of Cardinal Wolsey, *Mirror for Magistrates,* 1587, instead of considering this as a ludicrous interpretation, he would probably have admitted it to be a natural and just explication of the epithet before us:

"O fye on *wolves,* that march in *masking clothes.*"

The *woolvish* [gown or] *toge* is a gown of humility, in which Coriolanus thinks he shall appear in *masquerade;* and not in his real and natural character.

Woolvish cannot mean *rough, hirsute,* as Dr. Johnson interprets it, because the gown Coriolanus wore has already been described as *napless.*

The old copy has *tongue;* which was a very natural error for the compositor at the press to fall into, who almost always substitutes a familiar English word for one derived from the Latin, which he does not understand. The very same mistake has happened in *Othello,* where we find "*tongued* consuls," for *toged* consuls—The particle *in* shows that *tongue* cannot be right. The editor of the second folio solved the difficulty as usual, by substituting *gown,* without any regard to the word in the original copy. *Malone.*

[2] *To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,*
Their needless vouches?] Why stand I here,—to beg of Hob

The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter Three other Citizens.

Here come more voices,—
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six[3]
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen.——
God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt* Citizens.

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, *with* BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

and Dick, and such others as *make their appearance* here, their unnecessary *voices? Johnson.*

By strange inattention our poet has here given the names (as in many other places he has attributed the customs) of England, to ancient Rome. It appears from Minsheu's DICTIONARY, 1617, in v. QUINTAINE, that these were some of the most common names among the people in Shakspeare's time: "A QUINTAINE or QUINTELLE, a game in request at marriages, where Jac and Tom, *Dic*, *Hob*, and Will, strive for the gay garland." *Malone.*

Again, in an old equivocal English prophecy:
"The country gnuffs, *Hob*, *Dick*, and Hick,
"With staves and clouted shoon" &c. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *battles thrice six*, &c.] Coriolanus seems now, in earnest, to petition for the consulate: perhaps we may better read:
—— *battles thrice six*
I 've seen, and you have *heard of; for your voices*
Done many things, &c. *Farmer.*

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.
Cor. Where? at the senate-house?
Sic. There, Coriolanus.
Cor. May I then[4] change these garments?
Sic. You may, sir.
Cor. That I 'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.
Men. I 'll keep you company.—Will you along?
Bru. We stay here for the people.
Sic. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* COR. *and* MEN.
He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.
Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?
Re-enter Citizens.
Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this man?
1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.
Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.
2 *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.
3 *Cit.* Certainly,
He flouted us down-right.
1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.
2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.
Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.
Cit. No; no man saw 'em.
[*Several speak.*
3 *Cit.* He said he had wounds, which he could show in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be consul, says he: *aged custom*,[5]
But by your voices, will not so permit me;

[4] *May I* then, *&c.*] *Then*, which is wanting in the old copy, was supplied, for the sake of metre, by Sir T. Hanmer. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *aged custom*,] This was a strange inattention. The Romans at this time had but lately changed the regal for the consular government: for Coriolanus was banished the eighteenth year after the expulsion of the kings. *Warburton.*

Your voices therefore: When we granted that,
Here was,—*I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—*
Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you:—Was not this mockery?
Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see 't?[6]
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?
Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency,[7] and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you[8] for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.
Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,

Perhaps our author meant by *aged* custom, that Coriolanus should say, the custom which requires the consul to be *of a certain prescribed age*, will not permit that I should be elected, unless by the voice of the people that rule should be broken through. This would meet with the objection made in p. 65, n. 4; but I doubt much whether Shakspeare knew the precise consular age even in Tully's time, and therefore think it more probable that the words *aged custom* were used by our author in their ordinary sense, however inconsistent with the recent establishment of consular government at Rome. Plutarch had led him into an error concerning this *aged custom*. See p. 70, n. 1. *Malone.*

[6] ——*ignorant to see 't?*] *Were you* ignorant *to see it*, is, did you want knowledge to discern it? *Johnson.*

[7] ——— *arriving*
A place of potency,] Thus the old copy, and rightly. So, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI*, Act V, sc. iii:
"—— those powers that the queen
"Hath rais'd in Gallia, have *arriv'd our coast.*" *Steevens.*

[8] *Would think upon you*—] Would retain a grateful remembrance of you, &c. *Malone.*

And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,[9]
When he did need your loves; and do you think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,
On him,[1] that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues?[2]

3 *Cit.* He 's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:
I 'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,—
They have chose a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,[3]

[9] ——*free contempt,*] That is, with contempt open and unrestrained. *Johnson.*

[1] On *him,*] Old copy—*of* him. *Steevens.*

[2] *Your su'd-for* tongues?] Your voices that hitherto have been solicited. *Steevens.*

Your voices, not solicited, by verbal application, but sued-for by this man's merely standing forth as a candidate.—*Your sued-for tongues,* however, may mean, your voices, to obtain which *so many* make *suit* to you; and perhaps the latter is the more just interpretation. *Malone.*

[3] —— *Enforce his pride,*] Object his pride, and enforce the objection. *Johnson.*

And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,[4]
Which gibingly,[5] ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections: and that, your minds
Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued: and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,[6]

So afterwards:
"*Enforce* him with his envy to the people—." *Steevens.*

[4] ——*his present* portance,] i. e. carriage. So, in *Othello:*
"And *portance* in my travels' history." *Steevens.*

[5] *Which gibingly,*] The old copy, redundantly:
Which most *gibingly*, &c. *Steevens.*

[6] *And Censorinus darling of the people,*] This verse I have supplied; a line having been certainly left out in this place, as will appear to any one who consults the beginning of Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus*, from whence this passage is directly translated. *Pope.*

The passage in North's translation, 1579, runs thus: "The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of which hath sprong many noble personages: whereof Ancus Martius was one, king Numaes daughter's sonne, who was king of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the *same house* were Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conduits. Censorinus also *came of that familie*, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor

And nobly nam'd so, being censor twice,[7]
Was his great ancestor.[8]
Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,[9]
That he 's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.
Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't,
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on:[1]

twice."—Publius and Quintus and Censorinus were not the ancestors of Coriolanus, but his descendants. Caius Martius Rutilius did not obtain the name of Censorinus till the year of Rome 487; and the Marcian waters were not brought to that city by aqueducts till the year 613, near 350 years after the death of Coriolanus.

Can it be supposed, that he who would disregard such anachronisms, or rather he to whom they were not known, should have changed *Cato*, which he found in his Plutarch, to *Calves*, from a regard to chronology? See a former note, p. 28. *Malone.*

[7] *And nobly nam'd so, being* censor twice,] The old copy reads: —being *twice censor;* but for the sake of harmony, I have arranged these words as they stand in our author's original,—Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch: "—the people had chosen him *censor twice.*" *Steevens.*

[8] *And Censorinus* ——
Was his great ancestor.] Now the first censor was created U. C. 314, and Coriolanus was banished U. C. 262. The truth is this: the passage, as Mr. Pope observes above, was taken from Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus;* who, speaking of the house of Coriolanus, takes notice both of his *ancestors* and of his *posterity*, which our author's haste not giving him leave to observe, has here confounded one with the other. Another instance of his inadvertency, from the same cause, we have in *The First Part of King Henry IV*, where an account is given of the prisoners taken on the plains of Holmedon:

"Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son
"To beaten Douglas ——."

But the earl of Fife was not son to Douglas, but to Robert duke of Albany, Governor of Scotland. He took his account from Holinshed, whose words are, *And of prisoners amongst others were these, Mordack earl of Fife, son to the governor Arthimbald, earl Douglas*, &c. And he imagined that the governor and earl Douglas were one and the same person. *Warburton.*

[9] *Scaling his present bearing with his past,*] That is, *weighing* his past and present behaviour. *Johnson.*

[1] —— *by our* putting on:] i. e. incitation. So, in *King Lear:*

And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will so: almost all [*Several speak.*
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt* Citizens.

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.[2]

Sic. To the Capitol:
Come; we 'll be there before the stream o' the people;[3]
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.....SCENE I.

The same. A Street.

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon 's again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul,[4] so,

"—— you protect this course,
"And *put* it *on* by your allowance." *Steevens.*
So, in *King Henry VIII:*
"—— as *putter on*
"Of these exactions."—
See Vol. XI, p. 215, n. 2. *Malone.*

[2] —— *observe and answer*
The vantage of his anger.] Mark, catch, and improve the opportunity, which his hasty anger will afford us. *Johnson.*

[3] —— *the* stream *of the people;*] So, in *King Henry VIII:*
"—— The rich *stream*
"Of lords and ladies having brought the queen
"To a prepar'd place in the choir," &c. *Malone.*

[4] —— lord *consul,*] Shakspeare has here, as in other [illegible] attributed the usage of England to Rome. In his [illegible]

That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.
Cor. Saw you Aufidius?
Lart. On safe-guard he came to me;[5] and did curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retired to Antium.
Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my lord.
Cor. How? what?
Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.
Cor. At Antium lives he?
Lart. At Antium.
Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home. [*To* LART.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,[6]
Against all noble sufferance.
Sic. Pass no further.
Cor. Ha! what is that?
Bru. It will be dangerous to
Go on: no further.
Cor. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?[7]
Bru. Cominius, no.

of *lord* was given to many officers of state who were not peers; thus, *lords* of the council, *lord* ambassador, *lord* general, &c. *Malone.*

[5] *On* safe-guard *he came to me;*] i. e. with a convoy, a guard appointed to protect him. *Steevens.*

[6] —— prank *them in authority,*] *Plume, deck, dignify* themselves. *Johnson.*
So, in *Measure for Measure,* Act II, sc. ii:
"*Drest* in a little brief *authority.*" *Steevens.*

[7] *Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?*] The first folio reads: "—*noble,*" and "*common.*" The second has—commons. I have not hesitated to reform this passage on the authority of others in the play before us. Thus:

Cor. Have I had children's voices?
1 *Sen.* Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.
Bru. The people are incens'd against him.
Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.
Cor. Are these your herd?—
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?[8]
Have you not set them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:—
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.
Bru. Call 't not a plot:
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.
Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them since?[9]
Bru. How! I inform them!
Cor. You are like to do such business.
Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.[1]
Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
Sic. You show too much of that,[2]

" —— the nobles bended
" As to Jove's statue:—"
" —— the commons made
" A shower and thunder," &c. *Steevens.*

[8] ——*why rule you not their teeth?*] The metaphor is from men's setting a bull-dog or mastiff upon any one. *Warburton.*

[9] —— *since?*] The old copy—*sithence. Steevens.*

[1] ——— *Not unlike,*
Each way, to better yours. *&c.*] i. e. likely to provide better for the security of the commonwealth than you (whose *business* it is) will do. To which the reply is pertinent:
" Why then should I be consul?" *Warburton.*

[2] Sic. *You show too much of that,* &c.] This speech

For which the people stir: If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.
Men. Let 's be calm.
Com. The people are abus'd:—Set on.—This palt'ring
Becomes not Rome;[3] nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely[4]
I' the plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak 't again;—
Men. Not now, not now.
1 *Sen.* Not in this heat, sir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—
For the mutable, rank-scented many,[5] let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves:[6] I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion,[7] insolence, sedition,

the old copy to Cominius. It was rightly attributed to Sicinius by Mr. Theobald. *Malone.*

[3] —— *This* palt'ring
Becomes not Rome;] That is, this trick of dissimulation; this shuffling:
"And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
"That *palter* with us in a double sense." *Macbeth.*
Johnson.

Becomes not Rome;] I would read:
*Becomes not Roman*s;
Coriolanus being accented on the *first*, and not the second syllable, in former instances. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *rub, laid falsely*, &c.] *Falsely* for *treacherously*. *Johnson.*
The metaphor is from the bowling-green. *Malone.*

[5] —— *many,*] i. e. the populace. The Grecks used οἱ πολλοὶ exactly in the same sense. *H. White.*

[6] —— *let them*
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves:] Let them look in the mirror which I hold up to them, a mirror which does not flatter, and see themselves. *Johnson.*

[7] *The* cockle *of rebellion,*] *Cockle* is a weed which grows up with the corn. The thought is from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, where it is given as follows: "Moreover, he said, that they nourished against themselves the naughty seed

Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more.
1 *Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more?
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,[8]
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well,
We let the people know 't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.
Sic. It is a mind,
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows?[9] mark you
His absolute *shall?*
Com. 'Twas from the canon.[1]

and *cockle* of insolence and sedition, which had been sowed and scattered abroad among the people," &c. *Steevens.*

The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,] Here are three syllables too many. We might read, as in North's Plutarch:

"The cockle of insolency and sedition." *Ritson.*

[8] —— *meazels,*] *Mesell* is used in *Pierce Plowman's Vision,* for a *leper.* The same word frequently occurs in *The London Prodigal,* 1605. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *minnows?*] i. e. small fry. *Warburton.*

A *minnow* is one of the smallest river fish, called in some counties a *pink. Johnson.*

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost:* "—— that base *minnow* of thy mirth, —." *Steevens.*

[1] *'Twas from the canon,*] Was contrary to the established rule; it was a form of speech to which he has no right. *Johnson.*

Cor. *Shall!*
O good, but most unwise patricians,[2] why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise[3] o' the monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he 'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance:[4] if none, awake

These words appear to me to imply the very reverse. Cominius means to say, "that what Sicinius had said, was according to the rule," alluding to the absolute *veto* of the Tribunes, the power of putting a stop to every proceeding:—and, accordingly, Coriolanus, instead of disputing this power of the Tribunes, proceeds to argue against the power itself, and to inveigh against the Patricians for having granted it. *M. Mason.*

[2] *O* good, *but most unwise patricians*, &c.] The old copy has—O *God*, but &c. Mr. Theobald made the correction. Mr. Steevens asks, "when the only authentick ancient copy makes sense, why should we depart from it?"—No one can be more thoroughly convinced of the general propriety of adhering to the old copy than I am; and I trust I have given abundant proofs of my attention to it, by restoring and establishing many ancient readings in every one of these plays, which had been displaced for modern innovations: and if in the passage before us the ancient copy had afforded sense, I should have been very unwilling to disturb it. But it does not; for it reads, not "*O Gods*," as Mr. Steevens supposed, but O *God*, an adjuration surely not proper in the mouth of a heathen. Add to this, that the word *but* is exhibited with a small initial letter, in the only authentic copy; and the words "*good but unwise*" here appear to be the counterpart of *grave* and *reckless* in the subsequent line. On a reconsideration of this passage therefore, I am confident that even my learned predecessor will approve of the emendation now adopted. *Malone.*

I have not displaced Mr. Malone's reading, though it may be observed, that an improper mention of the Supreme Being of the Christians will not appear decisive on this occasion to the reader who recollects that in *Troilus and Cressida* the Trojan Pandarus swears, "by *God's* lid," the Greek Thersites exclaims—"*God*-a-mercy;" and that, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, our author has put "*God* shield us!" into the mouth of Bottom, an Athenian weaver.—I lately met with a still more glaring instance of the same impropriety in another play of Shakspeare, but cannot, at this moment, ascertain it. *Steevens.*

[3] *The horn and noise*—] Alluding to his having called him *Triton* before. *Warburton.*

[4] *Then vail your* ignorance:] *If this man has power, let the* ignorance *that gave it him* vail *or bow down before him. Johnson.*

Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs.[5] They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes,[6]
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by 'tother.

Com. Well—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel,[7] to give forth

So, in *The Taming of a Shrew:*
"Then *vail* your stomachs—."
Again, in *Measure for Measure:*
"—— *vail* your regard
"Upon a wrong'd" &c. *Steevens.*

[5] ——*You are plebeians,*
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs.] These lines may, I think, be made more intelligible by a very slight correction:
——*they no less* [*than senators*]
When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Must palate *theirs.*
When the *taste* of the *great*, the patricians, must *palate*, must *please* [or must *try*] that of the plebeians. *Johnson.*
The plain meaning is, *that senators and plebeians are equal, when the highest taste is best pleased with that which pleases the lowest. Steevens.*
I think the meaning is, the plebeians are no less than senators, when, the voices of the senate and the people being blended together, the predominant taste of the compound smacks more of the populace than the senate. *Malone.*

[6] —— *and my soul akes,*] The mischief and absurdity of what is called *Imperium in imperio*, is here finely expressed. *Warburton.*

[7] *Whoever gave that counsel,* &c.] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Therefore, sayed he, they that gaue counsell, and persuaded that the Corne should be giuen out to the common people *gratis*, as they vsed to doe in cities of Græce, where the people had more absolute power, dyd but only nourishe their disobedience, which would breake out in the ende, to the [illegible] ruine and ouerthrow of the whole state. For they will not [illegible]

The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,——
Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute power,)
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.
Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?
Cor. I 'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for 't: Being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates:[8] this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native[9]

it is done in recompense of their service past, sithence they know well enough they haue so often refused to go to the warres, when they were commaunded: neither for their mutinies when they went with vs, whereby they haue rebelled and forsaken their countrie: neither for their accusations which their flatterers haue preferred vnto them, and they have recevued, and made good against the senate: but they will rather judge we geue and graunt them this, as abasing our selues, and standing in feare of them, and glad to flatter them euery way. By this meanes, their disobedience will still grow worse and worse; and they will neuer leave to practise newe sedition, and vprores. Therefore it were a great follie for vs, me thinckes, to do it: yea, shall I say more? we should if we were wise, take from them their tribuneshippe, which most manifestly is the embasing of the consulshippe, and the cause of the diuision of the cittie. The state whereof as it standeth, is not now as it was wont to be, but becommeth dismembered in two factions, which mainteines allwayes ciuill dissention and discorde betwene vs, and will neuer suffer us againe to be vnited into one bodie." *Steevens.*

[8] *They would not* thread *the gates:*] That is, *pass* them. We yet say, to *thread* an alley. *Johnson.*

So, in *King Lear:*

"—— *threading* dark-ey'd night." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *could never be the* native —] *Native* for natural birth." *Warburton.*

Native is here not natural birth, but *natural parent*, or *cause of birth.* *Johnson.*

Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied[1] digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What 's like to be their words:—*We did request it;*
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands:—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.—
Men. Come, enough.[2]
Bru. Enough, with over-measure.
Cor. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal![3]—This double worship,—
Where one part[4] does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit

So, in a kindred sense, in *King Henry V:*
" A many of our bodies shall no doubt
" Find *native* graves." *Malone.*

I cannot agree with Johnson that native can possibly mean natural parent, or cause of birth; nor with Warburton in supposing that it means natural birth; for if the word could bear that meaning, it would not be sense here, as Coriolanus is speaking not of the consequence, but the cause, of their donation. I should therefore read motive instead of native. Malone's quotation from *King Henry V*, is nothing to the purpose, as in that passage *native graves*, means evidently graves in their native soil.
M. Mason.

[1] —— *this bosom* multiplied —] This *multitudinous* bosom; the bosom of that great monster, the people. *Malone.*

[2] *Come*, enough.] Perhaps this imperfect line was originally completed by a repetition of—*enough. Steevens.*

[3] *No, take more:*
What may be sworn by, both divine and human
Seal what I end withal!] The sense is, No, let me add this further; and may every thing divine and human which can give force to an oath, bear witness to the truth of what I shall conclude with.

The Romans swore by what was human as well as divine; by their head, by their eyes, by the dead bones and ashes of their parents, &c. See Brisson de *formulis*, p. 808—817. *Heath.*

[4] *Where* one *part* —] In the old copy, we have here, as in many other places, *on* instead of *one*. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. See Vol. VII, p. 357, n. 1. *Malone.*

Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change of 't;[5] that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body[6] with a dangerous physick
That 's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison:[7] your dishonour
Mangles true judgment,[8] and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it;[9]
Not having the power to do the good it would,

[5] *That love the fundamental part of state,*
More than you doubt *the change of 't;*] To *doubt* is to *fear*. The meaning is, You whose zeal predominates over your terrors; you who do not so much fear the danger of violent measures, as wish the good to which they are necessary, the preservation of the original constitution of our government. *Johnson.*

[6] *To* jump *a body*—] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read:
To vamp ———.
To *jump* anciently signified to *jolt*, to give a rude concussion to any thing. *To jump a body* may therefore mean, *to put it into a violent agitation or commotion.* Thus, Lucretius, III, 452,—*quassatum est corpus.*
So, in Phil. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, B. XXV, ch. v, p. 219: "If we looke for good successe in our cure by ministring ellebore, &c. for certainly it putteth the patient to a *jumpe*, or great hazard." *Steevens.*
From this passage in Pliny, it should seem that "to *jump* a body," meant to *risk* a body; and such an explication seems to me to be supported by the context in the passage before us.
So, in *Macbeth:*
"We 'd *jump* the life to come."
Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III, sc. viii:
"——our fortune lies
"Upon this *jump*." *Malone.*

[7] ——*let them not lick*
The sweet which is their poison:] So, in *Measure for Measure:*
"Like rats that ravin up their proper bane—." *Steevens.*

[8] *Mangles true* judgment:] *Judgment* is the faculty by which right is distinguished from wrong. *Johnson.*

[9] *Of that* integrity *which should* become it;] *Integrity* is in this place *soundness*, uniformity, consistency, in the same sense as Dr. Warburton often uses it, when he mentions the *integrity* of a metaphor. To *become*, is to *suit*, to *befit*. *Johnson.*

For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
When what 's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,[1]
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The Ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*exit* Bru.] in whose name, myself
Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the publick weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. & Pat. We 'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.[2]

Sic. Help, ye citizens.

Re-enter Brutus, *with the* Ædiles, *and a Rabble of* Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here 's he, that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.

Cit. Down with him, down with him! [*Several speak.*

2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[*They all bustle about* Cor.

[1] *Let what is meet, be said, it* must be *meet,*] Let it be said by you, that what is *meet* to be done, *must* be meet, i. e. *shall be done,* and put an end at once to the tribunitian power, which was established, when irresistible violence, not a regard to propiety, directed the legislature. *Malone.*

[2] ——*shake thy bones*
Out of thy garments.] So, in *King John:*
"——here 's a stay,
"That *shakes the rotten carcase* of old death
"*Out of his rags!*" *Steevens.*

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!
Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!
Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion 's near; I cannot speak:—You, tribunes
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:[3]—
Speak, good Sicinius.
Sic. Hear me, people;—Peace.
Cit. Let 's hear our tribune:—Peace. Speak, speak, speak.
Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.
Men. Fy, fy, fy!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
1 *Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city, but the people?
Cit. True,
The people are the city.
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.
Cit. You so remain.
Men. And so are like to do.
Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
Sic. This deserves death.
Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy

[3] *To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:*] I would read:
Speak *to the people.—Coriolanus, patience:* —
Speak, good Sicinius. Tyrwhitt.
Tyrwhitt proposes an amendment to this passage, but nothing is necessary except to point it properly:
Confusion 's near,—I cannot. Speak you, tribunes,
To the people.
He desires the tribunes to speak to the people, because he was not able; and at the end of the speech repeats the same request to Sicinius in particular. *M. Mason.*
I see no need of any alteration. *Malone.*

Of present death.
Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
Bru. Ædiles, seize him.
Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.
Men. Hear me one word.
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.
Ædi. Peace, peace.
Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.
Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous[4]
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.
Cor. No; I 'll die here.
[*Drawing his Sword.*
There 's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.
Men. Down with that sword;—Tribunes, withdraw a while.
Bru. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Help, help Marcius! help,
You that be noble; help him, young, and old!
Cit. Down with him, down with him!
[*In this Mutiny, the* Tribunes, *the* Ædiles, *and the People, are all beat in.*
Men. Go, get you to your house;[5] be gone, away,
All will be naught else.
2 *Sen.* Get you gone.
Cor. Stand fast;[6]
We have as many friends as enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that?
1 *Sen.* The gods forbid!

[4] —— *very poisonous* —] I read:
—— *are very* poisons. *Johnson.*

[5] —— *get you to* your *house;*] Old copy—*our* house. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. So below:
"I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to *thy* house." *Malone.*

[6] *Stand fast;* &c.] [Old copy—Com. *Stand fast;* &c.] This speech certainly should be given to Coriolanus; for all his friends persuade him to retire. So, Cominius presently after:
"Come, sir, along with us." *Warburton.*

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.
Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,[7]
You cannot tent yourself: Begone, 'beseech you.
Com. Come, sir, along with us.
Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd) not Romans, (as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,) —
Men. Be gone;[8]
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.[9]
Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.

[7] *For 'tis a sore* upon us,] The two last impertinent words, which destroy the measure, are an apparent interpolation. *Stevens.*

[8] Cor. *I would they were barbarians (as they are,*
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,)—
Be gone; &c.] The beginning of this speech, [attributed in the old copy to *Menenius*] I am persuaded, should be given to Coriolanus. The latter part only belongs to Menenius:
" Be gone;
" Put not your worthy rage" &c. *Tyrwhitt.*
I have divided this speech according to Mr. Tyrwhitt's direction. *Steevens.*
The word, *begone*, certainly belongs to Menenius, who was very anxious to get Coriolanus away.—In the preceding page he says:
" Go, get you to your house; begone, away, —."
And, in a few lines after, he repeats the same request:
" Pray you, be gone;
" I 'll try whether my old wit be in request
" With those that have but little." *M. Mason.*

[9] *One time will owe another.*] I know not whether to *owe* in this place means to *possess by right*, or to *be indebted.* Either sense may be admitted. *One time*, in which the people are seditious, will *give us power* in some *other time:* or, *this time* of the people's predominance will *run them in debt:* that is, will lay them open to the law, and expose them hereafter to more servile subjection. *Johnson.*
I believe Menenius means, " This time will owe us one more fortunate." It is a common expression to say, " This day is yours, the next may be mine." *M. Mason.*
The meaning seems to be, One time will compensate for another. Our time of triumph will come hereafter: time will be in our debt, will *owe* us a good turn, for our present disgrace. Let us trust to futurity. *Malone.*

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return?[1] whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.
Men. Pray you, be gone:
I 'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.
Com. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt* Cor. Com. *and Others.*
1 *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart 's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A Noise within.*
Here 's goodly work!
2 *Pat.* I would they were a-bed!
Men. I would they were in Tyber!—What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter Brutus *and* Sicinius, *with the Rabble.*

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?
Men. You worthy tribunes,——
Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the publick power,
Which he so sets at nought.
1 *Cit.* He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,

[1] *Before the* tag *return?*] The lowest and most despicable of the populace are still denominated by those a little above them, *Tag, rag, and bobtail. Johnson.*

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And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on 't.[2]

[*Several speak together.*

Men. Sir,[3]—

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havock,[4] where you should but hunt With modest warrant.

[2] *He shall, sure* on 't.] The meaning of these words is not very obvious. Perhaps they mean, He shall, that 's sure. I am inclined to think that the same error has happened here and in a passage in *Antony and Cleopatra*, and that in both places *sure* is printed instead of *sore*. He shall suffer for it, he shall rue the vengeance of the people.—The editor of the second folio reads—He shall, sure *out;* and *u* and *n* being often confounded, the emendation might be admitted, but that there is not here any question concerning the expulsion of Coriolanus. What is now proposed, is, to throw him down the Tarpeian rock. It is absurd, therefore, that the rabble should by way of confirmation of what their leader Sicinius had said, propose a punishment he has not so much as mentioned, and which, when he does *afterwards* mention it, he disapproved of:

" —— to *eject* him hence,
" Were but one danger."

I have therefore left the old copy undisturbed. *Malone.*

Perhaps our author wrote—with reference to the foregoing speech:

He shall, be *sure on 't.*

i. e. be assured that he shall be taught the respect due to both the tribunes and the people. *Steevens.*

[3] *Sir,*] Old copy, redundantly—Sir, *sir. Steevens.*

[4] *Do not* cry, havock, *where you should but hunt With modest warrant.*] i. e. Do not give the signal for unlimited slaughter, &c. See Vol. VII, p. 320, n. 1. *Steevens.*

To cry havock, was, I believe, originally a sporting phrase, from *hafoc*, which in Saxon signifies a *hawk*. It was afterwards used in war. So, in *King John:*

" —— *Cry havock*, kings."

And in *Julius Cæsar:*

" Cry *havock*, and let slip the dogs of war."

It seems to have been the signal for general slaughter, and is expressly forbid in *The Ordinances des Battailles*, 9 R. ii, art. 10:

" Item, que nul soit si hardy de crier *havok* sur peine d'avoir la test coupe."

The second article of the same *Ordinances* seems to have been fatal to Bardolph. It was death even to touch the *pix of little price.*

" Item, que nul soit si hardy *de toucher* le corps de nostre Seigneur, *ni le vessel en quel il est*, sur peyne d'estre trainez et pendu, et le teste avoir coupe." MS. *Cotton.* Nero D. VI. *Tyrwhitt.*

Again: " For them that *crye hauoke.* Also that noo man be so

Sic. Sir, how comes 't, that you
Have holp to make this rescue?
Men. Hear me speak:—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults: ——
Sic. Consul!—what consul?
Men. The consul Coriolanus.
Bru. He a consul!
Cit. No, no, no, no, no.
Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I 'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to[5] no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.
Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory, to despatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore, it is decreed,
He dies to-night.
Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children[6] is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!
Sic. He 's a disease, that must be cut away.
Men. O, he 's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that 's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country:
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,

hardy to *crye hauoke*, vpon payne of hym that so is founde begynner, to dye therefore, and the remenaunt to be emprysoned, and theyr bodyes to be punyshed at the kynges wyll." *Certayne Statutes and Ordenaunces of Warre made &c. by Henry the VIII*, bl. l. 4to. emprynted by R. Pynson, 1513. *Todd.*

[5] —— *shall* turn you to —] This singular expression has already occurred in *The Tempest:*

" ——— my heart bleeds
" To think o' the teen that I have *turn'd you to*." *Steevens.*

[6] *Towards her* deserved *children* —] *Deserved*, for *deserving*. So, *delighted* for *delighting*. So, in *Othello:*

" If virtue no *delighted beauty* lack —." **Malone.**

Were to us all, that do 't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.
Sic. This is clean kam.[7]
Bru. Merely awry:[8] When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.
Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was?[9]
Bru. We 'll hear no more:—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

[7] *This is clean* kam.] i. e. Awry. So Cotgrave interprets, *Tout va à contrepoil. All goes clean kam.* Hence a *cambrel* for a crooked stick, or the bend in a horse's hinder leg. *Warburton.*

The Welsh word for *crooked* is *kam;* and in Lyly's *Endymion,* 1591, is the following passage: "But timely, madam, *crooks* that tree that will be a *camock,* and young it pricks that will be a thorn."

Again, in *Sappho and Phao,* 1591:

"*Camocks* must be bowed with sleight, not strength."

Vulgar pronunciation has corrupted *clean kam* into *kim kam,* and this corruption is preserved in that great repository of ancient vulgarisms, Stanyhurst's translation of Virgil, 1582:

"*Scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus.*"

'The wavering commons in *kym kam* sectes are haled."
Steevens.

In the old translation of *Guzman de Alfarache* the words *kim, kam,* occur several times. Amongst others, take the following instance: "All goes topsie turvy; all *kim, kam,* all is tricks and devices: all riddles and unknown mysteries." P. 100. *Reed.*

[8] *Merely awry:*] i. e. absolutely. See Vol. II, p. 12, n. 2. *Steevens.*

[9] *Being once gangren'd, is not then respected*
For what before it was?] Nothing can be more evident, than that this could never be said by Coriolanus's apologist, and that it was said by one of the tribunes; I have therefore given it to Sicinius. *Warburton.*

I have restored it to *Menenius,* placing an interrogation point at the conclusion of the speech. Mr. Malone, considering it as an imperfect sentence, gives it thus:

For what before it was; — *Steevens.*

You alledge, says Menenius, that being diseased, he must be cut away. According then to your argument, the foot, being once gangrened, is not to be respected for what it was before it was gangrened.—"*Is this just?*" Menenius would have added, if the tribune had not interrupted him: and indeed, without any such addition, from his state of the argument these words are understood. *Malone.*

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.
Bru. If it were so, —
Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our Ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come: —
Men. Consider this;—He has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I 'll go to him, and undertake to bring him[1]
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmost peril.
1 *Sen.* Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.[2]
Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer:—
Masters, lay down your weapons.
Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the market-place:—We 'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we 'll proceed
In our first way.
Men. I 'll bring him to you:—
Let me desire your company. [*To the* Senators.] He must come,
Or what is worst will follow.
1 *Sen.* Pray you, let 's to him.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] —— *to bring him* —] In the old copy the words *in peace* are found at the end of this line. They probably were in the MS. placed at the beginning of the next line, and caught by the transcriber's eye glancing on the line below. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

[2] —— *the end of it*
Unknown to the beginning.] So, in *The Tempest*, Act II, sc. i: "The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning." *Steevens.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Coriolanus's *House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, *and* Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;[3]
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

[3] *Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;*] Neither of these punishments was known at Rome. Shakspeare had probably read or heard in his youth that Balthazar de Gerrard, who assassinated William Prince of Orange in 1584, was torn to pieces by wild horses; as Nicholas de Salvedo had been not long before, for conspiring to take away the life of that gallant prince.

When I wrote this note, the punishment which Tullus Hostilius inflicted on Metius Sufletius for deserting the Roman standard, had escaped my memory:

" Haud procul inde citæ Metium in diversa quadrigæ
" Distulerant, (at tu dictis, Albane, maneres,)
" Raptabatque viri mendacis viscera Tullus
" Per sylvam; et sparsi rorabant sanguine vepres."
Æn. VIII, 642.

However, as Shakspeare has coupled this species of punishment with another that certainly was unknown to ancient Rome, it is highly probable that he was not apprized of the story of Metius Sufletius, and that in this, as in various other instances, the practice of his own time was in his thoughts: (for in 1594 John Chastel had been thus executed in France for attempting to assassinate Henry the Fourth:) more especially as we know from the testimony of Livy that this cruel capital punishment was never inflicted from the beginning to the end of the Republick, except in this single instance:

" Exinde, duabus admotis quadrigis, in currus earum distentum illigat Metium. Deinde in diversum iter equi concitati, lacerum in utroque curru corpus quâ inhæserant vinculis membra, portantes. Avertêre omnes a tantâ fœditate spectaculi oculos. *Primum ultimumque* illud supplicium apud Romanos exempli parum memoris legum humanarum fuit: in aliis, gloriari licet nulli gentium mitiores placuisse pœnas." Liv. Lib. I, xxviii.
Malone.

Shakspeare might have found mention of this punishment in our ancient romances. Thus, in *The Sowdon of Babyloyne*, p. 55:

" —— Thou venemouse serpente
" With *wilde horses* thou shalt be drawe to morowe
" And on this hille be brente." *Steevens.*

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1 *Pat.* You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse,[4] my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance[5] stood up
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you; [*To* VOL.
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.[6]

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.[7]

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions,[8] if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

[4] *I muse,*] That is, *I wonder, I am at a loss. Johnson.* So, in *Macbeth:*

" Do not *muse* at me, my most noble friends —." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *my ordinance* —] My *rank. Johnson.*

[6] *The man I am.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer supplies the defect in this line, very judiciously in my opinion, by reading:

Truly *the man I am.*

Truly is properly opposed to *False* in the preceding line. *Steevens.*

[7] *Let go.*] Here again, Sir Thomas Hanmer, with sufficient propriety, reads—*Why,* let *it* go.—Mr. Ritson would complete the measure with a similar expression, which occurs in *Othello:* —" Let *it* go *all.*—Too many of the short replies in this and other plays of Shakspeare, are apparently mutilated. *Steevens.*

[8] *The* thwartings *of your dispositions,*] The old copies exhibit it:

" The *things* of your dispositions."

A few letters replaced, that by some carelessness dropped out, restore us the poet's genuine reading:

The thwartings *of your dispositions. Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald only improved on Mr. Rowe's correction:

The things that thwart *your dispositions. Malone.*

Enter MENENIUS, *and* Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough;
You must return, and mend it.
1 *Sen.* There 's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.
Vol. Pray, be counsel'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.
Men. Well said, noble woman:
Before he should thus stoop to the herd,[1] but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physick
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.
Cor. What must I do?
Men. Return to the tribunes.
Cor. Well,
What then? what then?
Men. Repent what you have spoke.
Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do 't to them?
Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak.[1] I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,

[1] *Before he should thus stoop to the* herd,] [Old copy—stoop to the *heart*.] But how did Coriolanus stoop to his *heart*? He rather, as we vulgarly express it, made his proud heart stoop to the necessity of the times. I am persuaded, my emendation gives the true reading. So before in this play:

"Are these your *herd*?"

So, in *Julius Cæsar*: "—when he perceived, the common *herd* was glad he refus'd the crown," &c. *Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald's conjecture is confirmed by a passage, in which Coriolanus thus describes the people:

"You shames of Rome! you *herd* of—

Herd was anciently spelt *heard*. Hence *heart* crept into the old copy. *Malone.*

[1] *You are too absolute;*
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak.] Except in cases of urgent necessity, when your resolute and noble spirit, however commendable at other times, ought to yield to the occasion. *Malone.*

I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.
Cor. Tush, tush!
Men. A good demand.
Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?
Cor. Why force you[2] this?
Vol. Because that now it lies on you to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to,[3]
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.[4]

[2] *Why* force *you* —] Why *urge* you. *Johnson.*
So, in *King Henry VIII:*
" If you will now unite in your complaints,
" And *force* them with a constancy —." *Malone.*

[3] *Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you* to,] [Old copy—*prompts you,*] Perhaps the meaning is, which your heart prompts you *to.* We have many such elliptical expressions in these plays. See Vol. XI, p. 341, n. 2. So, in *Julius Cæsar:*
" Thy honourable metal may be wrought
" From what it is dispos'd [*to*]."
But I rather believe, that our author has adopted the language of the theatre, and that the meaning is, which your heart suggests *to* you; which your heart furnishes you with, as a prompter furnishes the player with the words that have escaped his memory. So afterwards: " Come, come, we 'll *prompt you* " The editor of the second folio, who was entirely unacquainted with our author's peculiarities, reads—prompts you *to,* and so all the subsequent copies read. *Malone.*
I am content to follow the second folio; though perhaps we ought to read:
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts in *you.*
So, in *A Sermon preach'd at St. Paul's Crosse,* &c. 1589: " —for often meditatyon *prompteth in* us goode thoughtes, begettyng theron goode workes," &c.
Without some additional syllable the verse is defective.
Steevens.

[4] —— *bastards, and syllables*
Of no allowance, *to your bosom's truth.*] I read: " *of no*

Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town[5] with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you[6] will rather show our general lowts[7]
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want[8] might ruin.

liance;" therefore *bastards*. Yet *allowance* may well enough stand, as meaning *legal right, established rank*, or *settled authority*. *Johnson.*

Allowance is certainly right. So, in *Othello*, Act II, sc. i:

" —— his pilot
" Of very expert and approv'd *allowance*."

Dr. Johnson's amendment, however, is countenanced by an expression in *The Taming of the Shrew*, where Petruchio's stirrups are said to be " of *no kindred*." *Steevens.*

I at first was pleased with Dr. Johnson's proposed emendation, because "of no allowance, i. e. approbation, *to* your bosom's truth," appeared to me unintelligible. But *allowance* has no connection with the subsequent words, " to your bosom's truth." The construction is—though but bastards to your bosom's truth, *not the lawful issue of your heart*. The words, " and syllables of no allowance," are put in opposition with *bastards*, and are as it were parenthetical. *Malone.*

[5] *Than to take in a town* —] To subdue or destroy. See p. 20, n. 1. *Malone.*

[6] —— *I am in this,*
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you &c.] Volumnia is persuading Coriolanus that he ought to flatter the people, as the general fortune was at stake; and says, that in this advice, she speaks as his wife, as his son; as the senate and body of the patricians; who were in some measure link'd to his conduct. *Warburton.*

I rather think the meaning is, *I am in their* condition, I am *at stake*, together with *your wife, your son*. *Johnson.*

I am in this, means, I am in this predicament. *M. Mason.*

I think the meaning is, *In this* advice, in exhorting you to act thus, I speak not only as your mother, but as your wife, your son, &c. all of whom are *at stake*. *Malone.*

[7] —— *our general lowts* —] Our *common clowns*. *Johnson.*

[8] —— *that* want —] The *want* of their loves. *Johnson.*

Men. Noble lady!—
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what[9] is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;[1]
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them)
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,[2]

[9] **Not *what*—]** In this place *not* seems to signify *not only*. *Johnson.*

[1] —— *with* this *bonnet in thy hand;*] Surely our author wrote —with *thy* bonnet in thy hand; for I cannot suppose that he intended that Volumnia should either touch or take off the bonnet which he has given to Coriolanus. *Malone.*

When Volumnia says—"*this* bonnet," she may be supposed to *point* at it, without any attempt to touch it, or take it off. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *waving thy* head,
Which often, *thus, correcting thy stout heart,*] But do any of the ancient or modern masters of elocution prescribe the *waving the head,* when they treat of action? Or how does the waving the head correct the stoutness of the heart, or evidence humility? Or, lastly, where is the sense or grammar of these words, *Which often, thus,* &c.? These questions are sufficient to show that the lines are corrupt. I would read therefore:

—— *waving thy* hand,
Which soften *thus, correcting thy stout heart.*

This is a very proper precept of action, suiting the occasion; Wave thy hand, says she, and soften the action of it thus,—then strike upon thy breast, and by that action show the people thou hast corrected thy stout heart. All here is fine and proper. *Warburton.*

The correction is ingenious, yet I think it not right. *Head* or *hand* is indifferent. The *hand* is *waved* to gain attention; the *head* is shaken in token of sorrow. The word *wave* suits better to the hand, but in considering the author's language, too much stress must not be laid on propriety, against the copies. I would read thus:

—— *waving thy head,*
With *often, thus, correcting thy stout heart.*

That is, *shaking thy head,* and *striking* thy breast. The alteration is slight, and the gesture recommended not improper. *Johnson.*

Shakspeare uses the same expression in *Hamlet:*

"And thrice his *head waving* thus, up and down." *Steevens.*

I have sometimes thought that this passage might originally have stood *thus:*

Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,[3]

——*waving thy head,*
(*Which* humble *thus;*) *correcting thy stout heart,*
Now soften'd *as the ripest mulberry. Tyrwhitt.*

As there is no verb in this passage as it stands, some amendment must be made, to make it intelligible; and that which I now propose, is to read *bow* instead of *now*, which is clearly the right reading. *M. Mason.*

I am persuaded these lines are printed exactly as the author wrote them, a similar kind of phraseology being found in his other plays. *Which*, &c. is the absolute case, and is to be understood as if he had written—*It* often, &c. So, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" —— This your son-in-law,
" And son unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing)
" Is troth-plight to your daughter."

Again, in *King John:*

" —— he that wins of all,
" Of kings, and beggars, old men, young men, maids,—
" *Who* having no external thing to lose,
" But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that."

In the former of these passages, " *whom* heavens directing," is to be understood as if Shakspeare had written, *him* heavens directing; (*illum deo ducente;*) and in the latter, " *who* having" has the import of *They* having. *Nihil quod amittere possint, præter nomen virginis, possidentibus.* See Vol. VII, p. 331, n. 6.

This mode of speech, though not such as we should now use, having been used by Shakspeare, any emendation of this contested passage becomes unnecessary. Nor is this kind of phraseology peculiar to our author: for in R. Raignold's *Lives of all the Emperours*, 1571, fol. 5, b. I find the same construction: "— as Pompey was passing in a small boate toward the shoare, to fynde the kynge Ptolemey, he was by his commaundement slayne, before he came to land, of Septimius and Achilla, *who hoping* by killing of him to purchase the friendship of Cæsar.—Who now being come unto the shoare, and entering Alexandria, had sodainly presented unto him the head of Pompey the Great," &c.

Again, in the Continuation of Hardyng's *Chronicle*, 1543, Signat. M m. ij: " And now was the kyng within twoo daies journey of Salisbury, when the duke attempted to mete him, *whiche* duke *beyng* accompaignied with great strength of Welshemen, whom he had enforced thereunto, and coherted more by lordly commaundment than by liberal wages and hire: whiche thyng was in deede the cause that thei fell from hym and forsoke him. Wherefore he," &c. See also Vol. VI, p. 324, n. 6.

Mr. M. Mason says, that there is no verb in the sentence, and therefore it must be corrupt. The verb is *go*, and the sentence, not more abrupt than many others in these plays. Go to the people, says Volumnia, and appear before them in a supplicating attitude,—with thy bonnet in thy hand, thy knees on the ground, (for in such cases action is eloquence, &c.) waving thy head; *it*, by its frequent bendings, (such as those that I now make) sub-

That will not hold the handling: Or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way,[4] which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours:[5]
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou had'st rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,[6]

duing thy stout heart, which now should be as humble as the ripest mulberry: or, if these silent gestures of supplication do not move them, add words, and say to them, &c.

Whoever has seen a player supplicating to be heard by the audience, when a tumult, for whatever cause, has arisen in a theatre, will perfectly feel the force of the words—"waving thy *head*."

No emendation whatever appears to me to be necessary in these lines. *Malone.*

All I shall observe respecting the validity of the instances adduced by Mr. Malone in support of his position, is, that as ancient press-work seldom received any correction, the errors of one printer may frequently serve to countenance those of another, without affording any legitimate decision in matters of phraseology. *Steevens.*

[3] ——*humble, as the ripest mulberry,*] This fruit, when thoroughly ripe, drops from the tree. *Steevens.*

Æschylus (as appears from a fragment of his ΦΡΥΓΕΣ ἢ ΕΚΤΟΡΟΣ ΛΥΤΡΑ, preserved by Athenæus, Lib. II,) says of Hector that he was softer than *mulberries:*

"Ἀνὴρ δ' ἐκεῖνος ἦν πεπαίτερος μόρων." *Musgrave.*

[4] —— *and being bred in broils,*
Hast not the soft *way,*] So, in *Othello,* (folio 1623):

"—— Rude am I in my speech,
"And little bless'd with the *soft* phrase of peace;
"And little of this great world can I speak,
"More than pertains to feats of *broils* and battles." *Malone.*

[5] *Even as she speaks, why,* all *their hearts were yours:*] The word *all* was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer to remedy the apparent defect in this line. I am not sure, however, that we might not better read, as Mr. Ritson proposes:

Even as she speaks it, *why their hearts were yours. Steevens.*

[6] ——in *a fiery gulf,*] i. e. *into.* So, in *King Richard III.*

"But first, I 'll turn yon fellow *in* his grave." *Steevens.*

Than flatter him in a bower.[7] Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all 's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will:—
Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce?[8] Must I
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do 't:
Yet were there but this single plot[9] to lose,

[7] *Than flatter him in a* bower.] A *bower* is the ancient term for a *chamber*. So Spenser, Prothalam. st. 8, speaking of *The Temple*:

" Where now the studious lawyers have their *bowers*."

See also Chaucer &c. passim. *Steevens*.

[8] —— *my* unbarb'd *sconce?*] The suppliants of the people used to present themselves to them in sordid and neglected dresses. *Johnson*.

Unbarbed, bare, uncovered. In the times of chivalry, when a horse was fully armed and accoutred for the encounter, he was said to be *barbed;* probably from the old word *barbe* which Chaucer uses for a veil or covering. *Hawkins*.

Unbarbed sconce is *untrimmed* or *unshaven head*. To *barb* a man, was to shave him. So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

" *Grim.* —— you are so clean a young man.

" *Row.* And who *barbes* you, Grimball?

" *Grim.* A dapper knave, one Rosco.

" *Row.* I know him not, is he a deaft *barber?*"

To *barbe* the field was to cut the corn. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song XIII:

" The lab'ring hunter tufts the thick *unbarbed* grounds."

Again, in *The Malcontent*, by Marston:

" The stooping scytheman that doth *barbe* the field."

But (says Dean Milles, in his comment on *The Pseudo-Rowley*, p. 215:) " would that appearance [of being *unshaved*] have been particular at Rome in the time of Coriolanus?" Every one, but the Dean, understands that Shakspeare gives to all countries the fashions of his own.

Unbarbed may, however, bear the signification which the late Mr. Hawkins would affix to it. So, in *Magnificence*, an interlude by Skelton, *Fancy*, speaking of a *hooded hawk*, says:

" *Barbyd* like a nonne, for burnynge of the sonne." *Steevens*.

[9] —— *single* plot —] i. e. piece, portion; applied to a piece of earth, and here elegantly transferred to the body, carcase. *Warburton*.

This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place:—
You have put me now to such a part, which never[1]
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we 'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.[2]

Cor. Well, I must do 't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum,[3] into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks;[4] and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrop, bend like his

[1] —— such *a part*, which *never* &c.] So, in *King Henry VI*, P. III, Vol. X, p. 349:

" —— he would avoid *such* bitter taunts
" *Which* in the time of death he gave our father,"

Again, in the present scene:

" But with *such* words *that* are but roted," &c.

Again, in Act V, sc. iv:

" ——— the benefit
" Which thou shalt thereby reap, is *such* a name,
" *Whose* repetition will be dogg'd with curses."

i. e. the repetition of which —.

Again, in Act V, sc. iii:

" —— no, not with *such* friends,
" *That* thought them sure of you."

This phraseology was introduced by Shakspeare in the first of these passages, for the old play on which *The Third Part of King Henry VI* was founded, reads—*As* in the time of death. The word *as* has been substituted for *which* by the modern editors in the passage before us. *Malone.*

[2] ——*perform a part*
Thou hast not done before.] Our author is still thinking of his theatre. Cominius has just said, Come, come, we 'll *prompt* you. *Malone.*

[3] *Which quired with my drum,*] Which *played in concert* with my drum. *Johnson.*

So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" Still *quiring* to the young-ey'd cherubins." *Steevens.*

[4] *Tent in my cheeks;*] To *tent* is *to take up residence. Johnson.*

That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do 't:
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,[5]
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness;[6] for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
But owe[7] thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I 'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I 'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [*Exeunt.*

[5] ——*to honour mine own truth,*]
" Πάντων δὲ μᾶλις' αἰσχύνιο σαύτον." Pythag. *Johnson.*

[6] ——————*let*
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness;] This is obscure. Perhaps, she means:—Go, do thy worst; let me rather feel the *utmost* extremity that thy pride can bring upon us, than live thus in fear of thy dangerous obstinacy. *Johnson.*

[7] ——*owe*—] i. e. own. *Reed.*
So, in *Macbeth:*
" To throw away the dearest thing he *owed,*
" As 'twere a careless trifle." *Steevens.*

SCENE III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy[8] to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Æd. He 's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready, here.[9]

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*
I' the right and strength o' the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry *fine;* if death, cry *death;*
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.[1]

[8] ——*envy*—] i. e. malice, hatred. So, in *King Henry VIII:*
" ——no black *envy*
" Shall make my grave."
See Vol. XI, p. 240, n. 7. *Steevens.*

[9] ——*'tis ready,* here.] The word—*here*, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. *Steevens.*

[1] ——*i' the truth o' the cause.*] This is not very easily understood. We might read:
——o'er *the truth o' the cause. Johnson.*
As I cannot understand this passage as it is pointed, I should suppose that the speeches should be thus divided, and then it will require no explanation:
Sic. *Insisting on the old prerogative*
And power.
Æd. *In the truth of the cause*
I shall inform them.
That is, I will explain the matter to them fully. M. Mason.

Æd. I shall inform them.
Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.
Æd. Very well.
Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give 't them.
Bru. Go about it.—[*Exit* Ædile.
Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction:[2] Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance;[3] then he speaks
What 's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.[4]

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Sic. Well, here he comes.
Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.
Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.[5]—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice

[2] —— *and to have his* worth
Of contradiction:] The modern editors substituted *word;* but the old copy reads *worth,* which is certainly right. He has been used to have his *worth,* or (as we should now say) his *pennyworth* of contradiction; his full quota or proportion. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" —— You take your *pennyworth* [of sleep] now." *Malone.*

[3] *Be rein'd again to* temperance;] Our poet seems to have taken several of his images from the old pageants. In the new edition of Leland's *Collectanea,* Vol. IV, p. 190, the virtue *temperance* is represented "holding in hyr haund a *bitt of an horse.*" *Tollet.*
Mr. Tollet might have added, that both in painting and sculpture the *bit* is the established symbol of this virtue. *Henley.*

[4] —— *which looks*
With us to break his neck.] To *look* is to *wait* or *expect:* The sense I believe is, *What he has in heart* is waiting there *to help us to break his neck. Johnson.*
The tribune rather seems to mean—The sentiments of Coriolanus's heart are our coadjutors, and look to have their share in promoting his destruction. *Steevens.*

[5] *Will bear the knave by the volume.*] i. e. would bear being called a knave as often as would fill out a volume. *Steevens.*

Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war![6]
1 *Sen.* Amen, amen!
Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, *with* Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.
Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I say.
Cor. First, hear me speak.
Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho.[7]
Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine here?
Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?
Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.
Cor. Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only.

[6] ——*plant love among us!*
Throng *our large temples with the shows of peace,*
And not our streets with war!] [The old copy—*Through.*]
We should read:
Throng our large temples ——
The other is rank nonsense. *Warburton.*
The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald.
The *shows of peace* are multitudes of people peaceably assembled, either to hear the determination of causes, or for other purposes of civil government. *Malone.*
The real *shows of peace* among the Romans, were the olive-branch and the caduceus; but I question if our author, on the present occasion, had any determinate idea annexed to his words. Mr. Malone's supposition, however, can hardly be right; because the "temples" (i. e. those of the gods) were never used for the determination of civil causes, &c. To such purposes the Senate and the Forum were appropriated. The *temples* indeed might be thronged with people who met to thank the gods for a return of peace. *Steevens.*

[7] *Well, say.—Peace, ho.*] As the metre is here defective, we might suppose our author to have written:
Well, sir; say on.—Peace, ho. Steevens.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: Do not take
His rougher accents[8] for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.[9]
Com. Well, well, no more.
Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic. Answer to us.
Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office,[1] and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How! Traitor?
Men. Nay; temperately: Your promise.
Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd[2] as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.
Sic. Mark you this, people?

[8] *His rougher* accents —] The old copy reads—*actions*. Mr. Theobald made the change. *Steevens.*

His rougher *accents* are the harsh *terms* that he uses. *Malone.*

[9] *Rather than* envy *you.*] *Envy* is here taken at large for *malignity* or ill intention. *Johnson.*

According to the construction of the sentence, *envy* is evidently used as a verb, and signifies to *injure*. In this sense it is used by Julietta in *The Pilgrim:*

" If I make a lie
" To gain your love, and *envy* my best mistress,
" Pin me up against a wall," &c. *M. Mason.*

Rather than envy *you.*] Rather than import ill will to you. See p. 115, n. 8; and Vol. XI, p. 240, n. 7. *Malone.*

[1] —— *season'd office,*] All *office established* and *settled* by time, and made familiar to the people by long use. *Johnson.*

[2] —— *clutch'd* —] i. e. grasp'd. So Macbeth, in his address to the " air-drawn dagger:"

" Come, let me *clutch* thee." *Steevens.*

Cit. To the rock with him; to the rock with him![3]
Sic. Peace.
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.
Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome, ——
Cor. What do you prate of service?
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You?
Men. Is this
The promise that you made your mother?
Com. Know,
I pray you, ——
Cor. I 'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying; Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying, Good morrow.
Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied against the people,[4] seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last[5]
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence[6]

[3] *To the rock* &c.] The first folio reads:
To th' rock, to th' rock with him.—
The second only:
To th' rock with him.
The present reading is therefore formed out of the two copies. *Steevens.*

[4] *Envied* against *the people,*] i. e. behaved with signs of hatred to the people. *Steevens.*

[5] —— as *now at last* —] Read rather:
——— has *now at last. Johnson.*
I am not certain but that *as* in this instance, has the power of *as well as*. The same mode of expression I have met with among our ancient writers. *Steevens.*

[6] —— not *in the presence* —] *Not* stands again for *not only*.

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; In the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so,
It shall be so; let him away: he 's banish'd,
And so it shall be.[7]

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends;—

Sic. He 's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show from Rome,[8]
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate,[9] her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that——

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru. There 's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country:
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs![1] whose breath I hate

It is thus used in *The New Testament*, 1 *Thess.* iv, 8:
" He therefore that despiseth, despiseth *not* man but God," &c.
Steevens.

[7] *And so it shall be.*] Old copy, unmetrically—*And it shall be so.*
Steevens.

[8] —— *show* from *Rome,*] Read—" show *for* Rome." *M. Mason.*
He either means, that his wounds were got *out* of Rome, in the cause of his country, or that they mediately were derived from Rome, by his acting in conformity to the orders of the state. Mr. Theobald reads—*for* Rome; and supports his emendation by these passages:
" To banish him that struck more blows *for* Rome," &c.
Again:
" Good man! the wounds that he does bear *for* Rome."
Malone.

[9] *My dear wife's estimate,*] I love my country beyond the rate at which I *value my dear wife. Johnson.*

[1] *You common* cry *of curs!*] *Cry* here signifies a *troop* or *pack.* So, in a subsequent scene in this play:

As reek o' the rotten fens,[2] whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;[3]
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,[4])

"—— You have made good work,
"You and your *cry*."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, 1634:

"I could have kept a hawk, and well have holla'd
"To a deep *cry* of dogs." *Malone.*

[2] *As reek o' the* rottens fens,] So, in *The Tempest:*

"*Seb.* As if it had lungs, and *rotten* ones.
"*Ant.* Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a *fen*." *Steevens.*

[3] *I banish you;*] So, in Lyly's *Anatomy of Wit*, 1580: "When it was cast in Diogenes' teeth that the Sinopenetes had *banished* him Pontus, yea, said he, *I them*."

Our poet has again the same thought in *King Richard II:*

"Think not, the king did banish thee,
"But thou the king." *Malone.*

[4] —— *Have the power still*
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,) &c.] Still retain the power of banishing your defenders, till your undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city but yourselves, who are always labouring your own destruction.

It is remarkable, that, among the political maxims of the speculative Harrington, there is one which he might have borrowed from this speech. *The people*, says he, *cannot see, but they can feel.* It is not much to the honour of the people, that they have the same character of stupidity from their enemy and their friend. Such was the power of our author's mind, that he looked through life in all its relations private and civil. *Johnson.*

"The people, (to use the comment of my friend Dr. Kearney, in his ingenious LECTURES ON HISTORY, quarto, 1776,) cannot nicely scrutinize errors in government, but they are roused by galling oppression."—Coriolanus, however, means to speak still more contemptuously of their judgment. Your ignorance is such, that you cannot see the mischiefs likely to result from your actions, till you actually experience the ill effects of them.—Instead, however, of "Making *but* reservation of yourselves," which is the reading of the old copy, and which Dr. Johnson very rightly explains, *leaving none in the city but yourselves*, I have *no doubt that we should read*, as I have printed, "Making not

Making not reservation of yourselves,
(Still your own foes) deliver you, as most
Abated captives,[5] to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,[6]
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* Cor. Com. Men. Senators, *and* Patricians.

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy 's banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The People shout, and throw up their Caps.*

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;

reservation of yourselves," which agrees with the subsequent words—"still your own foes," and with the general purport of the speech; which is, to show that the folly of the people was such as was likely to destroy the whole of the republick without *any* reservation, *not only others, but even themselves*, and to subjugate them as abated captives to some hostile nation. If, according to the old copy, the people have the prudence to make reservation of themselves, while they are destroying their country, they cannot with any propriety be said to be in that respect "*still their own foes.*" These words therefore decisively support the emendation now made.

How often *but* and *not* have been confounded in these plays, has already been frequently observed. In this very play *but* has been printed, in a former scene, instead of *not*, and the latter word substituted in all the modern editions. See p. 75, n. 5.

Malone.

Mr. Capell reads:

Making not *reservation of your selves. Steevens.*

[5] Abated *captives,*] *Abated* is dejected, subdued, depressed in spirit.

So, in *Cræsus*, 1604, by Lord Sterline:

"To advance the humble, and *abate* the proud."

i. e. *Parcere subjectis, et* debellare *superbos.*

Again, in Arthur Hall's translation of the 7th *Iliad:*

"Th' *abated* mindes, the cowardize, and faintnesse of my pheeres."

Randle Holme, however, informs us that "an *abatement* is a mark added or annexed to a coat [of arms] by reason of some dishonourable act whereby the dignity of the coat is abased," &c. See the *Academy of Armory and Blazon*, p. 71.

Abated has the same power as the French *abattu.* See Vol. V, p. 195, n. 8. *Steevens.*

[6] *Despising,*] As this line is imperfect, perhaps our author originally gave it—

Despising therefore,
For you, the city, &c. *Steevens.*

Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates; come:—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.....SCENE I.

The same. Before a Gate of the City.

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *and several young* Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewel:—the beast
With many heads[7] butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating:[8] fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning:[9] you were us'd to load me

[7] —— *the beast*
With many heads —] Thus also, Horace, speaking of the Roman mob:
Bellua multorum est capitum. Steevens.

[8] —— *You were us'd*
To say, extremity was *the trier of spirits;*
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating:] Thus the second folio. The first reads:
"To say, extremi*ties was* the trier of spirits."
Extremity, in the singular number, is used by our author in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Troilus and Cressida*, &c.
The general thought of this passage has already occurred in *Troilus and Cressida.*
"—— In the reproof of chance
"Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,
"How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
"Upon her patient breast, making their way
"With those of nobler bulk?" *Steevens.*

[9] —— *fortune's blows,*
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning:] This is the ancient and authentick reading. The modern editors have, for *gentle wounded*, silently substituted

With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.
Vir. O heavens! O heavens!
Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—
Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!
Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you 'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu:—Farewel, my wife! my mother!
I 'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venemous to thine eyes.—My sometime general
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond[1] to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe 't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your son
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.[2]
Vol. My first son,[3]

gentle warded, and Dr. Warburton has explained *gently* by *nobly*. It is good to be sure of our author's words before we go to explain their meaning.

The sense is, When Fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy. He calls this calmness *cunning*, because it is the effect of reflection and philosophy. Perhaps the first emotions of nature are nearly uniform, and one man differs from another in the power of endurance, as he is better regulated by precept and instruction.

"They bore as heroes, but they felt as men." *Johnson.*

[1] *'Tis fond*—] i. e. 'tis foolish. See our author, passim. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *cautelous baits and practice.*] By artful and false tricks, and treason. *Johnson.*

Cautelous, in the present instance, signifies—*insidious*. In the sense of *cautious* it occurs in *Julius Cæsar:*

"Swear priests and cowards, and men *cautelous*." *Steevens.*

[3] *My* first *son,*] *First*, i. e. noblest, and most eminent of men. *Warburton.*

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: determine on some course,
More than a wild exposture to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.[4]

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I 'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:—
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That 's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch,[5] when I am forth,
Bid me farewel, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That 's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let 's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I 'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:—
Come. [*Exeunt.*

Mr. Heath would read:
My fierce *son.* *Steevens.*

[4] *More than a wild* exposture *to each chance*
[*That starts i' the way before thee.*] I know not whether the word *exposture* be found in any other author. If not, I should incline to read *exposure.* *Malone.*

We should certainly read—*exposure.* So, in *Macbeth:*
" And when we have our naked frailties hid
" That suffer in *exposure,* —."
Again, in *Troilus and Cressida:*
" To weaken and discredit our *exposure* —."
Exposture is, I believe, no more than a typographical error. *Steevens.*

[5] *My friends of noble touch,*] i. e. of true metal unalloyed. A metaphor from trying gold on the touchstone. *Warburton.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Street near the Gate.

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and an* Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he 's gone, and we 'll no further.—
The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home.
[*Exit* Æd.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* MENENIUS.
Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let 's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say, she 's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us:
Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you 're well met: the hoarded plague o' the gods
Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?
[*To* BRU.

Vir. You shall stay too: [*to* SICIN.] I would, I had the power
To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—
Was not a man my father?[6] Hadst thou foxship[7]

[6] Sic. *Are you* mankind?
Vol. *Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—*
Was not a man my father?] The word *mankind* is used maliciously by the first speaker, and taken perversely by the second. A *mankind* woman is a woman with the roughness of a man, and, in an aggravated sense, a woman ferocious, violent, and ea-

To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?
Sic. O blessed heavens!
Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good.—I 'll tell thee what;—Yet go:—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.
Sic. What then?
Vir. What then?
He 'd make an end of thy posterity.
Vol. Bastards, and all.—
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
Men. Come, come, peace.
Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.[8]
Bru. I would he had.
Vol. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
Bru. Pray, let us go.
Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed

ger to shed blood. In this sense Sicinius asks Volumnia, if she be *mankind*. She takes *mankind* for a *human creature*, and accordingly cries out:

——*Note but this fool.—*
Was not a man my father? *Johnson.*

So, Jonson, in *The Silent Woman:*

"O *mankind* generation!"

Shakspeare himself, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"——a *mankind* witch."

Fairfax, in his translation of Tasso:

"See, see this *mankind* strumpet; see, she cry'd,
"This shameless whore."

See Vol. VI, p. 213, n. 2. *Steevens.*

[7] *Hadst thou foxship* —] Hadst thou, fool as thou art, mean cunning enough to banish Coriolanus? *Johnson.*

[8] ——unknit *himself*
The noble knot *he made.*] So, in *King Henry IV*, P. I:

"—— will you again *unknit*
"This churlish *knot*" &c. *Steevens.*

The meanest house in Rome; so far, my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, we 'll leave you.
Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing else to do,
[*Exeunt* Tribunes.
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.
Men. You have told them home,[9]
And, by my troth, you have cause. You 'll sup with me?
Vol. Anger 's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.[1]—Come, let 's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
Men. Fy, fy, fy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Highway between Rome *and* Antium.

Enter a Roman *and a* Volce, *meeting.*

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against them: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well appeared by your tongue.[2] What 's

[9] *You have told them home,*] So again, in this play:
" I cannot speak him home." *Malone.*

[1] *And so shall* starve with feeding.] This idea is repeated in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II, sc. ii, and in *Pericles:*
" Who *starves* the ears she *feeds*," &c. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *but your favour is well* appeared *by your tongue.*] This is strange nonsense. We should read:
—— *is well* appealed,
i. e. brought into remembrance. *Warburton.*

the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volcian state, to find you out there: You have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banished?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she 's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus

I would read:

——*is well* affeared.

That is, *strengthened, attested,* a word used by our author.

" His title is *affear'd.*" Macbeth.

To *repeal* may be *to bring to remembrance,* but *appeal* has another meaning. *Johnson.*

I would read:

Your favour is well approved *by your tongue.*

i. e. your tongue confirms the evidence of your face.

So, in *Hamlet,* sc. i:

" That if again this apparition come,

" He may *approve* our eyes, and speak to it." *Steevens.*

If there be any corruption in the old copy, perhaps it rather is in a preceding word. Our author might have written—your favour *has* well appeared by your tongue: but the old text may, in Shakspeare's licentious dialect, be right. Your favour is fully *manifested,* or *rendered apparent,* by your tongue.

In support of the old copy it may be observed, that *becomed* was formerly used as a participle. So, in North's translation of Plutarch, *Life of Sylla,* p. 622, edit. 1575: " — which perhaps would not have *becomed* Pericles or Aristides." We have, I think, the same participle in *Timon of Athens.*

So Chaucer uses *dispaired:*

" Alas, quod Pandarus, what may this be

" That thou *dispaired* art," &c. *Malone.*

Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billetted, already in the entertainment,[3] and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Antium. *Before* Aufidius's *House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, *in mean Apparel, disguised and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewel. [*Exit* Cit.

[3] —— *already in the entertainment,*] That is, though not actually encamped, yet already in *pay*. To *entertain* an army is to take them into pay. *Johnson.*

See Vol. III, p. 34, n. 6. *Malone.*

O, world, thy slippery turns![4] Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love[5]
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me:—
My birth-place hate I,[6] and my love 's upon
This enemy town.—I 'll enter:[7] if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I 'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

[4] *O, world, thy slippery turns!* &c.] This fine picture of common friendship, is an artful introduction to the sudden league, which the poet made him enter into with Aufidius, and no less artful an apology for his commencing enemy to Rome. *Warburton.*

[5] *Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,*
Are still together, who twin, *as 'twere, in love* —] Our author has again used this verb in *Othello:*

" And he that is approv'd in this offence,
" Though he had *twinn'd* with me, —" &c.

Part of this description naturally reminds us of the following lines in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*

" We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
" Have with our needs created both one flower,
" Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
" Both warbling of one song, both in one key:
" As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
" Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
" Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
" But yet a union in partition,
" Two lovely berries molded on one stem:
" So, *with two seeming bodies, but one heart;*
" Two of the first," &c. *Malone.*

[6] —— hate *I,*] The old copy instead of *hate* reads—*have.* The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. " I 'll enter," means, I 'll enter the house of Aufidius. *Malone.*

[7] *This* enemy *town.—I 'll enter:*] Here, as in other places, our author is indebted to Sir Thomas North's Plutarch:

" For he disguised him selfe in suche arraye and attire, as he thought no man could euer haue knowen him for the persone he was, seeing him in that apparell he had vpon his backe: and as *Homer* sayed of *Vlysses:*

" So dyd he *enter* into *the enemies townne.*"

SCENE V.

The same. A Hall in Aufidius's *House.*

Musick within. Enter a Servant.

Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where 's Cotus! my master calls for him. Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well: but I Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here 's no place for you: Pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.[8]

Re-enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions?[9] Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away! Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I 'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant. *The first meets him.*

3 *Serv.* What fellow 's this?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o' the house: Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

Perhaps, therefore, instead of enemy, we should read—*enemy*'s or enemies' town. *Steevens.*

[8] *In being* Coriolanus.] i. e. in having derived that surname from the sack of Corioli. *Steevens.*

[9] ——*that he gives entrance to such* companions?] *Companion* was formerly used in the same sense as we now use the word *fellow* *Malone.*

The same term is employed in *All's Well that Ends Well, King Henry VI,* P. II, *Cymbeline, Othello,* &c. *Steevens.*

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.[1]

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station: here 's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go!
And batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall. [*Exit.*

3 *Serv.* Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where 's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honester service, than to meddle with thy mistress:
Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence!
[*Beats him away.*

Enter AUFIDIUS *and the second* Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, sir; I 'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

[1] *Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.*] Here our author has both followed and deserted his original, the old translation of Plutarch. The silence of the servants of Aufidius, did not suit the purposes of the dramatist:

"So he went directly to *Tullus Aufidius* house, and when he came thither, he got him vp straight to the chimney harthe, and sat him downe, and spake not a worde to any man, his face all muffled ouer. They of the house spying him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not byd him rise. For ill fauoredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certaine maiestie in his countenance, and in his silence: whereupon they went to *Tullus* who was at supper, to tell him of the straunge disguising of this man." *Steevens.*

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldest thou? Thy name?
Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What 's thy name?
Cor. If, Tullus,[2] [*Unmuffling.*
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.
Auf. What is thy name?
[Servants *retire.*
Cor. A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

[2] *If, Tullus,* &c.] These speeches are taken from the following in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch:

"Tullus rose presently from the borde, and comming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then Martius vnmuffled him selfe, and after he had paused a while, making no aunswer, he sayed vnto him:

"If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me, dost not perhappes beleeue me to be the man I am in dede, I must of necessitie bewraye myselfe to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thy self particularly, and to all the Volces generally, great hurte and mischief, which I cannot denie for my surname of Coriolanus that I beare. For I never had other benefit nor recompence, of all the true and payneful seruice I haue done, and the extreme daungers I haue bene in, but this only surname: a good memorie and witness of the malice and displeasure thou shouldest beare me. In deede the name only remaineth with me: for the rest the enuie, and crueltie of the people of Rome haue taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobilitie and magistrates, who haue forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremitie hath now driuen me to come as a poore suter, to take thy chimney harthe, not of any hope I haue to saue my life thereby. For if I had feared death, I would not haue come hither to haue put my life in hazard; but pricked forward with spite and desire I haue to be reuenged of them that haue banished me, whom now I begin to be auenged on, putting my persone betweene thy enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any harte to be wreeked of the injuries thy enemies haue done thee, spede thee now, and let my miserie serue thy turne, and so vse it, as my seruice maye be a benefit to the Volces: promising thee, that I will fight with better good will for all you, than euer I dyd when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly, who know the force of their enemie, than such as haue neuer proued it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art wearye to proue fortune any more, then I am also wearye to liue any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee, to saue the life of him, who hath bene heretofore thy mortall enemie, and whose seruice now can nothing helpe nor pleasure thee." *Steevens.*

Auf. Say, what 's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in 't; though thy tackle 's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel:[3] What 's thy name?
Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?
Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?
Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,[4]
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me: only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee:[5] but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee,[6] that will revenge

[3] —— *though thy tackle 's torn,*
Thou show'st a noble vessel:] A corresponding idea occurs in *Cymbeline:*
"The ruin speaks, that sometime
"It was a worthy building." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *a good* memory,] The Oxford editor, not knowing that *memory* was used at that time for *memorial*, alters it to *memorial.* *Johnson.*
See the preceding note. *Malone.*
And Vol. V, p. 38, n. 9. *Reed.*

[5] —— *of all the men i' the world*
I would have 'voided thee:] So, in *Macbeth:*
"Of all men else I have avoided thee." *Steevens.*

[6] *A heart of* wreak *in thee,*] A heart of resentment. *Johnson.*
Wreak is an ancient term for revenge. So, in *Titus Andronicus:*
"Take *wreak* on Rome for this ingratitude."
Again, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. V, fol. 83:
"She saith that hir selfe she sholde
"Do *wreche* with hir own honde."

Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame[7] seen through thy country,* speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends.[8] But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter

Again, in Chapman's version of the 5th *Iliad:*

"—— if he should pursue Sarpedon's life,
"Or take his friends *wreake* on his men." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *maims*
Of shame —] That is, disgraceful diminutions of territory. *Johnson.*

* —— *those maims*
Of shame seen through thy country,] Wounds inflicted by the invader; marks which remain a memorial of the ravages of the enemy. *Am. Ed.*

[8] —— *with the spleen*
Of all the under fiends.] Shakspeare, by imputing a stronger degree of inveteracy to subordinate fiends, seems to intimate, and very justly, that malice of revenge is more predominant in the lower than the upper classes of society. This circumstance is repeatedly exemplified in the conduct of Jack Cade and other heroes of the mob. *Steevens.*

This appears to me to be refining too much. *Under* fiends in this passage does not mean, as I conceive, fiends *subordinate*, or in an *inferior* station, but *infernal* fiends. So, in *K. Henry VI*, P. I:

"Now, ye familiar spirits, that are call'd
"Out of the powerful regions *under* earth," &c.

In Shakspeare's time some fiends were supposed to inhabit the air, others to dwell under ground, &c. *Malone.*

As Shakspeare uses the word *under*-skinker, to express the *lowest* rank of waiter, I do not find myself disposed to give up my explanation of *under* fiends. Instances, however, of "too much refinement" are not peculiar to me. *Steevens.*

Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
'*Tis true;* I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon[9] with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword;[1] and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I loved the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath;[2] but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold.[3] Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose

[9] *And* scar'd *the moon*—] [Old copy—scarr'd,] I believe, rightly. The modern editors read *scar'd*, that is, *frightened;* a reading to which the following line in *King Richard III*, certainly adds some support:

"*Amaze* the welkin with your broken staves." *Malone.*

I read with the modern editors, rejecting the Chrononhotonthological idea of *scarifying* the moon. The verb to *scare* is again written *scarr*, in the old copy of *The Winter's Tale:* "They have *scarr'd* away two of my best sheep." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *Here I* clip
The anvil of my sword;] To *clip* is to embrace. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"Enter the city, *clip* your wives —."

Aufidius styles Coriolanus the *anvil of his sword*, because he had formerly laid as heavy blows on him, as a smith strikes on his *anvil*. So, in *Hamlet:*

"And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
"On Mars's armour ——
"With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
"Now falls on Priam." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *never man*
Sigh'd truer breath;] The same expression is found in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

"I 'll *sigh* celestial *breath*, whose gentle wind
"Shall cool the heat of this descending sun."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, 1634:

"Lover never yet made *sigh*
"*Truer* than I." *Malone.*

[3] Bestride *my threshold.*] Shakspeare was unaware that a Roman bride, on her entry into her husband's house, was prohibited

Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for 't: Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times,[4] and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead[5] with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that[6]
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy;* and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat.[7] O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, Gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take

from *bestriding* his threshold; and that, lest she should even touch it, she was always lifted over it. Thus, Lucan, L. II, 359:

Tralata vetuit contingere limina planta. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *Thou hast beat me* out
Twelve several times,] *Out* here means, I believe, *full, complete.* *Malone.*

So, in *The Tempest:*

"—— for then thou wast not
"*Out* three years old." *Steevens.*

[5] *And wak'd half dead* —] Unless the two preceding lines be considered as parenthetical, here is another instance of our author's concluding a sentence, as if the former part had been constructed differently. "*We* have been down," must be considered as if he had written—I have been down *with you,* in my sleep, and *wak'd,* &c. See Vol. XI, p. 279, n. 4; and Vol. V, p. 159, n. 8; and p. 298, n. 8. *Malone.*

[6] *Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that* —] The old copy, redundantly, and unnecessarily:

"Had we no *other* quarrel else" *&c.* *Steevens.*

* —— *we would muster all*
From twelve *to* seventy;] i. e. all the males from the age of *twelve* to *seventy* years would be mustered, to form the invading force. *Am. Ed.*

[7] *Like a bold flood o'er-beat.*] Though this is intelligible, and the reading of the old copy, perhaps our author wrote—o'er-bear. So, in *Othello:*

"Is of such flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature —." *Steevens.*

The one half of my commission; and set down,—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways:
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, *yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most welcome!
[*Exeunt* Cor. *and* Auf.

1 Serv. [*advancing*] Here 's a strange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: He had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so; looking, as it were,——'Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I 'll be sworn: He is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think, he is: but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it 's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

1. 2. *Serv.* What, what, what? let 's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1. 2. *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here 's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on 't: before Corioli, he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.[8]

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand,[9] and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He 'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears:[1] He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled.[2]

[8] —— *he might have* broiled *and eaten him too.*] The old copy reads—*boiled.* The change was made by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

[9] —— *sanctifies himself with 's hand,*] Alluding, improperly, to the act of *crossing* upon any strange event. *Johnson.*

I rather imagine the meaning is, considers the touch of his hand as holy; clasps it with the same reverence as a lover would clasp the hand of his mistress. If there be any religious allusion, I should rather suppose it to be the imposition of the hand in confirmation. *Malone.*

Perhaps the allusion is (however out of place) to the degree of sanctity anciently supposed to be derived from touching the corporal relick of a saint or a martyr. *Steevens.*

[1] *He 'll* —— sowle *the porter of Rome gates by the ears:*] That is, I suppose, drag him down by the ears into the dirt. *Souiller,* Fr. *Johnson.*

Dr. Jonnson's supposition, though not his derivation, is just. Skinner says the word is derived from *sow,* i. e. *to take hold of a person by the ears, as a dog seizes one of these animals.* So, Heywood, in a comedy called *Love's Mistress,* 1636:

" Venus *will sowle me by the ears* for this."

Perhaps Shakspeare's allusion is to *Hercules* dragging out *Cerberus. Steevens.*

Whatever the etymology of *sowle* may be, it appears to have

2 *Serv.* And he 's as like to do 't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do 't? he will do 't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir, (as it were) durst not (look you, sir,) show themselves, (as we term it) his friends, whilst he 's in directitude.[3]

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what 's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood,[4] they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

been a familiar word in the last century. Lord Strafford's correspondent, Mr. Garrard, uses it, as Shakspeare does. *Straff. Lett.* Vol. II, p. 149: " A lieutenant *soled him well by the ears*, and drew him by the hair about the room." Lord Strafford himself uses it in another sense, Vol. II, p. 138: " It is ever a hopeful throw, where the caster *soles* his bowl well." In this passage to *sole* seems to signify what, I believe, is usually called *to ground* a bowl. *Tyrwhitt.*

Cole, in his *Latin Dictionary*, 1679, renders it, *aurem summa vi vellere. Malone.*

To *sowle* is still in use for pulling, dragging, and lugging, in the West of England. *S. W.*

[2] —— *his passage polled.*] That is, *bared, cleared. Johnson.*

To *poll* a person anciently meant to cut off his hair. So, in *Damætas' Madrigall in Praise of his Daphnis*, by J. Wooton, published in *England's Helicon*, quarto, 1600:

" Like Nisus golden hair that Scilla *pol'd*."

It likewise signified to cut off the head. So, in the ancient metrical history of the battle of *Floddon Field:*

" But now we will withstand his grace,

" Or thousand heads shall there be *poll'd*." *Steevens.*

So, in *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, by Thomas Nashe, 1594: " — the winning love of neighbours round about, if haply their houses should be environed, or any in them prove untruly, being pilled and *poul'd* too unconscionably."—*Poul'd* is the spelling of the old copy of *Coriolanus* also. *Malone.*

[3] —— *whil'st he 's in* directitude.] I suspect the author wrote :, —whilst he 's in *discreditude;* a made word, instead of *discredit.* He intended, I suppose, to put an uncommon word into the mouth of this servant, which had some resemblance to sense: but could hardly have meant that he should talk absolute nonsense. *Malone.*

[4] —*in blood,*] See p. 10, n. 2. *Malone.*

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.[5]

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it 's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent.[6] Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled,[7] deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than war 's a destroyer of men.[8]

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians.—They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the present peace[9]
And quietness o' the people, which before

[5] *This peace is nothing, but to rust* &c.] I believe a word or two have been lost. Shakspeare probably wrote:

This peace is good for *nothing but*, &c. *Malone.*

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—is *worth* nothing, &c. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *full of* vent.] Full of *rumour*, full of materials for *discourse*. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *mulled,*] i. e. softened and dispirited, as wine is when burnt and sweetened. Lat. *Mollitus*. *Hanmer.*

[8] —— *than* wars *a destroyer of men.*] i. e. than *wars are* a destroyer of men. Our author almost every where uses *wars* in the plural. See the next speech. Mr. Pope, not attending to this, reads—than *war's*, &c. which all the subsequent editors have adopted. *Walking*, the reading of the old copy in this speech, was rightly corrected by him. *Malone.*

I should have persisted in adherence to the reading of Mr. Pope, had not a similar irregularity in speech occurred in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act II, sc. i, where the second Lord says—"O, *'tis* brave *wars!*" as we have here—"*wars* may be said to be *a ravisher.*"

Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to 't in good time. Is this Menenius?
Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind
Of late.—Hail, sir!
Men. Hail to you both![1]
Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much miss'd,[2]

Perhaps, however, in all these instances, the old blundering transcribers or printers, may have given us *wars* instead of *war*. *Steevens.*

[9] *His remedies are tame i' the present peace* —] The old reading is:

" His remedies are tame, the present peace."

I do not understand either line, but fancy it should be read thus:

——— *neither need we fear him;*
His remedies are ta'en, *the present peace*
And quietness o' the people, ——

The meaning, somewhat harshly expressed, according to our author's custom, is this: *We need not fear him,* the proper *remedies* against him *are taken,* by restoring *peace and quietness.* *Johnson.*

I rather suppose the meaning of Sicinius to be this:

His remedies are tame,

i. e. *ineffectual* in times of peace like these. When the people were in commotion, his friends might have strove to remedy his disgrace by tampering with them; but now, neither wanting to employ his bravery, nor remembering his former actions, they are unfit subjects for the factious to work upon.

Mr. M. Mason would read, *lame;* but the epithets *tame* and *wild* were, I believe, designedly opposed to each other. *Steevens.*

In, [*i'* the present peace] which was omitted in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Theobald. *Malone.*

[1] *Hail to you* both!] From this reply of Menenius, it should seem that *both* the tribunes had saluted him; a circumstance also to be inferred from the present deficiency in the metre, which would be restored by reading (according to the proposal of a modern editor:)

Of late.—Hail, sir!
Bru. Hail, sir!
Men. *Hail to you both! Steevens.*

[2] *Your Coriolanus,* sir, *is not much miss'd,*] I have admitted the word—*sir,* for the sake of measure. *Steevens.*

But with his friends: the common-wealth doth stand;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All 's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter Three or Four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewel, kind neighbours: We wish'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewel, farewel. [*Exeunt* Citizens.

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving, ——

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.[3]

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

[3] —— *affecting one sole throne,*
Without assistance.] That is, without *assessors;* without any other suffrage. *Johnson.*

Without assistance.] For the sake of measure I should wish to read:

Without assistance in 't.

This hemistich, joined to the following one, would then form a regular verse.

It is also not improbable that Shakspeare instead of assistance wrote assistants. Thus in the old copies of our author, we have ingredience for ingredients, occurrence for occurrents, &c. *Steevens.*

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,—the Volces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood for Rome,[4]
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,
The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,[5]
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate house: some news is come,[6]
That turns their countenances.[7]

[4] —— stood for *Rome,*] i. e. stood up in its defence. Had the expression in the text been met with in a learned author, it might have passed for a Latinism:

" —— summis *stantem pro* turribus Idam "

Æneid IX, 575. *Steevens.*

[5] —— reason *with the fellow,*] That is, have some *talk* with him. In this sense Shakspeare often uses the word. See Vol. II, p. 167, n. 6. *Johnson.*

[6] —— *some news is come,*] Old copy—redundantly,—some news is come *in.* The second folio—*coming;* but I think, erroneously. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *some news is come,*
That turns *their countenances.*] i. e. that renders their aspect

Sic. 'Tis this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!
Nothing but his report!
Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.
Sic. What more fearful?
Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.
Sic. This is most likely!
Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.
Sic. The very trick on 't.
Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,[8]
Than violentest contrariety.[9]

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate:

sour. This allusion to the acescence of milk occurs again in *Timon of Athens:*

"Has friendship such a faint and *milk*y heart,
"It *turns* in less than two nights?" *Malone.*

I believe nothing more is meant than—*changes* their countenances. So, in *Cymbeline:*

"*Change* you, madam?
"The noble Leonatus is in safety." *Steevens.*

[8] ——*can no more* atone,] To *atone,* in the active sense, is to *reconcile,* and is so used by our author. To *atone* here, is in the neutral sense, to *come to reconciliation.* To *atone* is to *unite.* *Johnson.*

The etymology of this verb may be known from the following passage in the second Book of Sidney's *Arcadia:* "Necessitie made us see, that a common enemie sets *at one* a civil warre." *Steevens.*

Atone seems to be derived from *at* and *one;*—to reconcile to, or, to be at, union. In some books of Shakspeare's age I have found the phrase in its original form: "—to reconcile and make them *at one.*" *Malone.*

[9] ——*violentest contrariety.*] I should read—violentest contrarieties. *M. Mason.*

Mr. M. Mason might have supported his conjecture by the following passage in *King Lear:*

"No contrar*ies* hold more antipathy
"Than I and such a knave." *Steevens.*

A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already,
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads[1] upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses; ——

Men. What 's the news? what 's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.[2]

Men. Pray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians, ——

Com. If!
He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation,[3] and

[1] ——*the city leads* —] Our author, I believe, was here thinking of the old city gates of London. *Malone.*

The same phrase has occurred already, in this play. See p. 56. *Leads* were not peculiar to our city gates. Few ancient houses of consequence were without them. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *confin'd*
Into an augre's bore.] So, in *Macbeth*:
" —— our fate hid in an augre-hole." *Steevens.*

[3] *Upon the voice of* occupation,] *Occupation* is here used for *mechanicks*, men *occupied* in daily business. So again, in *Julius Cæsar*, Act I, sc. ii: " An I had been a man of any *occupation*," &c.

So, Horace uses *artes* for *artifices*:
" Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat *artes*
" Infra se positas." *Malone.*

In the next page but one, the word *crafts* is used in the like manner, where Menenius says:

The breath of garlick-eaters![4]
Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.
Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit:[5] You have made fair work!
Bru. But is this true, sir?
Com. Ay; and you 'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt;[6] and, who resist,
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,[7]
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.
Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

" ——you have made fair hands,
" You, and your *crafts!*" *M. Mason.*

[4] *The breath of garlick-eaters!*] To smell of garlick was once such a brand of vulgarity, that garlick was a food forbidden to an ancient order of Spanish knights, mentioned by Guevara. *Johnson.*

So, in *Measure for Measure:* " —he would mouth with a beggar, *though* she smelled brown bread and *garlick.*" *Malone.*

To smell of *leeks* was no less a mark of vulgarity among the Roman people in the time of Juvenal. Sat. iii:

" ——quis tecum sectile porrum
" Sutor, et elixi vervecis labra comedit?"

And from the following passage in Deckar's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it,* 1612, it should appear that *garlick* was once much used in England, and afterwards as much out of fashion:

" Fortune favours nobody but *garlick,* nor *garlick* neither now; yet she has strong reason to love it: for though *garlick* made her smell abominably in the nostrils of the gallants, yet she had smelt and stunk worse for *garlick.*"

Hence, perhaps, the cant denomination *Pil-garlick* for a deserted fellow, a person left to suffer without friends to assist him. *Steevens.*

[5] *As Hercules* &c.] A ludicrous allusion to the apples of the Hesperides. *Steevens.*

[6] *Do* smilingly *revolt;*] *Smilingly* is the word in the old copy, for which *seemingly* has been printed in late editions.

To *revolt smilingly* is to revolt with signs of pleasure, or with marks of contempt. *Steevens.*

[7] *Are* only *mock'd for* valiant ignorance,] So, in *Troilus and Cressida:* " I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a *valiant ignorance.*"

The adverb—*only,* was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer to complete the verse. *Steevens.*

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him[8] even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.
Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, *'Beseech you, cease.*—You have made fair hands,
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!
Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beasts,
And cowardly nobles,[9] gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.
Com. But, I fear
They 'll roar him in again.[1] Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he 's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,

[8] ——*they charg'd him* &c.] Their *charge* or injunction would show them insensible of his wrongs, and make them *show like enemies. Johnson.*

They charg'd, and therein show'd, has here the force of *They would charge, and therein show. Malone.*

[9] *And cowardly nobles,*] I suspect that our author wrote—*coward*, which he sometimes uses adjectively. So, in *King John:*

" Than e'er the *coward* hand of France can win." *Steevens.*

[1] *They 'll roar him in again.*] As they *hooted* at his departure, they will *roar* at his return; as he went out with scoffs, he will come back with lamentations. *Johnson.*

Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, **banish him, I said,** 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so **did I.**

3 *Cit.* And so **did** I; and, to say the truth, so **did** very many of **us**: That we did, we did for the best: and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry![2]—Shall us to the Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else? [*Exeunt* Com. *and* Men.

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;
These are a side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when we banished him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let 's home.
[*Exeunt* Citizens.

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol:—'Would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Aufidius, *and his* Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

[2] —— *you and your* cry!] Alluding to a pack of hounds. So, in *Hamlet*, a company of players are contemptuously called a *cry* of players. See p. 120, n. 1.

This phrase was not antiquated in the time of Milton, who has it in his *Paradise Lost*, B II:

"A *cry* of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd." *Steevens.*

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft 's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier[3]
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that 's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either
Had borne[4] the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volcian state;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he 'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators, and patricians, love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he 'll be to Rome,

[3] —— *more* proudlier] We have already had in this play—more *worthier*, as in *Timon of Athens*, Act IV, sc. i, we have *more kinder*; yet the modern editors read here—more *proudly*. *Malone.*

[4] Had *borne*—] The old copy reads—*have* borne; which cannot be right. For the emendation now made I am answerable. *Malone.*

I suppose the word—*had*, or *have*, to be alike superfluous, and that the passage should be thus regulated:

——*but either borne*
The action of yourself, or else to him
Had left it solely. *Steevens.*

As is the osprey[5] to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether[6] defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but, one of these,
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,[7]

[5] *As is the* osprey —] *Osprey*, a kind of eagle, *ossifraga*. *Pope.*

We find in Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song XXV, a full account of the *osprey*, which shows the justness and beauty of the simile:

"The *osprey*, oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
"Which over them the *fish* no sooner doth espy,
"But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy,
"Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,
"They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his gluttonous maw."
Langton.

So, in *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

"I will provide thee with a princely *osprey*,
"That as she flieth over fish in pools,
"The fish shall turn their glitt'ring bellies up,
"And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all."

Such is the fabulous history of the *osprey*. I learn, however, from Mr. Lambe's notes to the ancient metrical legend of *The Battle of Floddon*, that the *osprey* is a "rare, large, blackish hawk, with a long neck, and blue legs. Its prey is fish, and it is sometimes seen hovering over the Tweed." *Steevens.*

The *osprey* is a different bird from the sea eagle, to which the above quotations allude, but its prey is the same. See Pennant's *British Zoology*, 46, Linn. *Syst. Nat.* 129. *Harris.*

[6] ——*whether 'twas pride,*
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether &c.] Aufidius assigns three probable reasons of the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskilfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* or *helmet* to the *cushion* or *chair of civil authority;* but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war. *Johnson.*

[7] *As he hath spices of them all, not all,*] i. e. not all complete, not all *in their full extent. Malone.*

For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance.[8] So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.[9]
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights fouler,[1] strengths by strengths do fail.

So, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" ——— for all
" Thy by-gone fooleries were but *spices* of it." *Steevens.*

[8] ——*he has a merit,*
To choke it in the utterance,] He has a merit, for no other purpose than to destroy it by boasting it. *Johnson.*

[9] *And power, unto itself most commendable,*
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.] This is a common thought, but miserably ill expressed. The sense is, the virtue which delights to commend itself, will find the surest *tomb* in that *chair* wherein it holds forth its own commendations:

" ——unto itself most commendable."

i. e. which hath a very high opinion of itself. *Warburton.*

If our author meant to place Coriolanus in this *chair*, he must have forgot his character, for, as Mr. M. Mason has justly observed, he has already been described as one who was so far from being a boaster, that he could not endure to hear " his nothings monster'd." But I rather believe, " in the utterance" alludes not to Coriolanus himself, but to the *high encomiums pronounced on him by his friends;* and then the lines of Horace, quoted in p. 147, may serve as a comment on the passage before us.

A passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, however, may be urged in support of Dr. Warburton's interpretation:

" The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
" If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth."

Yet I still think that our poet did not mean to represent Coriolanus as his own eulogist. *Malone.*

A sentiment of a similar nature is expressed by Adam, in the second scene of the second Act of *As you Like it*, where he says to Orlando:

" Your praise is come too swiftly home before you,
" Know you not, master, to some kind of men
" Their graces serve them but as enemies?
" No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
" Are sanctified and holy traitors to you." *M. Mason.*

The passage before us, and the comments upon it are, to me at least, equally unintelligible. *Steevens.*

[1] Rights *by rights fouler,*] Thus the old copy. Modern editions

Come, let 's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V..... SCENE I.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and Others.*

Men. No, I 'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:

with less obscurity—Right's by right fouler, &c. i. e. What is already right, and is received as such, becomes less clear when supported by supernumerary proofs. Such appears to me to be the meaning of this passage, which may be applied with too much justice to many of my own comments on Shakspeare.

Dr. Warburton would read—*foule!*, from *fouler*, Fr. to trample under foot. There is undoubtedly such a word in Sidney's *Arcadia*, edit. 1633, p. 441; but it is not easily applicable to our present subject:

"Thy all-beholding eye *foul'd* with the sight."

The same word likewise occurs in the following proverb—*York doth* foul *Sutton*—i. e. *exceeds it on comparison, and makes it appear mean and poor. Steevens.*

Rights by right fouler, may well mean, "That one right or title, when produced, makes another less fair." All the short sentences in this speech of Aufidius are obscure, and some of them nonsensical. *M. Mason.*

I am of Dr. Warburton's opinion that this is nonsense; and would read, with the slightest possible variation from the old copies:

Rights by rights foul are, *strengths* &c. *Ritson.*

Rights *by rights fouler*, &c.] These words, which are exhibited exactly as they appear in the old copy, relate, I apprehend, *to the rivalship subsisting between Aufidius and Coriolanus, not to the preceding observation concerning the ill effect of extravagant encomiums. As one nail*, says Aufidius, *drives out another, so the strength of Coriolanus shall be subdued by my strength, and his pretensions yield to others, less fair perhaps, but more powerful.* Aufidius has already declared that he will either break the neck of Coriolanus, or his own; and now adds, that *jure vel injuria* he will destroy him.

I suspect that the words, "Come let 's away," originally completed the preceding hemistich, "To extol what it hath done;" and that Shakspeare in the course of composition, regardless of *his original* train of thought, afterwards moved the words—*Come*

But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd[2]
To hear Cominius speak, I 'll keep at home.
Com. He would not seem to know me.
Men. Do you hear?
Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.
Men. Why, so; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,[3]
To make coals cheap: a noble memory![4]
Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: He replied,
It was a bare petition[5] of a state

let 's away, to their present situation, to complete the rhyming couplet with which the scene concludes. Were these words replaced in what perhaps was their original situation, the passage would at once exhibit the meaning already given. *Malone.*

[2] —— *coy'd* —] i. e. condescended unwillingly, with reserve, coldness. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *that have* rack'd *for Rome,*] To *rack* means *to harrass by exactions*, and in this sense the poet uses it in other places:

"The commons hast thou *rack'd*; the clergy's bags
"Are lank and lean with thy extortions."

I believe it here means in general, You that have been such good stewards for the Roman people, as to get their houses burned over their heads, to save them the expense of coals. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *memory!*] *for* memorial. See p. 135, n. 4. *Steevens.*

[5] *It was a* bare *petition* —] A *bare petition*, I believe, means only a *mere petition*. Coriolanus weighs the consequence of verbal supplication against that of actual punishment. See Vol. II, p. 197, n. 2. *Steevens.*

I have no doubt but we should read:

It was a base *petition* &c.

meaning that it was unworthy the dignity of a state, to petition a man whom they had banished. *M. Mason.*

In *King Henry IV*, P. I, and in *Timon of Athens*, the word *bare* is used in the sense of *thin*, easily seen through; having only a slight superficial covering. Yet, I confess, this interpretation will hardly apply here. In the former of the passages alluded to,

To one whom they had punish'd.
Men. Very well:
Could he say less?
Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.
Men. For one poor grain
Or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.
Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so never-heeded help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.
Men. No; I 'll not meddle.
Sic. I pray you,[6] go to him.
Men. What should I do?
Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.
Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?—
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say 't be so?
Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.
Men. I 'll undertake it:
I think, he 'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:[7]

the editor of the first folio substituted *base* for *bare*, improperly. In the passage before us perhaps *base* was the author's word. *Malone.*

[6] I *pray you*, &c.] The pronoun personal—*I*, is wanting in the old copy. *Steevens.*

[7] *He was not taken well; he had not din'd:* &c.] This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably

The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts:[8] therefore I 'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I 'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I 'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success.[9] [*Exit.*

Com. He 'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold,[1] his eye

befits the mouth of one, who in the beginning of the play had told us, that he loved convivial doings. *Warburton.*

Mr. Pope seems to have borrowed this idea. See Epist. I, ver. 127:

"Perhaps was sick, in love, or *had not din'd.*" *Steevens.*

[8] —— *our* priest-like fasts:] I am afraid, that when Shakspeare introduced this comparison, the religious abstinence of modern, not ancient Rome, was in his thoughts. *Steevens.*

Priests are forbid, by the discipline of the church of Rome, to break their fast before the celebration of mass, which must take place after sun-rise, and before mid-day. *C.*

[9] *Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge*
Of my success.] There could be no doubt but Menenius himself would soon have knowledge of his own success. The sense therefore requires that we should read:

Speed how it will, you *shall ere long have knowledge*
Of my success. M. Mason.

That Menenius at *some time* would have knowledge of his success is certain; but what he asserts, is, that he would *ere long* gain that knowledge. *Malone.*

All Menenius designs to say, may be—*I shall not be kept long in suspense* as to the result of my embassy. *Steevens.*

[1] *I tell you, he does sit in gold,*] He is enthroned in all the pomp and pride of imperial splendour:

—— "χρυσόθρονον Ἥρην." Hom. *Johnson.*

So, in the old translation of Pluarch: "—he was set in his chaire of state, with a marvellous and unspeakable majestie." Shakspeare has a somewhat similar idea in *King Henry VIII,* Act I, sc. i:

"All clinquant, *all in gold, like heathen gods.*"

Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise;* dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:[2]

The idea expressed by Cominius occurs also in the 8th *Iliad*, 442:

"Αὐτὰρ ὃ χρύσειον ἐπὶ θρόνου εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
"Ἕζετο."——

In the translation of which passage Mr. Pope was perhaps indebted to Shakspeare:

"Th' eternal Thunderer *sat* thron'd *in gold*." *Steevens.*

[2] *Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:*] This is apparently wrong. Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read:

Bound with an oath not *yield to* new *conditions*."

They might have read more smoothly:

—— *to yield* to *new conditions:*

But the whole speech is in confusion, and I suspect something left out. I should read:

—— *What he would do,*
He sent in writing after; what he would not,
Bound with an oath. To yield to his conditions.—

Here is, I think, a chasm. The speaker's purpose seems to be this: *To yield to his conditions* is ruin, and better cannot be obtained, *so that all hope is vain. Johnson.*

I suppose, Coriolanus means, that he had sworn to give way to the *conditions*, into which the ingratitude of his country had forced him. *Farmer.*

The amendment which I have to propose, is a very slight deviation from the text—the reading, "*in* his conditions," instead of "*to* his conditions."—To *yield*, in this place, means to *relax*, and is used in the same sense, in the next scene but one, by Coriolanus himself, where speaking of Menenius, he says:

"—— to grace him only,
"That thought he could do more, a very little
"I have *yielded* too:"—

What Cominius means to say, is, "That Coriolanus sent in writing after him the conditions on which he would agree to make a peace, and bound himself by an oath not to depart from them."

The additional negative which Hanmer and Warburton wish to introduce, is not only unnecessary, but would destroy the sense; for the thing which Coriolanus had sworn *not* to do, was to *yield in his conditions. M. Mason.*

What he would do, i. e. the conditions on which he offered to return, he sent in writing after Cominius, intending that he should have carried them to Menenius. *What he would not*, i. e. his resolution of *neither dismissing his soldiers*, nor *capitulating* with *Rome's mechanicks*, in case the terms he prescribed should be refused, he bound himself by an oath to maintain. If these

So, that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country.[3] Therefore, let 's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*

conditions were admitted, the oath of course, being grounded on that proviso, must *yield to them*, and be cancelled. That this is the proper sense of the passage, is obvious from what follows:

Cor. "—— if you'd ask, remember this before;
"The things I have forsworn to grant, may never
"Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
"*Dismiss my soldiers*, or *capitulate*
"Again with Rome's mechanicks."— *Henley.*

I believe, two half lines have been lost; that *Bound with an oath* was the beginning of one line, and *to yield to his conditions* the conclusion of the next. See Vol. VII, p. 87, n. 4. Perhaps, however, *to yield to his conditions*, means—to yield *only* to his conditions; referring to these words to *oath*: that his oath was irrevocable, and should yield to nothing but such a reverse of fortune as he could not resist. *Malone.*

[3] *So, that all hope is vain,*
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country.—] *Unless his mother and wife*,—do what? The sentence is imperfect. We should read:

Force *mercy to his country.* ——

and then all is right. *Warburton.*

Dr. Warburton's emendation is surely harsh, and may be rendered unnecessary by printing the passage thus:

—— *mean to solicit him*
For mercy to his country——*Therefore*, &c.

This liberty is the more justifiable, because, as soon as the remaining hope crosses the imagination of Comiñius, he might suppress what he was going to add, through haste to try the success of a last expedient.

It has been proposed to me to read:

So that all hope is vain,
Unless in his *noble mother and his wife*, &c.

In his, abbreviated *in 's*, might have been easily mistaken by such inaccurate printers. *Steevens.*

No amendment is wanting, the sense of the passage being complete without it. We say every day in conversation,—You are my only hope—He is my only hope,—instead of—My only hope is in you, or in him. The same mode of expression occurs in this sentence, and occasions the obscurity of it. *M. Mason.*

That this passage has been considered as difficult, surprises me. Many passages in these plays have been suspected to be corrupt merely because the language was peculiar to Shakspeare, or the phraseology of that age, and not of the present; and this

SCENE II.

An advanced Post of the Volcian *Camp before* Rome. *The* Guard *at their Stations.*

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

1 *G.* Stay: Whence are you?

2 *G.* Stand, and go back.[4]

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 *G.* From whence?[5]

Men. From Rome.

1 *G.* You may not pass, you must return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.

2 *G.* You 'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You 'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,[6]

surely is one of them. Had he written—his noble mother and his wife are our *only hope*,—his meaning could not have been doubted; and is not this precisely what Cominius says?—So that we have now no other hope, nothing to rely upon *but* his mother and his wife, who, as I am told, mean, &c. *Unless* is here used for *except*. *Malone.*

[4] *Stand, and go back.*] This defective measure might be completed by reading—Stand, and go back *again*. *Steevens.*

[5] From *whence?*] As the word—*from* is not only needless, but injures the measure, it might be fairly omitted, being probably caught by the compositor's eye from the speech immediately following. *Steevens.*

[6] —— lots *to blanks,*] A *lot* is here a *prize*. *Johnson.*

Lot, in French, signifies *prize*. Le gros *lot*. The capital *prize*. *S. W.*

I believe Dr. Johnson here mistakes. Menenius, I imagine, only means to say, that it is more than an equal chance that his name has touched their ears. *Lots* were the term in our author's time for the total number of tickets in a *lottery*, which took its name from thence. So, in the Continuation of Stowe's *Chronicle*, 1615, p. 1002: "Out of which lottery, for want of filling, by the number of *lots*, there were then taken out and thrown away threescore thousand blanks, without abating of any one prize." The lots were of course more numerous than the blanks. If *lot* signified *prize*, as Dr. Johnson supposed, there being in every lottery many more blanks than prizes, Menenius must be sup-

My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.
1 *G.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.
Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover:[7] I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read[8]
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends,
(Of whom he 's chief) with all the size that verity[9]
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,

posed to say, that the chance of his name having reached their ears was very small; which certainly is not his meaning. *Malone.*

Lots to blanks is a phrase equivalent to another in *King Richard III:*

"*All the world to nothing.*" *Steevens.*

[7] *Thy general is my* lover:] This also was the language of Shakspeare's time. See Vol. IV, p. 384, n. 5. *Malone.*

[8] *The book of his good acts, whence men have read* &c.] So, in *Pericles:*

"Her face the book of praises, where is read" &c.

Again, in *Macbeth:*

"Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
"May read" &c. *Steevens.*

[9] *For I have ever* verified *my friends,*
——*with all the size that* verity &c.] To *verify*, is *to establish by testimony.* One may say with propriety, *he brought false witnesses* to verify *his title.* Shakspeare considered the word with his usual laxity, as importing rather *testimony than truth*, and only meant to say, *I* bore witness *to my friends with all the size that verity would suffer.*

I must remark, that to *magnify*, signifies to *exalt* or *enlarge*, but not necessarily to *enlarge* beyond the truth. *Johnson.*

Mr. Edwards would read *varnished;* but Dr. Johnson's explanation of the old word renders all change unnecessary.

To *verify* may, however, signify to *display.* Thus in an ancient metrical pedigree in possession of the late Dutchess of Northumberland, and quoted by Dr. Percy in *The Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, Vol. I, p. 279, 3d edit:

"In hys scheld did schyne a mone *verifying* her light."
Steevens.

The meaning (to give a somewhat more expanded comment) is: "I have ever spoken the truth of my friends, and in speaking of them have gone as far as I could go consistently with truth: I have not only told the truth, but the whole truth, and with the most favourable colouring that I could give to their actions, without transgressing the bounds of truth." *Malone.*

Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,[1]
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing:[2] Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 *G.* 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 *G.* Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say, you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, can'st thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans[3] of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters,[4] or with the palsied intercession of such

[1] —— *upon a* subtle *ground,*] *Subtle,* means *smooth, level.* So, Ben Jonson, in one of his Masques:

"Tityus's breast is counted the *subtlest* bowling ground in all Tartarus."

Subtle, however, may mean *artificially unlevel,* as many bowling-greens are. *Steevens.*

May it not have its more ordinary acceptation, *deceitful?* *Malone.*

[2] —— *and in his praise*

Have, almost, stamp'd *the* leasing:] i. e. given the *sanction* of truth to my very *exaggerations.* This appears to be the sense of the passage, from what is afterwards said by the 2 *Guard:*

"Howsoever you have been his *liar,* as you say you have —." *Leasing* occurs in our translation of the Bible. See *Psalm* iv, 2. *Henley.*

Have, almost, stamp'd *the* leasing:] I have almost given the *lie* such a sanction as to render it *current.* *Malone.*

[3] —— easy *groans* —] i. e. slight, inconsiderable. So, in *King Henry VI,* P. II:

"—— these faults are *easy,* quickly answer'd." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *the virginal* palms *of your daughters,*] The adjective *virginal* is used in *Woman is a Weathercock,* 1612:

"*Lav'd in a bath of contrite virginal tears.*"

a decayed dotant[5] as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, If thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back,—that 's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow, ——

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What 's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion,[6] I 'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant[7] cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him,[8] if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what 's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod[9] about

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II, c. ix:

" She to them made with mildness *virginal*." *Steevens.*

Again, in *King Henry VI*, P. II.

" ——tears *virginal*

" Shall be to me even as the dew to fire." *Malone.*

[5] —— *a decayed* dotant —] Thus the old copy. Modern editors have read—*dotard*. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *companion,*] See p. 132, n. 9. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *a* Jack guardant —] This term is equivalent to one still in use—a *Jack in office*; i. e. one who is as proud of his petty consequence, as an excise-man. *Steevens.*

See Vol. VIII, p. 284, n. 1. *Malone.*

[8] —— *guess but* by *my entertainment with him,*] [Old copy—*but*.] I read: Guess *by* my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging. *Johnson.*

Mr. Edwards had proposed the same emendation in his MS. notes already mentioned. *Steevens.*

The same correction had also been made by Sir T. Hanmer. These editors, however, changed *but* to *by*. It is much more probable that *by* should have been *omitted* at the press, than confounded with *but*. *Malone.*

thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here 's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly,[1] my remission lies
In Volcian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,[2]
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, [*Gives a letter.*
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st ——

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt* COR. *and* AUF.

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius.

2 *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: You know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent[3] for keeping your greatness back?

[1] *The glorious gods sit in hourly synod* &c.] So, in *Pericles:*
"The senate house of planets all did sit" &c. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *Though I owe*
My revenge properly,] Though I have a *peculiar right* in revenge, in the power of forgiveness the Volcians are conjoined. *Johnson.*

[2] —— for *I lov'd thee,*] i. e. because. So, in *Othello:*
"—— H ply, *for* I am black —." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *how we are* shent —] *Shent* is *brought to destruction.* *Johnson.*

Shent does not mean *brought to destruction*, but *shamed, disgraced*, made *ashamed of himself.* See the old ballad of *The Heir of Linne*, in the second volume of *Reliques of ancient English Poetry:*

2 G. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there 's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself,[4] fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*

1 G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 G. The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Tent of Coriolanus.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, *and Others.*

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volcian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.[5]

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old love,[6] I have

" Sorely *shent* with this rebuke
" Sorely *shent* was the heir of Linne;
" His heart, I wis, was near-to brast
" With guilt and sorrow, shame and sinne." *Percy.*

See Vol. III, p. 42, n. 3. *Steevens.*

Rebuked, reprimanded. Cole, in his *Latin Dict.* 1679, renders to *shend, increpo.* It is so used by many of our old writers. *Malone.*

[4] ——*by himself,*] i. e. by his own hands. *Malone.*

[5] ——*how plainly*
I have borne this business.] That is, *how openly, how* remotely from artifice or concealment. *Johnson.*

[6] ——*for whose old love,*] We have a corresponding expression in *King Lear:*

" ——to *whose young love*
" The vines of France," &c. *Steevens.*

(Though I show'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this? [*Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

Enter, in mourning Habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, *leading young* MARCIUS, VALERIA, *and* Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—
What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,[7]
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill[8] should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not.*—Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I 'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.[9]

[7] ——*those doves' eyes,*] So, in the Canticles, v. 12: "—his eyes are as the *eyes of doves.*" Again, in *The Interpretation of the Names of Godlies and Goddesses,* &c. Printed by Wynkyn de Worde: He speaks of Venus:

"Cryspe was her skyn, her *eyen columbyne.*" *Steevens.*

[8] Olympus *to a* molehill —] This idea might have been caught from a line in the first Book of Sidney's *Arcadia:*

"What judge you doth a *hillocke* shew, by the lofty *Olympus?*" *Steevens.*

[9] *The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,*
Makes you think so.] Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpretation of her husband's words. He says, *These eyes are not the same,* meaning, that he saw things with *other eyes,* or other *dis-*

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace.[1] Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans.*—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous queen of heaven,[2] that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,[3]
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth; [*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.
Vol. O, stand up bless'd!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee: and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*
Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach[4]

positions. She lays hold on the word *eyes*, to turn his attention on their present appearance. *Johnson.*

[1] Cor. *Like* a dull actor *now*,
I have forgot my part, *and I am out*,
Even to a full disgrace.] So, in our author's 23d Sonnet:
" As an *unperfect actor* on the stage,
" Who with his fear is *put beside his part*,—." *Malone.*

[2] *Now by the jealous queen of heaven,*] That is, *by Juno*, the guardian of marriage, and consequently the avenger of connubial perfidy. *Johnson.*

[3] *I* prate,] The old copy—I *pray*. The merit of the alteration is Mr. Theobald's. So, in *Othello*: " I *prattle* out of fashion." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *on the* hungry *beach* —] I once idly conjectured that our author wrote—the *angry* beach. *Malone.*

The *hungry* beach is the *sterile unprolifick* beach. Every writer on husbandry speaks of *hungry* soil, and *hungry* gravel; and what is more barren than the sands on the sea shore? If it be necessary to seek for a more recondite meaning,—the shore, on which vessels are stranded, is as *hungry* for shipwrecks, as the waves that cast them on the shore. *Littus avarum.* Shakspeare, on this occasion, meant to represent the beach as a mean, and not as a magnificent *object*. *Steevens.*

The beach hungry, or eager, for shipwrecks. Such, I think, is the *meaning*. So, in *Twelfth Night*:
" —— *mine* is all as *hungry* as the *sea*." *Malone.*

Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.
Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee.[5] Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,[6]
The moon of Rome; chaste, as the icicle,[7]
That 's curded by the frost from purest snow,

[5] I holp *to frame thee.*] Old copy—*hope.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. This is one of many instances, in which corruptions have arisen from the transcriber's ear deceiving him. *Malone.*

[6] *The noble sister of Publicola,*] Valeria, methinks, should not have been brought only to fill up the procession without speaking. *Johnson.*

It is not improbable, but that the poet designed the following words of Volumnia for Valeria. Names are not unfrequently confounded by the player-editors; and the lines that compose this speech might be given to the sister of Publicola without impropriety. It may be added, that though the scheme to solicit Coriolanus was originally proposed by Valeria, yet Plutarch has allotted her no address when she appears with his wife and mother on this occasion. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *chaste as the* icicle, &c.] I cannot forbear to cite the following beautiful passage from Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice,* in which the praise of a lady's chastity is likewise attempted:

" —— thou art chaste
" As the white down of heaven, whose feathers play
" Upon the wings of a cold winter's gale,
" Trembling with fear to touch th' impurer earth."

Some Roman lady of the name of *Valeria,* was one of the great examples of chastity held out by writers of the middle age. So, in *The Dialoges of Creatures moralysed,* bl. l. no date: "The secounde was called *Valeria:* and when inquysicion was made of her for what cawse she toke notte the secounde husbonde, she sayde" &c. Hence perhaps Shakspeare's extravagant praise of her namesake's chastity. *Steevens.*

Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read—*curdled;* but *curdied* is the reading of the old copy, and was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. So, in *All 's Well that Ends Well:* "I am now, sir, *muddied* in fortune's mood." We should now write *mudded,* to express *begrimed, polluted with mud.*

Again, in *Cymbeline:*

"That drug-damn'd Italy hath *out-craftied* him." *Malone.*

I believe, both curdied, muddied, &c. are mere false spellings of *curded, mudded,* &c. *Mudded* is spelt, as at present, in *The Tempest,* first folio, p. 13, col. 2, three lines from the bottom; and so is *crafted,* in *Coriolanus,* first fol. p. 24, col. 2. *Steevens.*

And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,[8]
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.
Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove,[9] inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,[1]
And saving those that eye thee!
Vol. Your knee, sirrah.
Cor. That 's my brave boy.
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.
Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you 'd ask, remember this before;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanicks:—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.
Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request,[2] the blame

[8] —— *epitome of* yours,] I read:
—— *epitome of* you.
An epitome of you, which *enlarged by the commentaries of time,* may equal you in magnitude. *Johnson.*
Though Dr. Johnson's reading is more elegant, I have not the least suspicion here of any corruption. *Malone.*

[9] *With the consent of supreme Jove,*] This is inserted with great decorum. Jupiter was the tutelary God of Rome. *Warburton.*

[1] *Like a great sea-mark, standing every* flaw,] That is, every *gust,* every *storm.* *Johnson.*
So, in our author's 116th Sonnet:
" O no! it is an *ever-fixed mark,*
" *That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.*" *Malone.*

[2] *That, if* you fail *in our request,*] That is, if you fail to grant us our request; if you are found *failing* or deficient in love to your country, and affection to your friends, when our request

May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.
Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we 'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?
Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment,[3]
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake[4] with fear and sorrow;

shall have been made to you, the blame, &c. Mr. Pope, who altered every phrase that was not conformable to modern phraseology, changed *you* to *we*; and his alteration has been adopted in all the subsequent editions. *Malone.*

[3] *Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment,* &c.] "The speeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus*, may (says Mr. Pope) be as well made an instance of the learning of Shakspeare, as those copied from Cicero, in *Catiline*, of Ben Jonson's." Let us inquire into this matter, and transcribe a *speech* for a specimen. Take the famous one of Volumnia; for our author has done little more, than throw the very words of North into blank verse.

"If we holde our peace (my sonne) and determined not to speake, the state of our poore bodies, and present sight of our rayment, would euerely bewray to thee what life we haue led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad. But thinke now with thy selfe, howe much more unfortunately than all the women liuinge we are come hether, consideringe that the sight which should be most pleasaunt to all other to beholde, spitefull fortune hath made most fearful to us: making my selfe to see my sonne, and my daughter here, her husband, besieging the walles of his natiue countrie. So as that which is the only comfort to all other in their adversitie and miserie, to pray unto the goddes, and to call to them for aide, is the onely thinge which plongeth us into most deep perplexitie. For we cannot (alas) together pray, both for victorie, for our countrie, and for safety of thy life also: but a worlde of grieuous curses, yea more than any mortall enemie can heape uppon us, are forcibly wrapt up in our prayers. For the bitter soppe of most hard choyce is offered thy wife and children, to forgoe the one of the two: either to lose the persone of thy selfe, or the nurse of their natiue countrie. For my selfe (my sonne) I am determined not to tarrie, till fortune in my life doe make an ende of this warre. For if I cannot persuade thee, rather to doe good unto both parties, than to ouerthrowe and destroye the one, preferring loue and nature before the malice and calamite of warres; thou shalt see, my sonne, and trust unto it, thou shalt no soner marche forward to assault thy countrie, *but thy foote* shall tread upon thy mother's wombe, that brought *thee first into* this world." *Farmer.*

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity 's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win: for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets; or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine:[5] if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to 't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine,[6]
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me;
I 'll run away till I am bigger, but then I 'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy

[4] *Constraine them weep, and shake* —] That is, *constraine* the eye to *weep, and* the heart to *shake*. *Johnson.*

[5] *These wars* determine:] i. e. conclude, end. So, in *King Henry IV*, P. II:

"Till thy friend sickness have *determin'd* me." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *and on mine,*] *On* was supplied by some former editor, *to complete the measure*. *Steevens.*

The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volces
May say, *This mercy we have show'd* the Romans,
This we received; and each in either side
Give thee all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd*
For making up this peace! Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war 's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,*
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhorr'd. Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains[7] of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur[8] with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy;
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate,
Like one i' the stocks.[9] Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,

[7] —— *the fine strains* —] The niceties, the refinements. *Johnson.*

The old copy has *five*. The correction was made by Dr. Johnson. I should not have mentioned such a manifest error of the press, but that it justifies a correction that I have made in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I, another in *Timon of Athens;* and a third that has been made in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. See Vol. II, p. 341, n. 7. *Malone.*

[8] *And yet to* charge *thy sulphur* —] The old copy has *change*. The correction is Dr. Warburton's. In *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iii, sc. i, *charge* is printed instead of *change*. *Malone.*

The meaning of the passage is, To threaten much, and yet be merciful. *Warburton.*

[9] *Like one i' the stocks.*] Keep me in a state of ignominy talking to no purpose. *Johnson.*

Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaded with honour. Say, my request 's unjust,
And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down; An end:
This is the last;—So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason our petition[1] with more strength
Than thou hast to deny 't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volcian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance:—Yet give us our despatch:
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I 'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother![2]
[*Holding* VOL. *by the Hands, silent.*
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I 'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard[3]

[1] *Does reason our petition*—] Does *argue for* us and our petition. *Johnson.*

[2] *O mother, mother!*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Oh mother, what have you done to me? And holding her harde by the right hande, oh mother, sayed he, you have wonne a happy victorie for your countrie, but mortall and unhappy for your sonne: for I see myself vanquished by you alone." *Steevens.*

[3] ——*heard*—] is here used as a dissyllable. The modern editors read—*say*, would you have heard—. *Malone.*

As my ears are wholly unreconciled to the dissyllabifications—*e-arl, he-ard*, &c. I continue to read with the modern editors. *Say*, in other passages of our author, is prefatory to a question. So, in *Macbeth*:

A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?
Auf. I was mov'd withal.
Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you 'll make, advise me: For my part,
I 'll not to Rome, I 'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!
Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I 'll work
Myself a former fortune.[4] [*Aside.*
[*The Ladies make signs to* Cor.
Cor. Ay, by and by; [*To* Vol. Vir. *&c.*
But we will drink together;[5] and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you:[6] all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Rome. *A Publick Place.*

Enter Menenius *and* Sicinius.

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol; yond' corner-stone?
Sic. Why, what of that?

" *Say*, if thou hadst rather hear it from our mouths,
" Or from our masters'?" *Steevens.*

[4] ——— *I 'll work*
Myself a former fortune.] I will take advantage of this concession to restore myself to my former credit and power. *Johnson.*

[5] ——drink *together;*] Perhaps we should read—*think. Farmer.*
Our author, in *King Henry IV*, P. II, having introduced *drinking* as a mark of confederation:
" Let 's *drink together* friendly, and embrace —;"
the text may be allowed to stand; though at the expence of female delicacy, which, in the present instance, has not been sufficiently consulted. *Steevens.*

[6] *To have a temple built you:*] Plutarch informs us, that a temple dedicated to the *Fortune of the Ladies*, was built on this occasion by order of the senate. *Steevens.*

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I say, there is no hope in 't; our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.[7]

Sic. Is 't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he 's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse.[8] The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state,[9] as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you 'd save your life, fly to your house:
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if

[7] —— *stay* upon *execution.*] i. e. stay but *for* it. So, in *Macbeth:* "Worthy Macbeth, we stay *upon* your leisure." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *than an eight year old horse.*] Subintelligitur *remembers his dam. Warburton.*

[9] *He sits in his* state, &c.] In a foregoing note he was said to *sit in gold.* The phrase, *as a thing made for Alexander,* means, *as one made to resemble Alexander. Johnson.*

His *state* means his *chair of state.* See the passage quoted from Plutarch, in p. 157, n. 1; and Vol. VII, p. 144, n. 9. *Malone.*

The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They 'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What 's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news;—The ladies have prevail'd,
The Volces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. As certain, as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates.[1] Why, hark you;

[*Trumpets and Hautboys sounded, and Drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*

Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats

[1] *Ne'er* through an arch *so hurried the* blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates.] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"As *through an arch* the violent roaring *tide*
"Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste."

Blown in the text is *swell'd*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"——here on her breast
"There is a vent of blood, and something *blown*."

The effect of a high or spring tide, as it is called, is so much greater than that which wind commonly produces, that I am not convinced by the following note that my interpretation is erroneous. Water that is subject to tides, even when it is not accelerated by a spring tide, appears swoln, and to move with more than ordinary rapidity, when passing through the narrow strait of an arch. *Malone.*

The *blown tide* is the tide blown, and consequently accelerated by the wind. So, in another of our author's plays:

"My boat sails swiftly both with *wind* and tide." *Steevens.*

I 'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[*Shouting and Musick.*
Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings: next,
Accept my thankfulness.
Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.
Sic. They are near the city?
Mess. Almost at point to enter.
Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Going.*

Enter the Ladies, *accompanied by* Senators, Patricians, *and* People. *They pass over the Stage.*

1 *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—
All. Welcome, ladies!
Welcome! [*A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Antium. *A publick Place.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *with* Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,[2]
The city ports[3] by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: Despatch.
[*Exeunt* Attendants.

Enter Three or Four Conspirators *of* Aufidius' *Faction.*

Most welcome!

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?

[2] —— Him *I accuse*, &c.] So, in *The Winter's Tale:*
"I am appointed *him* to murder you."
Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read—*He* I accuse —. *Malone.*

[3] ——*ports*—] See p. 35, n. 3. *Steevens.*

Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.
2 *Con.* Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we 'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed, as we do find the people.
3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there 's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.
Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.
3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping, ——
Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; holp to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his;[4] and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance,[5] as if

[4] *Which he did* end *all his;*] In Johnson's edition it was: "Which he did *make* all his," which seems the more natural expression, though the other be intelligible. *M. Mason.*

End is the reading of the old copy, and was chang'd into *make* by Mr. Rowe. *Steevens.*

[5] *He* wag'd *me with his countenance,*] This is obscure. The meaning, I think, is, he *prescribed* to me with an air of authority, and gave me *his countenance* for *my wages*; thought me sufficiently rewarded with good looks. *Johnson.*

I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory, ——

Auf. There was it;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd[6] upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,
And I 'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and Trumpets sound, with great Shouts of the People.*

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,

The verb, to *wage*, is used in this sense in *The Wise Woman of Hogsden*, by Heywood, 1638:

" —— I receive thee gladly to my house,
" And *wage* thy stay."——

Again, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: " — by custom common to all that could *wage* her honesty with the appointed price."

To *wage a task* was, anciently, to undertake a task for *wages*. So, in George Withers's *Verses* prefixed to Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

" Good speed befall thee who hast *wag'd a task*,
" That better censures, and rewards doth ask."

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II, c. vii:

" —— must *wage*
" Thy works for wealth, and life for gold engage."

Again, in Holinshed's *Reign of King John*, p. 168: " — the summe of 28 thousand markes to levie and *wage* thirtie thousand men."

Again, in the ancient MS. romance of the *Sowdon of Babyloyne*, p. 15:

" Therefore Gy of Burgoyn
" Myne owen nevewe so trewe,
" Take a thousande pound of ffranks fyne
" To *wage wyth* the pepul newe." *Steevens.*

[6] *For which my sinews shall be stretch'd* —] This is the point on which I will attack him with my utmost abilities. *Johnson.*

Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.
Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords *of the City.*

Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auf. I have not deserv'd it,
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?[7]
Lords. We have.
1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge;[8] making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.
Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *with Drums and Colours; a Crowd of* Citizens *with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am returned your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans: And we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what

[7] *What I have written* to you?] If the unnecessary words—*to you*, are omitted (for I believe them to be an interpolation) the metre will become sufficiently regular:

What I have written?
Lords. *We have.*
1 Lord. *And grieve to hear it.* *Steevens.*

[8] —— *answering us*
With our own charge;] That is, *rewarding us with our own expences;* making the cost of war its recompence. *Johnson.*

We have compounded on.
Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.
Cor. Traitor!—How now?—
Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.
Cor. Marcius!
Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou think
I 'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?—
You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt,[9] your city Rome
(I say, your city,) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.
Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?
Auf Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—
Cor. Ha!
Auf. No more.[1]
Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him; that must bear
My beating to his grave;) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.
1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.
Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,

[9] *For certain drops of salt,*] For certain tears. So, in *King Lear:*
" Why this would make a man, a man of *salt*." *Malone.*

[1] Auf. *No more.*] This should rather be given to the *first Lord.* It was not the business of *Aufidius* to put a stop to the altercation. *Tyrwhitt.*

It appears to me that by these words Aufidius does not mean to put a stop to the altercation; but to tell Coriolanus that he was *no more* than a " boy of tears." *M. Mason.*

That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volces in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for 't. [*Several speak at once.*

Cit. [*Speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to pieces, do it presently. He killed my son;—my daughter;—He killed my cousin Marcus;—He killed my father.—

2 *Lord.* Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace.
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth.[2] His last offence to us
Shall have judicious hearing.[3]—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[AUFIDIUS *and the* Conspirators *draw, and kill* CORIOLANUS, *who falls, and* AUFIDIUS *stands on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 *Lord.* O Tullus,—

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet; Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage, Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger Which this man's life did owe you, you 'll rejoice That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours

[2] —— *his fame* folds in
This orb o' the earth.] His fame overspreads the world. *Johnson.*

So, before:

"The fires i' the lowest hell *fold in* the people." *Steevens.*

[3] ——judicious *hearing.*] Perhaps *judicious*, in the present instance, signifies *judicial*; such a hearing as is allowed to criminals *in* courts of judicature. Thus imperious is used by our author for *imperial*. *Steevens.*

To call me to your senate, I 'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.[4]

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let 's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I 'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.[5]—
Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the Body of* CORIOLANUS.
A dead March sounded.[6]

[4] ——*that ever* herald
Did follow to his urn.] This allusion is to a custom unknown, I believe, to the ancients, but observed in the publick funerals of English princes, at the conclusion of which a herald proclaims the style of the deceased. *Steevens.*

[5] ——*a noble* memory.] *Memory* for *memorial.* See p. 135, n. 4. *Steevens.*

[6] The tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modesty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety: and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first Act, and too little in the last. *Johnson.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. Antony,
Octavius Cæsar,
M. Æmil. Lepidus, } *triumvirs.*
Sextus Pompeius.
Domitius Enobarbus,
Ventidius,
Eros,
Scarus,
Dercetas,
Demetrius,
Philo, } *friends of* Antony.
Mecænas,
Agrippa,
Dolabella,
Proculeius,
Thyreus,
Gallus, } *friends to* Cæsar.
Menas,
Menecrates,
Varrius, } *friends of* Pompey.
Taurus, *lieutenant-general to* Cæsar.
Canidius, *lieutenant-general to* Antony.
Silius, *an officer in* Ventidius's *army.*
Euphronius, *an ambassador from* Antony *to* Cæsar.
Alexas, Mardian, Seleucus, *and* Diomedes; *attendants on* Cleopatra.
A Soothsayer. A Clown.

Cleopatra, *queen of* Egypt.
Octavia, *sister to* Cæsar, *and wife to* Antony.
Charmian,
Iras, } *attendants on* Cleopatra.

Officers, soldiers, messengers, and other attendants.

SCENE,

Dispersed; in several parts of the Roman *empire.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.[1]

ACT I..... SCENE I.

Alexandria. *A Room in* Cleopatra's *Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's,[2]
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges[3] all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust.[4] Look, where they come!

[1] Among the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company, October 19, 1593, I find "A Booke entituled the Tragedie of *Cleopatra.*" It is entered by Symon Waterson, for whom some of Daniel's works were printed; and therefore it is probably by that author, of whose *Cleopatra* there are several editions; and, among others, one in 1594.

In the same volumes, May 20, 1608, Edward Blount entered "A Booke called *Anthony and Cleopatra.*" This is the first notice I have met with concerning any edition of this play more ancient than the folio, 1623. *Steevens.*

Antony and Cleopatra was written, I imagine, in the year 1608. *Malone.*

[2] —— *of our general's,*] It has already been observed that this phraseology (not, of our *general,*) was the common phraseology of Shakspeare's time. *Malone.*

An erroneous reference in Mr. Malone's edition, prevents me from doing complete justice to his remark. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *reneges* —] Renounces. *Pope.*

So, in *King Lear:* "*Renege,* affirm," &c. This word is likewise used by Stanyhurst, in his version of the second Book of Virgil's *Æneid:*

"To live now longer, Troy burnt, he flatly *reneageth.*"
Steevens.

[4] *And is become the bellows, and the fan,*
To cool a gipsy's lust.] In this passage something seems to be wanting. The *bellows* and *fan* being commonly used for c

Flourish. Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, *with their Trains;* Eunuchs *fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar[5] of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There 's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.[6]

trary purposes, were probably opposed by the author, who might perhaps have written:

——*is become the bellows, and the fan,*
To kindle and *to cool a gipsy's lust. Johnson.*

In Lyly's *Midas*, 1592, the *bellows* is used both to *cool* and to kindle: "Methinks Venus and Nature stand with *each of them a pair of bellows*, one *cooling* my low birth, the other *kindling* my lofty affections." *Steevens.*

The text is undoubtedly right. The *bellows*, as well as the *fan*, *cools* the air by ventilation; and Shakspeare considered it here merely as an instrument of *wind*, without attending to the domestick use to which it is commonly applied. We meet with a similar phraseology in his *Venus and Adonis:*

"Then, with her *windy* sighs, and golden hairs,
"To *fan* and *blow* them dry again, she seeks."

The following lines in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II, c. ix, at once support and explain the text:

"But to delay the heat, lest by mischaunce
"It might breake out, and set the whole on fyre,
"There added was, by goodly ordinaunce,
"A huge great payre of *bellowes*, which did styre
"Continually, and *cooling breath* inspyre." *Malone.*

Johnson's amendment is unnecessary, and his reasons for it ill founded. The bellows and the fan have the same effects. When applied to a fire, they increase it; but when applied to any other warm substance, they *cool* it. *M. Mason.*

——gipsy's *lust.*] *Gipsy* is here used both in the original meaning for an *Ægyptian*, and in its accidental sense for a *bad woman. Johnson.*

[5] *The* triple *pillar*—] *Triple* is here used improperly for *third*, or *one of three.* One of the *triumvirs*, one of the three masters of the world. *Warburton.*

So, in *All 's Well that Ends Well:*

"Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
"He bade me store up as a *triple* eye." *Malone.*

To sustain *the pillars of the earth* is a scriptural phrase. Thus, in Psalm 75: "The earth and all the inhabitants thereof are dissolved. I bear up *the pillars of it.*" *Steevens.*

[6] *There 's* beggary *in the love that can be reckon'd.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"They are but beggars that can count their worth."
"*Basia pauca cupit, qui numerare potest.*"
Mart. L. VI, Ep. 38.

Cleo. I 'll set a bourn[7] how far to be belov'd.
Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.[8]

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.
Ant. Grates me:—The sum.[9]
Cleo. Nay, hear them,[1] Antony:
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this;*
Take in that kingdom,[2] *and enfranchise that;*
Perform 't, or else we damn thee.
Ant. How, my love!
Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where 's Fulvia's process?[3] Cæsar's, I would say?—
Both?—
Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.
Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall![4] Here is my space;

[7] ——*bourn*—] Bound or limit. *Pope.*
So, in *The Winter's Tale:*
" —— once that fixes
" No *bourn* 'twixt his and mine." *Steevens.*

[8] *Then must thou needs find out new heaven*, &c.] Thou must set the boundary of my love at a greater distance than the present visible universe affords. *Johnson.*

[9] —— *The sum.*] Be brief, *sum* thy business in a few words. *Johnson.*

[1] *Nay, hear* them,] i. e. the *news*. This word, in Shakspeare's time, was considered as plural. So, in Plutarch's *Life of Antony:*
" Antonius hearing *these* newes," &c. *Malone.*

[2] *Take in* &c.] i. e. subdue, conquer. See Vol. VI, p. 289, n. 9; and *Coriolanus*, Act I, sc. ii. *Reed.*

[3] *Where 's Fulvia's* process?] *Process* here means *summons*. *M. Mason.*
" The writings of our common lawyers sometimes call that the *processe*, by which a man is called into the court and no more." Minsheu's *Dict.* 1617, in v. *Processe.*—" To serve with processe. Vide to *cite*, to *summon*." *Ibid. Malone.*

[4] —— *and the wide arch*
Of the rang'd empire fall!] Taken from the Roman ca-

Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair, [*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do 't, in which, I bind
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,[5]
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I 'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.[6]—

of raising triumphal arches to perpetuate their victories, Extremely noble. *Warburton.*

I am in doubt whether Shakspeare had any idea but of a fabric standing on pillars. The later editions have all printed the *raised* empire, for the *ranged* empire, as it was first given. *Johnson.*

The *rang'd empire* is certainly right. Shakspeare uses the same expression in *Coriolanus:*

"—— bury all which yet distinctly *ranges*,
"In heaps and piles of ruin."

Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II, sc. ii: "Whatsoever comes athwart his affection, *ranges* evenly with mine." *Steevens.*

The term *range* seems to have been applied, in a peculiar sense, to mason-work, in our author's time. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II, c. ix:

"It was a vault y-built for great dispence,
"With many *raunges* rear'd along the wall." *Malone.*

What, in ancient masons' or bricklayers' work, was denominated a *range*, is now called a *course*. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *to weet,*] To know. *Pope.*

[6] —— *Antony*
Will be himself.
Ant. *But stirr'd by Cleopatra.*] *But*, in this passage, seems to have the old Saxon signification of *without, unless, except. Antony*, says the queen, *will recollect his thoughts.* Unless *kept*, he replies, *in commotion by Cleopatra. Johnson.*

What could Cleopatra mean by saying *Antony will recollect his thoughts?* What thoughts were they, for the recollection of which she was to applaud him? It was not for her purpose that he should think, or rouse himself from the lethargy in which she wished to keep him. By *Antony will be himself*, she means to say, "that Antony will act like the joint sovereign of the world, and follow his own inclinations, without regard to the mandates of Cæsar, or the anger of Fulvia." To which he replies, *If but stirr'd by Cleopatra*; that is, if moved to it, in the slightest degree by her. *M. Mason.*

Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,[7]
Let 's not confound the time[8] with conference harsh:
There 's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?
Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.
Ant. Fy wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes,[9] to chide, to laugh,
To weep;[1] whose every passion fully strives[2]
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger; but thine and all alone,[3]
To-night, we 'll wander through the streets,[4] and note

[7] *Now, for the love of Love, and* her *soft hours,*] For the love of Love, means, for the sake of the queen of love. So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"Let *Love*, being light, be drowned if *she* sink."

Mr. Rowe substituted *his* for *her*, and this unjustifiable alteration was adopted by all the subsequent editors. *Malone.*

[8] *Let 's not* confound *the time* —] i. e. let us not consume the time. So, in *Coriolanus:*

"How could'st thou in a mile *confound* an hour,
"And bring thy news so late?" *Malone.*

[9] *Whom every thing becomes,*]

Quicquid enim dicit, seu facit, omne decet."
Marullus, Lib. II. *Steevens.*

[1] *Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,*
To weep;] So, in our author's 150th Sonnet:

"Whence hast thou this *becoming* of things ill,
"That in the very refuse of thy deeds
"There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
"That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?" *Malone.*

[2] whose *every passion fully strives* —] So, in *The Tempest:*

"A space, *whose every* cubit
"Seems to cry out," &c.

See Vol. II, p. 60. Again, in *Cymbeline*, Act I, sc. vii:

"—— this hand, whose touch,
"*Whose every* touch" &c.

The same expression occurs again in another play, but I have lost my reference to it. *Steevens.*

[3] *No messenger; but thine and all alone,* &c.] Cleopatra has said, "Call in the messengers;" and afterwards, "Hear the ambassadors." Talk not to me, says Antony, of messengers; I am now wholly thine, and you and I unattended will to-night wander through the streets. The subsequent words which he utters as he goes out, "Speak not to us," confirm this interpretation. *Malone.*

[4] *To-night, we 'll wander through the streets,* &c.] So, in Sir Thomas North's translation of *The Life of Antonius:* "—Some-

The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt* ANT. *and* CLEO. *with their Train.*
Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?
Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.
Dem. I 'm full sorry,
That he approves the common liar,[5] who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Another Room.

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a* Soothsayer.[6]

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost absolute Alexas, where 's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew

time also when he would goe up and downe the citie disguised like a slave in the night, and would peere into poore mens' windowes and their shops, and scold and brawl with them within the house; Cleopatra would be also in a chamber maides array, and amble up and down the streets with him," &c. *Steevens.*

[5] *That he* approves *the common liar,*] Fame. That he *proves* the common liar, fame, in his case to be a true reporter. *Malone.*
So, in *Hamlet:*
"He may *approve* our eyes, and speak to it." *Steevens.*

[6] *Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.*] The old copy reads: "Enter Enobarbus, *Lamprius*, a Soothsayer, *Rannius, Lucilius*, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas." Plutarch mentions his grandfather *Lamprias*, as his author for some of the stories he relates of the profuseness and luxury of Antony's entertainments at Alexandria. Shakspeare appears to have been very anxious in this play to introduce every incident and every personage he met with in his historian. In the multitude of his characters, however, *Lamprias* is entirely overlooked, together with the others whose names we find in this stage-direction.
It is not impossible, indeed, that *Lamprias, Rannius, Lucilius*, &c. might have been speakers in this scene as it was first written down by Shakspeare, who afterwards thought proper to omit their speeches, though at the same time he forgot to erase their names as originally announced at their collective entrance.
Steevens.

this husband, which, you say, must change his horns with garlands![6]

[6] —— change *his horns with garlands!*] This is corrupt; the true reading evidently is:—*must* charge *his horns with garlands*, i. e. make him a rich and honourable cuckold, having his horns hung about with garlands. *Warburton.*

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, not improbably, *change* for *horns* his *garlands*. I am in doubt, whether to *change* is not merely to *dress*, or *to dress with changes of* garlands. *Johnson.*

So, Taylor, the water-poet, describing the habit of a coachman: "— with a cloak of some pyed colour, with two or three *change* of laces about." *Change* of clothes, in the time of Shakspeare, signified *variety* of them. Coriolanus says that he has received "*change* of honours" from the Patricians. Act II, sc. i.

That to *change with*, "applied to two things, one of which is to be put in the place of the other," is the language of Shakspeare, Mr. Malone might have learned from the following passage in *Cymbeline*, Act I, sc. vi, i. e. the Queen's speech to Pisanio:

"————— to shift his being,
" Is to *exchange* one misery *with* another."

Again, in the 4th Book of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, v. 892:

" —— where thou might'st hope to *change*
" Torment *with* ease." *Steevens.*

I once thought that these two words might have been often confounded, by their being both abbreviated, and written *chāge*. But an *n*, as the Bishop of Dromore observes to me, was sometimes omitted both in MS. and print, and the omission thus marked, but an *r* never. This therefore might account for a compositor inadvertently printing *charge* instead of *change*, but not *change* instead of *charge*; which word was never abbreviated. I also doubted the phraseology—*change* with, and do not at present recollect any example of it in Shakspeare's plays or in his time; whilst in *The Taming of the Shrew*, we have the modern phraseology—change *for*:

"To *change* true rules *for* odd inventions."

But a careful revision of these plays has taught me to place no confidence in such observations; for from some book or other of the age, I have no doubt almost every combination of words that may be found in our author, however uncouth it may appear to our ears, or however different from modern phraseology, will at some time or other be justified. In the present edition, many which were considered as undoubtedly corrupt, have been incontrovertibly supported.

Still, however, I think, that the reading originally introduced by Mr. Theobald, and adopted by Dr. Warburton, is the true one, because it affords a clear sense; whilst, on the other hand, the reading of the old copy affords none: for supposing *change with* to mean *exchange for*, what idea is conveyed by this passage? and what other sense can these words bear? The substantive *change* being formerly used to signify variety, (as change

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is 't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature 's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

of clothes, of honours, &c.) proves nothing: *change of clothes* or *linen* necessarily imports more than one; but the thing sought for is the meaning of the *verb* to *change*, and no proof is produced to show that it signified to *dress*; or that it had any other meaning than to *exchange*.

Charmian is talking of her *future* husband, who certainly could not change his horns, *at present*, for garlands, or any thing else, having not yet obtained them; nor could she mean, that when he did get them, he should *change* or part with them, for garlands: but he might *charge* his horns, when he should marry Charmian, with garlands: for having once got them, she intended, we may suppose, that he should wear them *contentedly* for life Horns *charged with garlands*, is an expression of a similar import with one which is found in *Characterismi*, or *Lenton's Leasures*, 8vo. 1631. In the description of a contented cuckold, he is said to "hold his *velvet horns* high as the best of them."

Let it also be remembered that *garlands* are usually wreathed round the *head*; a circumstance which adds great support to the emendation now made. So, Sidney:

"A *garland* made, on *temples* for to wear."

It is observable that the same mistake as this happened in *Coriolanus*, where the same correction was made by Dr. Warburton, and adopted by all the subsequent editors:

"And yet to *charge* thy sulphur with a bolt
"That should but rive an oak."

The old copy there, as here, has *change*. Since this note was written, I have met with an example of the phrase—*to change with*, in Lyly's *Maydes Metamorphosis*, 1600:

"The sweetness of that banquet must forego,
"Whose pleasant taste is *chang'd with* bitter woe."

I am still, however, of opinion that *charge*, and not *change*, is the true reading, for the reasons assigned in my original note. *Malone.*

"To change his horns *with* [i. e. for] garlands," signifies, to be a triumphant cuckold; a cuckold who will consider his state as an honourable one. Thus, says Benedick, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "There is no staff more honourable than one tipt *with horn*." We are not to look for serious argument in such a "*skipping* dialogue" as that before us. Steevens.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.
Char. Pray then, foresee me one.
Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.
Char. He means, in flesh.
Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.
Char. Wrinkles forbid!
Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.
Char. Hush!
Sooth. You shall be more beloving, than beloved.
Char. I had rather heat my liver[7] with drinking.
Alex. Nay, hear him.
Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty,[8] to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage:[9] find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

[7] *I had rather heat my liver* &c.] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:
"And let my *liver* rather *heat* with wine." *Steevens.*
To know why the lady is so averse from *heating* her *liver*, it must be remembered, that a heated liver is supposed to make a pimpled face. *Johnson.*
The following passage in an ancient satirical poem, entitled *Notes from Blackfryars*, 1617, confirms Dr. Johnson's observation:
"He 'll not approach a taverne, no nor drink ye,
"To save his life, hot water; wherefore think ye?
"For heating 's liver; which some may suppose
"Scalding hot, by the *bubbles on his nose.*" *Malone.*
The *liver* was considered as the seat of desire. In answer to the Soothsayer, who tells her she shall be very loving, she says, "She had rather heat her liver by drinking, if it was to be heated." *M. Mason.*

[8] —— *let me have a child at fifty,*] This is one of Shakspeare's natural touches. Few circumstances are more flattering to the fair sex, than breeding at an advanced period of life. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage:*] Herod paid homage to the Romans, to procure the grant of the kingdom of Judea: but I believe there is an allusion here to the theatrical character of this monarch, and to a proverbial expression founded on it. *Herod* was always one of the personages in the mysteries of our early stage, on which he was constantly represented as a fierce, haughty, blustering tyrant, so that *Herod of Jewry* became a common proverb, expressive of turbulence and rage. Thus, Hamlet says of a ranting player, that he "*out-herods Herod.*" And, in this tragedy, Alexas tells Cleopatra, that "not even *Herod of Jewry* dare look upon her when she is angry;" i. e. not even a man as fierce as *Herod.* According to this explanation, the sense of the present passage will be—Charmian

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.[1]

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names:[2]
Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.[3]

wishes for a son who may arrive at such power and dominion that the proudest and fiercest monarchs of the earth may be brought under his yoke. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *I love long life better than figs.*] This is a proverbial expression. *Steevens.*

[2] *Then, belike, my children shall* have no names:] If I have already had the best of my fortune, then I suppose, *I shall never name children*, that is, I am never to be married. However, tell me the truth, tell me, *how many boys and wenches? Johnson.*

A *fairer fortune*, I believe, means—a more reputable one. Her answer then implies, that belike all her children will be bastards, who have no right to the name of their father's family. Thus, says Launce, in the third Act of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "That 's as much as to say *bastard* virtues, that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore *have no names.*" *Steevens.*

A line in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* confirms Mr. Steevens's interpretation:

"Thy issue blurr'd with *nameless bastardy.*" *Malone.*

[3] *If every of your wishes had a womb,*
And fertile *every wish, a million.*] For *foretel*, in ancient editions, the later copies have *foretold. Foretel* favours the emendation of Dr. Warburton, which is made with great acuteness; yet the original reading may, I think, stand. *If you had as many wombs as you will have wishes, and* I should *foretel all those wishes, I should foretel a million of children.* It is an ellipsis very frequent in conversation; *I should shame you, and tell all;* that is, *and if I should* tell all. *And is* for *and if*, which was anciently, and is still provincially, used for *if. Johnson.*

If every one of your wishes, says the Soothsayer, had a womb, and each womb-invested wish were likewise *fertile*, you then would have a million of children. The merely supposing each of her wishes to have a womb, would not warrant the Soothsayer to pronounce that she should have *any* children, much less a million; for, like Calphurnia, each of these wombs might be subject to "the sterile curse." The word *fertile*, therefore, is absolutely requisite to the sense.

In the instance given by Dr. Johnson, "I should shame you, and tell all," *I* occurs in the former part of the sentence, and *therefore* may be well omitted afterwards; but here no personal *pronoun* has been introduced. *Malone.*

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.[4]

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We 'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There 's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication,[5] I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pry'thee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune,[6] his fortune.—O, let him marry a wo-

The epithet *fertile* is applied to womb, in *Timon of Athens:*

"Ensear thy *fertile* and conceptious womb."

I have received Dr. Warburton's most happy emendation.

The reader who wishes for more instruction on this subject, may consult Goulart's *Admirable Histories*, &c. 4to. 1607, p. 222, where we are told of a Sicilian woman who "was so *fertile*, as at thirty birthes shee had seaventie three children." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *I forgive thee for a witch.*] From a common proverbial reproach to silly ignorant females: "You 'll never be burnt for a witch." *Steevens.*

[5] *Nay, if an oily* palm *be not a fruitful prognostication*, &c.] So, in *Othello:*

"—— This *hand* is *moist*, my lady:—

"This argues *fruitfulness* and liberal heart." *Malone.*

Antonio, in Dryden's *Don Sebastian*, has the same remark:

"I have a *moist, sweaty palm;* the more 's my sin. *Steevens.*

[6] *Alexas,—come, his fortune,*] [In the old copy, the name of *Alexas* is prefixed to this speech.]

Whose fortune does Alexas call out to have told? But, in short, this I dare pronounce to be so palpable and signal a transposition, that I cannot but wonder it should have slipt the observation of all the editors; especially of the sagacious Mr. Pope, who has made this declaration, *That if, throughout the plays, before all the speeches been printed without the very* names of the persons,

man that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they 'd do 't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?[7]

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where 's Alexas?

Alex. Here, madam,[8] at your service.—My lord approaches.

he believes *one might have applied them* with certainty *to every speaker*. But in how many instances has Mr. Pope's want of judgment falsified this opinion? The fact is evidently this: Alexas brings a fortune-teller to Iras and Charmian, and says himself, *We 'll know all our fortunes*. Well; the Soothsayer begins with the women; and some jokes pass upon the subject of husbands and chastity: after which, the women hoping for the satisfaction of having something to laugh at in Alexas's fortune, call him to hold out his hand, and wish heartily that he may have the prognostication of cuckoldom upon him. The whole speech, therefore, must be placed to Charmian. There needs no stronger proof of this being a true correction, than the observation which Alexas immediately subjoins on their wishes and zeal to hear him abused. *Theobald.*

[7] *Saw you my lord?*] Old copy—Save you. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. Saw was formerly written sawe. Malone.

Enter ANTONY, *with a* Messenger *and* Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt* CLEO. ENO. ALEX. IRAS, CHAR. Soothsayer, *and* Attendants.

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time 's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.[9]

Ant. Well,

What worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On:
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus

(This is stiff news[1]) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrates;[2]

[8] *Here*, madam,] The respect due from Alexas to his mistress, in my opinion, points out the title—*Madam*, (which is wanting in the old copy) as a proper cure for the present defect in metre. *Steevens.*

[9] —— drave *them.*] *Drave* is the ancient preterite of the verb, to *drive*, and frequently occurs in the Bible. Thus, in *Joshua*, xxiv, 12: "— and *drave* them out from before you."

Again, in Chapman's version of the 24th *Iliad:*

"——to chariot he arose,
"*Drave* forth, —." *Steevens.*

[1] (*This is* stiff *news*)] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"Fearing some *hard* news from the warlike band." *Malone.*

[2] *Extended Asia from Euphrates;*] i. e. widened or extended the bounds of the Lesser Asia. *Warburton.*

To *extend*, is a term used for to *seize;* I know not whether this be not the sense here. *Johnson.*

I believe Dr. Johnson's explanation is right. So, in *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, 1594:

"Ay, though on all the world we *make extent*,
"From the south pole unto the northern bear."

Again, in *Twelfth Night:*

"—— this uncivil and unjust *extent*
"Against thy peace."

Again, in Massinger's *New Way to pay old Debts*, the Executioner says:

His conquering banner shook, from Syria
To Lydia, and to Ionia;
Whilst ——

Ant. Antony, thou would'st say, —

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as she 's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lie still;[3] and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

" This manor is *extended* to my use."

Mr. Tollet has likewise no doubt but that Dr. Johnson's explanation is just; " for (says he) Plutarch informs us that Labienus was by the Parthian King made general of his troops, and had over-run Asia from Euphrates and Syria to Lydia and Ionia." To *extend* is a law term used for to seize lands and tenements. In support of his assertion he adds the following instance: " Those wasteful companions had neither lands to *extend* nor goods to be seized." Savile's translation of *Tacitus*, dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. And then observes, that " Shakspeare knew the legal signification of the term as appears from a passage in *As you Like it:*

" And let my officers of such a nature
" Make an *extent* upon his house and lands."

See Vol. V, p. 65, n. 6.

Our ancient English writers almost always give us Euphrătes instead of Euphrātes.

Thus, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 21:

" That gliding go in state, like swelling Euphrătes."

See note on *Cymbeline*, Act III, sc. iii. *Steevens.*

[3] *When our quick* winds *lie still;*] The sense is, that man, not agitated by censure, like soil not ventilated by *quick winds*, produces more evil than good. *Johnson.*

An idea, somewhat similar, occurs also in *The First Part of King Henry IV:* " —the cankers of a *calm world* and a *long peace.*" Again, in *The Puritan:* " —hatched and nourished in the *idle calms* of peace."

Again, and yet more appositely, in *King Henry VI,* P. III:

" For what doth *cherish weeds*, but *gentle air?*"

Dr. Warburton has proposed to read—*minds.* It is at least a conjecture that deserves to be mentioned.

Dr. Johnson, however, might, in some degree, have countenanced his explanation by a singular epithet, that occurs twice in the *Iliad*—ἀνεμοτρεφὴς; literally, *wind-nourished.* In the first instance, L. XI, 256, it is applied to the tree of which a spear had been made; in the second, L. XV, 625, to a wave, impelled upon a ship. *Steevens.*

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

I suspect that *quick winds* is, or is a corruption of, some provincial word, signifying either *arable lands*, or the *instruments of husbandry* used in tilling them. *Earing* signifies *plowing*, both here and in page 218. So, in *Genesis*, c. xlv: "Yet there are five years, in the which there shall neither be *caring* nor harvest." *Blackstone.*

This conjecture is well founded. The ridges left in lands turned up by the plough, that they may sweeten during their fallow state, are still called *wind*-rows. *Quick winds*, I suppose to be the same as *teeming fallows*; for such *fallows* are always *fruitful* in *weeds*.

Wind-rows likewise signify heaps of manure, consisting of dung or lime mixed up with virgin earth, and distributed in long rows under hedges. If these *wind-rows* are suffered to *lie still*, in two senses, the farmer must fare the worse for his want of activity. First, if this compost be not frequently turned over, it will *bring forth weeds* spontaneously; secondly, if it be suffered to continue where it is made, the fields receive no benefit from it, being fit only in their turn to produce a crop of useless and obnoxious herbage. *Steevens.*

Mr. Steevens's description of *wind-rows* will gain him, I fear, but little reputation with the husbandman; nor, were it more accurate, does it appear to be in point, unless it can be shown that *quick winds* and *wind-rows* are synonymous; and, further, that his interpretation will suit with the context. Dr. Johnson hath considered the position as a general one, which indeed it is; but being made by Antony, and applied to himself, *he*, figuratively, is the *idle soil*; the MALICE that *speaks home*, the *quick*, or cutting *winds*, whose frosty blasts destroy the profusion of weeds; whilst our ILLS (that is *the* TRUTH faithfully) *told us*; a representation of our vices in their naked odiousness—*is as our* EARING; serves to plough up the neglected soil, and enable it to produce a profitable crop.

When the *quick winds lie still*, that is, *in a mild winter*, those weeds which "the tyrannous breathings of the north" would have cut off, will continue to grow and seed, to the no small detriment of the crop to follow. *Henley.*

Whether my definition of *winds* or *wind-rows* be exact or erroneous, in justice to myself I must inform Mr. Henley, that I received it from an Essex farmer; observing, at the same time, that in different counties the same terms are differently applied.

Steevens.

The words *lie still* are opposed to *earing*; *quick* means pregnant; and the sense of the passage is: "When our pregnant *minds* lie idle and untilled, they bring forth weeds; but the telling us of our faults is a kind of culture to them." The pronoun *our* before *quick*, shows that the substantive to which it refers must be something belonging to us, not merely an external object, as the *wind* is. To talk of *quick* winds lying still, is little better than nonsense. *M. Mason.*

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.
1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an one?
2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.[4]

The words—*lie still*, appear to have been technically used by those who borrow their metaphors from husbandry. Thus Ascham, in his *Toxophilus*, edit. 1589, p. 32: "—as a grounde which is apt for corne, &c. if a man let it *lye still*, &c. if it be wheate it will turne into rye." *Steevens.*

Dr. Johnson thus explains the old reading:

"The sense is, that man, not agitated by censure, like soil not ventilated by quick winds, produces more evil than good." This certainly is true of *soil*, but where did Dr. Johnson find the word *soil* in this passage? He found only *winds*, and was forced to substitute *soil ventilated by winds* in the room of the word in the old copy; as Mr. Steevens, in order to extract a meaning from it, supposes *winds* to mean *fallows*, because "the ridges left in lands turned up by the plough, are termed *wind*-rows;" though surely the obvious explication of the latter word, *rows exposed to the wind*, is the true one. Hence the rows of new-mown grass laid in heaps to dry, are also called *wind-rows*.

The emendation which I have adopted, [*minds*,] and which was made by Dr. Warburton, makes all perfectly clear; for if in Dr. Johnson's note we substitute, *not cultivated*, instead of—"*not ventilated by quick winds*," we have a true interpretation of Antony's words as now exhibited. Our *quick* minds, means, our lively, apprehensive minds. So, in *King Henry IV*, P. II: "It ascends me into *the brain*;—makes it apprehensive, *quick*, forgetive."

Again, in this play: "The *quick* comedians," &c.

It is, however, proper to add Dr. Warburton's own interpretation: "While the active principle within us lies immerged in sloth and luxury, we bring forth vices, instead of virtues, weeds instead of flowers and fruits; but the laying before us our ill condition plainly and honestly, is, as it were the first culture of the mind, which gives hope of a future harvest."

Being at all times very unwilling to depart from the old copy, I should not have done it in this instance, but that the word *winds*, in the only sense in which it has yet been proved to be used, affords no meaning; and I had the less scruple on the present occasion, because the same error is found in *King John*, Act V, sc. vii, where we have, in the only authentick copy:

"Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
"Leaves them invisible; and his siege is now
"Against the *wind*." *Malone.*

The observations of six commentators are here exhibited. To offer an additional line on this subject, (as the Messenger says to Lady Macduff,) "were fell cruelty" to the reader. *Steevens.*

[4] *He stays* upon *your will.*] We meet with a similar phrase in *Macbeth*:

"Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure." Steevens.

Ant. Let him appear,—
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Enter another Messenger.
Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?
2 *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.
Ant. Where died she?
2 *Mess.* In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a Letter.*
Ant. Forbear me.—[*Exit* Mes.
There 's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again;[5] the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself:[6] she 's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back,[7] that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;

[5] *We wish it ours again.*] Thus, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lib. II: "We mone that lost which had we did bemone." *Steevens.*

[6] ——— *the present pleasure*
By revolution lowering, *does become*
The opposite *of itself:*] The allusion is to the sun's diurnal course; which rising in the *east*, and by *revolution lowering*, or setting in the *west*, becomes *the opposite of itself.* *Warburton.*

This is an obscure passage. The explanation which Dr. Warburton has offered is such, that I can add nothing to it; yet, perhaps, Shakspeare, who was less learned than his commentator, meant only, that our pleasures, as they are *revolved* in the mind, turn to pain. *Johnson.*

I rather understand the passage thus: *What we often cast from us in contempt we wish again for, and what is at present our greatest pleasure, lowers in our estimation by the revolution of time;* or *by a frequent return of possession becomes undesirable and disagreeable.* *Tollet.*

I believe *revolution* means change of circumstances. This sense appears to remove every difficulty from the passage.—*The pleasure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain.* *Steevens.*

[7] *The hand* could *pluck her back*, &c.] The verb *could* has a peculiar signification in this place; it does not denote *power* but *inclination.* The sense is, *the hand that drove her off would now willingly pluck her back again.* *Heath.*

Could, *would*, and *should*, are a thousand times indiscriminately used in the old plays, and yet appear to have been so employed *rather by choice than by chance.* *Steevens.*

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What 's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death 's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment:[8] I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears;[9] they are greater

[8] ——*poorer moment:*] For less reason; upon meaner motives. *Johnson.*

[9] *We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears;*] I once idly supposed that Shakspeare wrote—"We cannot call her sighs and tears, winds and waters;"—which is certainly the phraseology we should now use. I mention such idle conjectures, however plausible, only to put all future commentators on their guard against suspecting a passage to be corrupt, because the diction is different from that of the present day. The arrangement of the text was the phraseology of Shakspeare, and probably of his time. So, in *King Henry VIII:*

"—— You must be well contented,
"To make *your house our Tower.*"

We should certainly now write—to make our Tower your house.

Again in *Coriolanus:*

"What good condition can a treaty find,
"I' the part that is at mercy?"

i. e. how can the party that is at mercy or in the power of another, expect to obtain in a treaty terms favourable to them?—See also a similar inversion in Vol. IV, p. 359, n. 7.

The passage, however, may be understood without any inversion. "We cannot call the clamorous heavings of her breast, and the copious streams which flow from her eyes, by the ordinary *name* of sighs and tears; they are greater *storms*," &c. *Malone.*

storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein,[1] that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion,[2] that should water this sorrow.

Dr. Young has seriously employed this image, though suggested as a ridiculous one by Enobarbus:

"*Sighs* there are *tempests* here,"

says Carlos to Leonora, in *The Revenge*. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein*, &c.] I have printed this after the original, which, though harsh and obscure, I know not how to amend. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—They show *to man the tailors of the earth; comforting* him therein, &c. I think the passage, with somewhat less alteration, for alteration is always dangerous, may stand thus—*It shows to* men *the tailors of the earth, comforting* them, *&c. Johnson.*

The meaning is this—*As the gods have been pleased to take away your wife Fulvia, so they have provided you with a new one in Cleopatra; in like manner as the tailors of the earth, when your old garments are worn out, accommodate you with new ones. Anonymous.*

When the deities are pleased to take a man's wife from him, this act of theirs makes them appear to man like the tailors of the earth: affording this comfortable reflection, that the deities have made other women to supply the place of his former wife; as the tailor, when one robe is worn out, supplies him with another. *Malone.*

[2] —— *the tears live in an onion*, &c.] So, in The Noble Soldier, 1634: "So much water as you might squeeze out of an

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state,
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience[3] to the queen,
And get her love to part.[4] For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,[5]

had been tears enough," &c. i. e. your sorrow should be a forced one. In another scene of this play we have *onion-eyed;* and, in *The Taming of a Shrew*, the lord says:

" —— If the boy have not a woman's gift
" To rain a shower of commanding tears,
" An *onion* will do well."

Again, in Hall's *Virgidemiarum*, Lib. VI:

" Some strong-smeld *onion* shall stirre his eyes
" Rather than no salt teares shall then arise." *Steevens.*

[3] *The cause of our* expedience —] *Expedience* for expedition. *Warburton.*

[4] *And get her* love *to part.*] I have no doubt but we should read *leave*, instead of *love*. So afterwards:

"'Would she had never given you *leave* to come!" *M. Mason.*

The old reading may mean—*And prevail on her love to consent to our separation. Steevens.*

I suspect the author wrote:

And get her leave *to part.*

The greater part of the succeeding scene is employed by Antony, in an endeavour to obtain Cleopatra's permission to depart, and in vows of everlasting constancy, not in persuading her to forget him, or love him no longer:

" ———— I go from hence,
" Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
" As thou affect'st."

I have lately observed that this emendation had been made by Mr. Pope.—If the old copy be right, the words must mean, I will get her love to permit and endure our separation. But the word *get* connects much more naturally with the word *leave* than with *love*.

The same error [as I have since observed] has happened in *Titus Andronicus*, and therefore I have no longer any doubt that *leave* was Shakspeare's word. In that play we find:

" He *loves* his pledges dearer than his life,"

instead of—He *leaves*, &c. *Malone.*

[5] —— *more urgent touches,*] Things that touch me more sensibly, more pressing motives. *Johnson.*

So, Imogen says in *Cymbeline:*

Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home:[6] Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea; our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger: Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair,[7] hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.[8]

Eno. I shall do 't. [*Exeunt.*

" —— a *touch* more rare
" Subdues all pangs, all fears." *M. Mason.*

[6] *Petition us at home:*] Wish us at home; call for us to reside at home. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *the courser's hair,* &c.] Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horse dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal. *Pope.*

So, in Holinshed's *Description of England,* p. 224: "— A *horse-haire* laid in a pale full of the like water will in a short time stirre and become a living creature. But sith the certaintie of these things is rather proved by few," &c.

Again, in Churchyard's *Discourse of rebellion,* &c. 1570:

" Hit is of kinde much worsie than *horses heare*
" That lyes in donge, where on vyle *serpents* brede." *Steevens.*

Dr. Lister, in the *Philosophical Transactions,* showed that what were vulgarly thought animated horse-hairs, are real insects. It was also affirmed, that they moved like serpents, and were poisonous to swallow. *Tollet.*

[8] —— *Say, our pleasure,*
To such whose place is *under us, requires*
Our quick remove from hence.] Say to those whose place is under us, i. e. to our attendants, that our pleasure requires us to remove in haste from hence. The old copy has—" whose *places* under us," and "*require.*" The correction, which is certainly right, was made by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

I should read the passage thus:

—— *Say our pleasure*
To such who 've *places under us, requires*
Our quick remove &c.

The amendment is as slight as that adopted by the editor, and makes the sense more clear. *M. Mason.*

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?[9]
Char. I did not see him since.
Cleo. See where he is, who 's with him, what he does:—
I did not send you;[1]—If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return. [*Exit* ALEX.
Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.
Cleo. What should I do, I do not?
Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.
Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.
Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.
Cleo. I am sick, and sullen.
Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—
Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.[2]
Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—
Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.
Ant. What 's the matter?
Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there 's some good news.
What says the married woman?—You may go;
'Would, she had never given you leave to come!

[9] *Where is he?*] The present defect of metre might be supplied, by reading:
Where is he now?
So, in *Macbeth*: "The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? *Steevens.*

[1] —— *I did not send you;*] You must go as if you came without my order or knowledge. *Johnson.*
So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:
"We met by chance; you did not find me here." *Malone.*

[2] —— *the* sides *of nature*
Will not sustain it.] So, in *Twelfth Night*:
"There is no woman's sides
"Can bide the beating of so strong a passion. Steevens.

Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.
Ant. The gods best know,—
Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.
Ant. Cleopatra,—
Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,[3]
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!
Ant. Most sweet queen,—
Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewel, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then;—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliss in our brows' bent;[4] none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven:[5] They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.
Ant. How now, lady!
Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou should'st know,
There were a heart in Egypt.
Ant. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while; but my full heart
Remains in use[6] with you. Our Italy

[3] *Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,*] So, in *Timon of Athens:*

"Although, I know, you 'll swear, terribly swear,
"Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
"The immortal gods that hear you." *Steevens.*

[4] ——*in our* brows' bent;] i. e. in the arch of our eye-brows. So, in *King John:*

"Why do you *bend* such solemn *brows* on me?" *Steevens.*

[5] —— *a race of heaven.*] i. e. had a smack or flavour of heaven. *Warburton.*

This word is well explained by Dr. Warburton; the *race* of wine is the taste of the soil. Sir T. Hanmer, not understanding the word, reads, *ray*. See Vol. II, p. 37, n. 7. *Johnson.*

I am not sure that the poet did not mean, was of *heavenly origin.* *Malone.*

[6] *Remains in use*—] The poet seems to allude to the [illegible] *distinction between* the *use* and *absolute possession.* *Johnson.*

Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestick powers
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,[7]
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?[8]

Ant. She 's dead, my queen:
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd;[9] at the last, best:[1]

The same phrase has already occurred in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" I am content, so he will let me have
" The other half *in use*, —." *Steevens.*

[7] ——*should* safe *my going*,] i. e. should render my going not dangerous, not likely to produce any mischief to you. Mr. Theobald, instead of *safe*, the reading of the old copy, unnecessarily reads *salve*. *Malone.*

——*safe* my going, is the true reading. So, in a subsequent scene, a soldier says to Enobarbus:

" —— Best you *safed* the bringer
" Out of the host." *Steevens.*

[8] *It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?*] That Fulvia was mortal, Cleopatra could have no reason to doubt; the meaning therefore of her question seems to be: *Will there ever be an end of your excuses? As often as you want to leave me, will not some Fulvia, some new pretext be found for your departure?* She has already said that though age could not exempt her from follies, at least it frees her from a childish belief in all he says. *Steevens.*

I am inclined to think, that Cleopatra means no more than—Is it possible that Fulvia should die? I will not believe it. *Ritson.*

Though age has not exempted me from folly, I am not so childish, as to have apprehensions from a rival that is no more. And is Fulvia dead indeed? Such, I think, is the meaning. *Malone.*

[9] *The* garboils *she awak'd;*] i. e. the commotion she occasioned. The word is used by Heywood, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1638:

" ——thou Tarquin, dost alone survive,
" The head of all those garboiles."

Again, by Stanyhurst, in his translation of the first Book of Virgil's *Æneid*, 1582:

See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water?[2] Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: Now, by the fire,[3]
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well:
So Antony loves.[4]

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands

"Now manhood and *garboils* I chaunt and martial horror."
Again, in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607: "Days of mourning by continuall *garboiles* were, however, numbered and encreased." The word is derived from the old French *garbouil*, which Cotgrave explains by *hurlyburly, great stir.*" *Steevens.*
In Cawdrey's *Alphabetical Table of hard Words*, 8vo. 1604, *garboile* is explained by the word *hurlyburly*. *Malone.*

[1] —— *at the last, best:*] This conjugal tribute to the memory of Fulvia, may be illustrated by Malcolm's elogium on the thane of Cawdor:
"——nothing in his life
"Became him, like the leaving it." *Steevens.*

[2] *O most false love!*
Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water?] Alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend. *Johnson.*
So, in the first Act of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, said to be written by Fletcher, in conjunction with Shakspeare:
"Balms and gums, and heavy cheers,
"*Sacred vials fill'd with tears.*" *Steevens.*

[3] —— Now, *by the fire*, &c.] Some word, in the old copies, being here wanting to the metre, I have not scrupled to insert the adverb—*Now*, on the authority of the following passage in *King John*, as well as on that of many others in the different pieces of our author:
"*Now*, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
"I like it well:—." *Steevens.*

[4] *So Antony loves.*] i. e. uncertain as the state of my health is the love of Antony. *Steevens.*

An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt:[5] Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You 'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman[6] does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I 'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that 's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there 's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.[7]

[5] ——*to Egypt:*] To me, the Queen of Egypt. *Johnson.*

[6] —— Herculean *Roman* —] Antony traced his descent from *Anton*, a son of *Hercules*. *Steevens.*

[7] *O, my oblivion is a very Antony,*
And I am all forgotten.] Cleopatra has something to say, which seems to be suppressed by sorrow; and after many attempts to produce her meaning, she cries out: *O, this oblivious memory of mine is as false and treacherous to me as Antony is, and I forget every thing. Oblivion*, I believe, is boldly used for *a memory apt to be deceitful.*

If too much latitude be taken in this explanation, we might with little violence read, as Mr. Edwards has proposed in his MS. notes:

Oh me! *oblivion is a very Antony*, &c. *Steevens.*

Perhaps nothing more is necessary here than a change of punctuation; *O my!* being still an exclamation frequently used in the West of England. *Henley.*

Oh my! in the provincial sense of it, is only an imperfect exclamation of—*Oh my* God? The decent exclaimer always stops before the sacred name is pronounced. Could such an exclamation therefore have been uttered by the Pagan Cleopatra?

Steevens

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.[8]
Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me,[9] when they do not

The sense of the passage appears to me to be this: "O, my oblivion, as if it were another Antony, possesses me so entirely, that I quite forget myself." *M. Mason.*

I have not the smallest doubt that Mr. Steevens's explanation of this passage is just. Dr. Johnson says, that "it was her memory, not her oblivion, that like Antony, was forgetting and deserting her." It certainly was; it was her *oblivious memory*, as Mr. Steevens has well interpreted it; and the licence is much in our author's manner. *Malone.*

[8] *But that your royalty*
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.] i. e. But that your charms hold me, who am the *greatest* fool on earth, in chains, I should have adjudged you to be the *greatest*. That this is the sense is shown by her answer:

'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart,
As Cleopatra this.— Warburton.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is a very coarse one. The sense may be:—But that your queenship chooses idleness for the subject of your conversation, I should take you for idleness itself. So Webster, (who was often a close imitator of Shakspeare) in his *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

"—— how *idle* am I
"To *question* my own *idleness!*"

Or an antithesis may be designed between *royalty* and *subject*.—But that I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, exalting you far above its influence, I should suppose you to be the very genius of idleness itself. *Steevens.*

Mr. Steevens's latter interpretation is, I think, nearer the truth. But perhaps, *your subject* rather means, whom being in subjection to you, you can command at pleasure, "to do your bidding," to assume the airs of coquetry, &c. Were not this coquet one of your attendants, I should suppose you yourself were this capricious being. *Malone.*

[9] *Since my* becomings *kill me,*] There is somewhat of obscurity in this expression. In the first scene of the play Antony had called her—

"—— wrangling queen,
"*Whom* every thing *becomes.*"

Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel'd victory![1] and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!
Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here,[2] go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Rome. *An Apartment in* Cæsar's *House.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, *and Attendants.*

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor:[3] From Alexandria
This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or

It is to this, perhaps, that she alludes. Or, she may mean—That conduct which, in my own *opinion*, becomes me, as often as it appears ungraceful to you, is a shock to my sensibility. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *laurel'd victory!*] Thus the second folio. The inaccurate predecessor of it—*laurel* victory. *Steevens.*

[2] *That thou, residing here,* &c.] This conceit might have been suggested by the following passage in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book I:

"She went they staid; or, rightly for to say,
"She staid with them, they went in thought with her."

Thus also, in *The Mercator* of Plautus: "Si domi sum, foris est animus; sin foris sum, animus domi est." *Steevens.*

[3] One *great competitor:*] Perhaps—*Our* great competitor. *Johnson.*

Johnson is certainly right in his conjecture that we ought to read—"*Our* great competitor," as this speech is addressed to Lepidus, his partner in the empire. *Competitor* means here, as it does wherever the word occurs in Shakspeare, *associate* or *partner*. So Menas says:

"These three world-sharers, these *competitors*,
"Are in thy vessel."

And again, Cæsar, speaking of Antony, says—

"That thou, my brother, my *competitor*,
"In top of all design, my mate in empire." *M. Mason.*

Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners:[4] You shall find there
A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness;[5] hereditary,

[4] ——— *or*
Vouchsaf'd to *think he had partners:*] The irregularity of metre in the first of these lines induces me to suppose the second originally and elliptically stood thus:
Or *vouchsaf'd think he had partners* &c.
So, in *Cymbeline*, Act II, sc. ii:
"Will force him think I have pick'd the lock" &c.
not *to* think. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *as the spots of heaven,*
More fiery by night's blackness;] If by spots are meant stars, as night has no other fiery spots, the comparison is forced and harsh, stars having been always supposed to beautify the night; nor do I comprehend what there is in the counterpart of this simile, which answers to night's blackness. Hanmer reads:
—— *spots* on ermine,
Or fires, *by night's blackness. Johnson.*
The meaning seems to be—As the stars or spots of heaven are not obscured, but rather rendered more bright, by the blackness of the night, so neither is the goodness of Antony eclipsed by his evil qualities, but, on the contrary, his faults seem enlarged and aggravated by his virtues.
That which answers to the *blackness of the night*, in the counterpart of the simile, is *Antony's goodness.* His goodness is a ground which gives a relief to his faults, and makes them stand out more prominent and conspicuous.
It is objected, that stars rather beautify than deform the night. But the poet considers them here only with respect to their *prominence and splendour.* It is sufficient for him that their scintillations appear stronger in consequence of darkness, as jewels are more resplendent on a black ground than on any other.—That the *prominence* and *splendour* of the stars were alone in Shakspeare's contemplation, appears from a passage in *Hamlet*, where a similar thought is less equivocally expressed:
"Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
"*Stick fiery off* indeed."
A kindred thought occurs in *King Henry V:*
"—— though the truth of it stands off as gross
"As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it."
Again, in *King Henry IV*, P. I:
"And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
"My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,

Rather than purchas'd;[6] what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,[7]) yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils,[8] when we do bear

" Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
" Than that which hath no foil to set it off." *Malone.*

See *Hamlet*, Act V, sc. ii. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *purchas'd;*] Procured by his own fault or endeavour. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *say, this becomes him,*
(As *his composure must be rare indeed,*
Whom these things cannot blemish,)] This seems inconsequent. I read:

And *his composure* &c.

Grant that this becomes him, *and* if it cannot become him, he must have in him something very uncommon, *yet*, &c. *Johnson.*

Though the construction of this passage, as Dr. Johnson observes, appears harsh, there is, I believe, no corruption. In *As you Like it* we meet with the same kind of phraseology:

" —— what though you *have* beauty,
" (*As* by my faith I see no more in you
" Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
" Must you therefore be proud and pitiless?"

See Vol. V, p. 101, n. 7. *Malone.*

[8] *No way excuse his* soils,] The old copy has—*foils.* For the emendation now made I am answerable. In the MSS. of our author's time f and f are often undistinguishable, and no two letters are so often confounded at the press. Shakspeare has so regularly used this word in the sense required here, that there cannot, I imagine, be the smallest doubt of the justness of this emendation. So, in *Hamlet:*

" —— and no *soil*, nor cautel, doth besmirch
" The virtue of his will."

Again, in *Love's Labour 's Lost:*

" The only *soil* of his fair virtue's gloss."

Again, in *Measure for Measure:*

" Who is as free from touch or *soil* with her,
" As she from one ungot."

Again, *ibid:*

" My *unsoil'd* name, the austereness of my life."

Again, in *King Henry IV*, P. II:

So great weight in his lightness.[9] If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for 't:[1] but, to confound such time,[2]
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,[3]
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here 's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar:[4] to the ports
The discontents repair,[5] and men's reports

" For all the *soil* of the achievement goes
" With me into the earth."

In the last Act of the play before us we find an expression nearly synonymous:

" —— His *taints* and honours
" Wag'd equal in him."

Again, in Act II, sc. iii:

" Read not my *blemishes* in the world's reports." *Malone.*

[9] *So great weight in his lightness,*] The word *light* is one of Shakspeare's favourite play-things. The sense is—His trifling levity throws so much burden upon us. *Johnson.*

[1] *Call on him for 't:*] *Call on him,* is, *visit him.* Says Cæsar—If Antony followed his debaucheries at a time of leisure, I should leave him to be punished by their natural consequences, by *surfeits* and *dry bones.* *Johnson.*

[2] —— *to* confound *such time,*] See p. 191, n. 8. *Malone.*

[3] —— *boys; who, being mature in knowledge,*] For this Hanmer, who thought the *maturity* of a *boy* an inconsistent idea, has put:

—— *who,* immature *in knowledge:*

but the words *experience* and *judgment* require that we read *mature:* though Dr. Warburton has received the emendation. By *boys mature in knowledge,* are meant, *boys old enough to know their duty.* *Johnson.*

[4] *That only have fear'd Cæsar:*] Those whom not *love* but *fear* made adherents to Cæsar, now show their affection for Pompey. *Johnson.*

[5] *The discontents* repair,] That is, the *malecontents.* So, in King *Henry IV, P. I:*

Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.[6] This common body,
Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself[7] with motion.[8]

"—— that may please the eye
"Of fickle changelings and poor *discontents*."
See Vol. VIII, p. 315, n. 1. *Malone.*

[6] —— *he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;*
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, *by being lack'd.*] [Old copy—*fear'd.*] Let us examine the sense of this [as it stood] in plain prose. *The earliest histories inform us, that the man in supreme command was always wish'd to gain that command, till he had obtain'd it. And he, whom the multitude has contentedly seen in a low condition, when he begins to be wanted by them, becomes to be* fear'd *by them.* But do the multitude *fear* a man because they want him? Certainly, we must read:

—— *Comes* dear'd, *by being lack'd.*

i. e. endear'd, a favourite to them. Besides, the context requires this reading; for it was not fear, but love, that made the people flock to young Pompey, and what occasioned this reflection. So, in *Coriolanus:*

"I shall be *lov'd*, when I am *lack'd*." *Warburton.*

The correction was made in Theobald's edition, to whom it was communicated by Dr. Warburton. Something, however, is yet wanting. What is the meaning of—"ne'er lov'd till *ne'er* worth love?" I suppose that the second *ne'er* was inadvertently repeated at the press, and that we should read—till *not* worth love. *Malone.*

[7] —— *rot* itself—] The word—*itself*, is, I believe, an interpolation, being wholly useless to the sense, and injurious to the measure. *Stevens.*

[8] *Goes to, and back,* lackeying *the varying tide,*
To rot itself with motion.] [Old copy—*lashing.*] But how can a flag, or rush, floating upon a stream, and that has no motion but what the fluctuation of the water gives it, be said to lash the tide? This is making a scourge of a weak ineffective thing, and giving it an active violence in its own power. 'Tis true, there is no sense in the old reading; but the addition of a single letter will not only give us good sense, but the genuine word of our author into the bargain:

—— lackeying *the* varying tide,

i. e. floating backwards and forwards with the variation of the *tide, like* a page, or *lackey*, at his master's heels. *Theobald.*

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear[9] and wound
With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on 't,[1] and flush youth[2] revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassels.[3] When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more

Theobald's conjecture may be supported by a passage in the fifth Book of Chapman's translation of Homer's *Odyssey:*

" —— who would willingly
" *Lacky* along so vast a lake of brine?"

Again, in his version of the 24th *Iliad:*

" My guide to Argos either ship'd or *lackying* by thy side."

Again, in the Prologue to the second part of *Antonio and Melilda*, 1602:

" O that our power
" Could *lacky* or keep pace with our desires!"

Again, in *The whole magnificent Entertainment given to King James, Queen Anne his Wife, &c. March* 15, 1603, by Thomas Decker, 4to. 1604: " The minutes (that *lackey* the heeles of time) run not faster away than do our joyes."

Perhaps *another messenger* should be noted here, as entering with fresh news. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *which they* ear —] To *ear*, is to *plough;* a common metaphor. *Johnson.*

To *ear*, is not, however, at this time, a common word. I meet with it again in Turberville's *Falconry*, 1575:

" —— because I have a larger field to *ear.*"

See also Vol. V, p. 181, n. 9. *Steevens.*

[1] *Lack blood to think on 't,*] Turn pale at the thought of it. *Johnson.*

[2] —— *and* flush *youth* —] *Flush* youth is youth ripened to manhood; *youth* whose blood is at the flow. So, in *Timon of Athens:*

" Now the time is *flush*, —." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *thy lascivious* wassels.] *Wassel* is here put for intemperance in general. For a more particular account of the word, see *Macbeth*, Vol. VII, p. 74, n. 8. The old copy, however, reads—*vassailes. Steevens.*

Vassals is, without question, the true reading. Henley.

Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses,[4] and the gilded puddle[5]
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now,)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.
Lep. It is pity of him.
Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain[6]
Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council:[7] Pompey

[4] —— *Thou didst drink*
The stale of horses,] All these circumstances of Antony's distress, are taken literally from Plutarch. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *gilded puddle* —] There is frequently observable on the surface of stagnant pools that have remained long undisturbed, a reddish gold-coloured slime: to this appearance the poet here refers. *Henley.*

[6] *Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain* &c.] The defect of the metre induces me to believe that some word has been inadvertently omitted. Perhaps our author wrote:
Drive him to Rome disgrac'd: *'Tis time we twain* &c.
So, in Act III, sc. xi:
" ——— So she
" From Egypt *drive* her all-*disgraced* friend." *Malone.*
I had rather perfect this defective line, by the insertion of an adverb which is frequently used by our author, and only enforces what he apparently designed to say, than by the introduction of an epithet which he might not have chosen. I would therefore read:
—— *'Tis time* indeed *we twain*
Did show ourselves &c. *Steevens.*

[7] *Assemble* we *immediate council:*] [Old copy—assemble *me.*] Shakspeare frequently uses this kind of phraseology, but I do not recollect any instance where he has introduced it in solemn dialogue, where one equal is speaking to another. Perhaps therefore the correction made by the editor of the second folio is right: Assemble *we* &c. So, afterwards:
" —— Haste *we* for it:
" Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch *we,*" &c.
Since this note was written, I have observed the same phraseology used by our poet in grave dialogue. See Troilus and Cressida, Act III, sc. iii:

Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewel.

Lep. Farewel, my lord: what you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond.[8] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha!—
Give me to drink mandragora.[9]

" —— A strange fellow here
" *Writes me*, that man, however dearly parted," &c.
Malone.

I adhere to the reading of the second folio. Thus, in *King Henry IV*, P. II, King Henry V, says:
" Now call *we* our high court of parliament." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *I knew it for my* bond.] That is, to be my bounden duty. *M. Mason.*

[9] —— *mandragora.*] A plant of which the infusion was supposed to procure sleep. Shakspeare mentions it in *Othello:*
" Not poppy, nor *mandragora*,
" Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
" Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep —."
Johnson.

So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:
" Come violent death,
" Serve for *mandragora*, and make me sleep." *Steevens.*

Gerard, in his *Herbal*, says of the *mandragoras:* " Dioscorides doth particularly set downe many faculties hereof, of which notwithstanding there be none proper unto it, save those that depend upon the drowsie and sleeping power thereof."

In Adlington's *Apuleius* (of which the epistle is dated 1566) reprinted 1639, 4to. bl. l p. 187, Lib. X: " I gave him no poyson, but a doling drink of *mandragoras*, which is of such force, that it will cause any man to sleepe, as though he were dead."

Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.
Char. You think of him
Too much.
Cleo. O, treason![1]
Char. Madam, I trust, not so.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!
Mar. What 's your highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.[2]—He 's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where 's my serpent of old Nile?*
For so he calls me; Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:[3]—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,[4]

See also Pliny's *Natural History*, by Holland, 1601, and Plutarch's *Morals*, 1602, p. 19. *Ritson.*

[1] *O, treason!*] Old copy, coldly and unmetrically—
O, 'tis *treason!* *Steevens.*

[2] *And* burgonet *of men.*] A *burgonet* is a kind of *helmet*. So, in *King Henry VI:*
" This day I 'll wear aloft my *burgonet.*"
Again, in *The Birth of Merlin*, 1662:
" This, by the gods and my good sword, I 'll set
" In bloody lines upon thy *burgonet.*" *Steevens.*

[3] —— *delicious poison:*] Hence, perhaps, Pope's *Eloisa:*
" Still drink *delicious* poison from thine eye." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *Broad-fronted Cæsar,*] Mr. Seward is of opinion, that

When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect,[5] and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.[6]—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
This orient pearl;—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, *the firm Roman to great Egypt sends*
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the east.
Say thou, *shall call her mistress.* So he nodded,
And soberly did mount a termagant steed,[7]

the poet wrote—*bald-fronted Cæsar.* The compound epithet—*broad-fronted*, occurs, however, in the tenth Book of Chapman's version of the *Iliad:*

"——— a heifer most select,
"That never yet was tam'd with yoke, *broad-fronted*, one year old." *Steevens.*

—— *Broad-fronted*, in allusion to Cæsar's baldness. *Henley.*

[5] —— anchor *his aspect*,] So, in *Measure for Measure:*

"Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
"*Anchors* on Isabel." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *that great medicine hath*
With his tinct gilded thee.] Alluding to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold. The alchemists call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation, a *medicine.* *Johnson.*

Thus Chapman, in his *Shadow of Night*, 1594:

"O then, thou *great elixir* of all treasures."

And on this passage he has the following note: "The philosopher's stone, or *philosophica medicina*, is called the *great Elixir*, to which he here alludes." Thus, in *The Chanones Yemannes Tale* of Chaucer, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 16,330:

"—— the philosophre's stone,
"*Elixir* cleped, we seken fast eche on."

See Vol. II, p. 134, n. 8. *Steevens.*

Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke

[7] ——termagant *steed,*] Old copy—*arm-gaunt;* i. e. his steed worn lean and thin by much service in war. So, Fairfax:

"His *stall-worn* steed the champion stout bestrode."

Warburton.

On this note Mr. Edwards has been very lavish of his pleasantry, and indeed has justly censured the misquotation of *stall-worn*, for *stall-worth*, which means *strong*, but makes no attempt to explain the word in the play. Mr. Seward, in his preface to Beaumont and Fletcher, has very elaborately endeavoured to prove, that an *arm-gaunt* steed is a steed with *lean shoulders*. *Arm* is the teutonic word for *want*, or *poverty*. *Arm-gaunt* may be therefore an old word, signifying, *lean* for *want*, ill fed. Edwards's observation, that a worn-out horse is not proper for Atlas to mount in battle, is impertinent; the horse here mentioned seems to be a post-horse, rather than a war-horse. Yet as *arm-gaunt* seems not intended to imply any defect, it perhaps means, a horse so slender that a man might clasp him, and therefore formed for expedition. Hanmer reads:

——*arm*-girt *steed. Johnson.*

On this passage, which I believe to be corrupt, I have nothing satisfactory to propose. It is clear, that whatever epithet was used, it was intended as descriptive of a beautiful horse, such (we may presume) as our author has described in his *Venus and Adonis*.

Dr. Johnson must have looked into some early edition of Mr. Edwards's book, for in his *seventh* edition he has this note: "I have sometimes thought, that the meaning may possibly be, *thin-shoulder'd*, by a strange composition of Latin and English:—*gaunt* quoad *armos*." *Malone.*

I suppose there must be some error in the passage, and should amend it by reading:

And soberly did mount a termagant *steed,*
That *neigh'd* &c.

Termagant means *furious*. So Douglas, in *Henry IV*, is called the *termagant* Scot, an epithet that agrees well with the steed's neighing so high. Besides, by saying that Antony mounted composedly a horse of such mettle, Alexas presents Cleopatra with a flattering image of her hero, which his mounting slowly a jaded post-horse, would not have done. *M. Mason.*

When I first met with Mr. Mason's conjecture, I own I was startled at its boldness; but that I have since been reconciled to it, its appearance in the present text of Shakspeare will sufficiently prove.

It ought to be observed, in defence of this emendation, that the word *termagaunt* (originally the proper name of a clamorous Saracenical deity) did not, without passing through several gradations of meaning, become appropriated (as at present) to a *turbulent* female. I may add, that the sobriety displayed by *Antony* in mounting a steed of temper so opposite, reminds us

Was beastly dumb'd by him.[8]
Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.
Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?[9]
Cleo. Who 's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?
Char. O that brave Cæsar!
Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.
Char. The valiant Cæsar!

of a similar contrast in Addison's celebrated comparison of the Angel:

"*Calm* and *serene* he drives the *furious* blast."

Let the critic who can furnish a conjecture nearer than *termagaunt* to the traces of the old reading *arm-gaunt*, or can make any change productive of sense more apposite and commodious, displace Mr. M. Mason's amendment, which, in my opinion, is to be numbered among the *feliciter audentia* of criticism, and meets at least with my own unequivocal approbation. *Steevens.*

[8] *Was beastly* dumb'd *by him.*] The old copy has *dumbe*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. "Alexas means (says he) the horse made such a neighing, that if he had spoke, he could not have been heard." *Malone.*

The verb which Mr. Theobald would introduce, is found in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"Deep clerks she *dumbs*" &c. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *so* thick?] i. e. in such quick succession. So, in *Macbeth*:

"—— As *thick* as tale,
"*Came* post with post—."

See *Vol. VII, p. 37, n. 5.* *Steevens*

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.
Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
Cleo. My sallad days;
When I was green in judgment:—Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then![1]—But, come, away:
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I 'll unpeople Egypt.[2] [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.... SCENE I.

Messina. *A Room in* Pompey's *House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, *and* MENAS.[3]

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.[4]

[1] *My sallad days;*
When I was green in judgment:—Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then!] *Cold in blood,* is an upbraiding expostulation to her maid. *Those,* says she, *were my sallad days, when I was green in judgment; but your blood is as cold as my judgment, if you have the same opinion of things now as I had then.* *Warburton.*

[2] —— *unpeople Egypt.*] By sending out messengers. *Johnson.*

[3] The persons are so named in the first edition; but I know not why Menecrates appears; Menas can do all without him. *Johnson.*

All the speeches in this scene that are not spoken by Pompey and Varrius, are marked in the old copy, *Mene,* which must stand for *Menecrates.* The course of the dialogue shows that some of them at least belong to Menas; and accordingly they are to him attributed in the modern editions; or, rather, a syllable [*Men*] has been prefixed, that will serve equally to denote the one or the other of these personages. I have given the first two speeches to Menecrates, and the rest to Menas. It is a matter of little consequence. *Malone.*

[4] *Whiles we are suitors to their throne,* decays
The thing we sue for.] The meaning is, While we are praying, *the thing for which we pray* is losing its value. *Johnson.*

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.
Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My power 's a crescent,[5] and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.
Men. From Silvius, sir.
Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony: But all charms[6] of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip![7]

[5] *My* power 's *a crescent*, &c.] In old editions:
My powers are *crescent, and my auguring hope*
Says it *will come to the full.*
What does the relative *it* belong to? It cannot in *sense* relate to *hope*, nor in *concord* to *powers*. The poet's allusion is to the *moon;* and Pompey would say, he is yet but a half moon, or *crescent;* but his hopes tell him, that crescent will come to a *full* orb. *Theobald.*

[6] —— *charms* —] Old copy—*the* charms —. The article is here omitted, on account of metre. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *thy* wan'd *lip!*] In the old edition it is—
—— *thy* wand *lip!*
Perhaps, for *fond* lip, or *warm* lip, says Dr. Johnson. *Wand*, if it stand, is either a corruption of *wan*, the adjective, or a contraction of *wanned*, or *made wan*, a participle. So, in *Hamlet:*
" That, from her working, all his visage *wan'd.*"
Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Queen of Corinth:*
" Now you look *wan* and pale; *lips*' ghosts you are."
Again, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida:*
" ——— a cheek
" Not as yet *wan'd.*"
Or perhaps *waned* lip, i. e. decreased, like the moon, in its beauty. So, in *The Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613:
" And Cleopatra then to seek had been
" So firm a lover of her *wained* face."
Again, in *The Skynner's Play*, among the Chester collection of *Mysteries, MS.* Harl. 1013, p. 152:

Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicúrean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till a Lethe'd dulness.[8]—How now Varrius?

" O blessed be thou ever and aye;
" Now *wayned* is all my woo."

Yet this expression of Pompey's, perhaps, after all, implies a wish only, that every charm of love may confer additional softness on the lips of Cleopatra: i. e. that her beauty may improve to the ruin of her lover: or, as Mr. Ritson expresses the same idea, that " her *lip*, which was become *pale* and *dry* with *age*, may recover the *colour* and *softness* of her *sallad* days." The epithet *wan* might indeed have been added, only to show the speaker's private contempt of it. It may be remarked, that the lips of Africans and Asiaticks are paler than those of European nations. *Steevens.*

Shakspeare's orthography [or that of his ignorant publishers] often adds a *d* at the end of a word. Thus, *vile* is (in the old editions) every where spelt *vild*. *Laund* is given instead of *lawn:* why not therefore *wan'd* for *wan* here?

If this however should not be accepted, suppose we read with the addition only of an apostrophe, *wan'd;* i. e. *waned*, declined, gone off from its perfection; comparing Cleopatra's beauty to the moon past the full. *Percy.*

[8] *That sleep and feeding may prorogue* his honour,
Even till *a Lethe'd dulness.*] I suspect our author wrote:
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his hour, &c.
So, in *Timon of Athens:*
" —— let not that part of nature,
" Which my lord paid for, be of any power
" To expel sickness, but *prolong his hour.*"

The words *honour* and *hour* have been more than once confounded in these plays. What Pompey seems to wish is, that Antony should still *remain* with Cleopatra, totally forgetful of every other object.

" To prorogue his *honour*," does not convey to me at least any precise notion. If, however, there be no corruption, I suppose Pompey means to wish, that sleep and feasting may prorogue to so distant a day all thoughts of fame and military achievement, that they may totally slide from Antony's mind. *Malone.*

Even till *a Lethe'd dulness.*] i. e. *to* a Lethe'd dulness. That *till* was sometimes used instead of *to*, may be ascertained from the following passage in Chapman's version of the eighteenth *Iliad:*

" They all ascended, two and two; and trod the honor'd shore
" *Till* where the fleet of myrmidons, drawn up in heaps, it bore."

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for further travel.[9]

Pom. I could have given[1] less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm[2]
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow[3] pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,[4]
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife, that 's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him;[5] although, I think,

Again in *Candlemas Day*, 1512, p. 13:

" Thu lurdeyn, take hed what I sey the *tyll*."

To *prorogue his honour*, &c. undoubtedly means, *to delay his sense of honour from exerting itself till he is become habitually sluggish*. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *since he went from Egypt, 'tis*
A space for further travel.] i. e. since he quitted Egypt, a space of time has elapsed in which a longer journey might have been performed than from Egypt to Rome. *Steevens.*

[1] *I could have given* &c.] I cannot help supposing, on account of the present irregularity of metre, that the name of *Menas* is an interpolation, and that the passage originally stood as follows:

Pom. *I could have given*
Less matter better ear.—I did not think —. Steevens.

[2] —— *would have* don'd *his helm* —] To *don* is to *do on*, to put on. So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

" Call upon our dame aloud,
" Bid her quickly *don* her shrowd." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *Egypt's* widow —] Julius Cæsar had married her to young Ptolemy, who was afterwards drowned. *Steevens.*

[4] *I cannot* hope, &c.] Mr. Tyrwhitt, the judicious editor of *The Canterbury Tales*, of Chaucer, in five vols. 8vo. 1775, &c. observes, that to *hope*, on this occasion, means to *expect*. So, in *The Reve's Tale*, v. 4027:

" Our manciple I *hope*, he wol be ded." *Steevens.*

[5] —— warr'd *upon him;*] The old copy has—*wan'd*. The emendation, which was made by the editor of the second folio, *is supported by a passage* in the next scene, in which Cæsar says *to Antony:*

Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square[6] between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon,[7] to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*[8]

SCENE II.

Rome. *A Room in the House of* Lepidus.

Enter Enobarbus *and* Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,

" —— your wife and brother
" Made *wars* upon me. *Malone.*

[6] —— *square* —] That is, *quarrel.* So, in *The Shoemaker's Holiday, or the gentle Craft,* 1600:

" What? *square* they, master Scott?"
" —— Sir, no doubt:
" Lovers are quickly in, and quickly out." *Steevens.*

See Vol II, p. 264, n. 3. *Malone.*

[7] —— *It only stands*
Our lives upon, &c.] i. e. to exert our utmost force, is the only *consequential* way of securing our lives.

So, in *King Richard III:*

" —— for it *stands me much upon*
" To stop all hopes" &c.

i. e. is of the utmost consequence to me. See Vol. XI, p. 129, n. 1. *Steevens.*

[8] This play is not divided into Acts by the author or first editors and therefore the present division may be altered at pleasure I think the first Act may be commodiously continued to this place, and the second Act opened with the interview of the chief persons, and a change of the state of action. Yet it must be *confessed,* that it is of small importance, where these unconnected and desultory scenes are interrupted. *Johnson.*

Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave to-day.[9]
Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.
Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.
Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.
Eno. Not if the small come first.
Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here,[1] to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.
Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.
Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What 's amiss,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.[2]
Ant. 'Tis spoken well:

[9] *Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,*
I would not shave to-day.] I believe he means, *I would meet him undressed, without show of respect.* *Johnson.*
Plutarch mentions that Antony, "after the overthrow he had at Modena, suffered his beard to grow at length, and never clipt it, that it was marvellous long." Perhaps this circumstance was in Shakspeare's thoughts. *Malone.*

[1] *If we compose well here,*] i. e. if we come to a lucky *composition*, agreement. So afterwards:
" I crave our *composition* may be written —."
i. e. the terms on which our differences are settled. Steevens.

[2] *Nor curstness grow to the matter.*] Let not ill-humour be added to the real *subject* of our difference. *Johnson.*

Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir![3]

Cæs. Nay,
Then —

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: Yet, if you there

[3] Cæs. *Sit.*

Ant. *Sit, Sir!*] Antony appears to be jealous of a circumstance which seemed to indicate a consciousness of superiority in his too successful partner in power; and accordingly resents the invitation of Cæsar to be seated: Cæsar answers, *Nay, then*— i. e. if you are so ready to resent what I meant as an act of civility, there can be no reason to suppose you have temper enough for the business on which at present we are met. The former editors leave a full point at the end of this, as well as the preceding speech. *Steevens.*

The following circumstance may serve to strengthen Mr. Steeven's opinion: When the fictitious Sebastian made his appearance in Europe, he came to a conference with the Conde de Lemos; to whom, after the first exchange of civilities, he said, *Conde de Lemos, be covered.* And being asked, by that nobleman, by what pretences he laid claim to the superiority expressed by such permission, he replied, I do it by right of my birth; I am Sebastian. *Johnson.*

I believe, the author meant no more than that Cæsar should desire Antony to be seated: "*Sit.*" To this Antony replies, Be you, sir, seated first: "*Sit, sir.*" "*Nay, then*" rejoins Cæsar, if you stand on ceremony, to put an end to farther talk on a matter of so little moment, I will take my seat.—However, I have too much respect for the two preceding editors, to set my judgment above their concurring opinions, and therefore have left the note *of admiration* placed by Mr. Steevens at the end of Antony's *speech,* undisturbed. *Malone.*

Did practise on my state,[4] your being in Egypt
Might be my question.[5]

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befal me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.[6]

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never

[4] *Did* practise *on my state.*] To *practise* means to employ unwarrantable arts or stratagems. So, in *The Tragedie of Antonie*, done into English by the Countess of Pembroke, 1595:

" —— nothing kills me so
" As that I do my Cleopatra see
" *Practise* with Cæsar." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *question.*] i. e. My theme or subject of conversation. So again in this scene:

" Out of our *question* wipe him." *Malone.*

[6] —— *their contestation*
Was theme *for you, you were the word of war.*] The only meaning of this can be, that the war, which Antony's wife and brother made upon Cæsar, was theme for Antony too to make war; or was the occasion why he did make war. But this is directly contrary to the context, which shows, Antony did neither encourage them to it, nor second them in it. We cannot doubt then, but the poet wrote:

—— *and their contestation*
Was them'd *for you,*

i. e. The pretence of the war was on your account, they took up arms in your name, and you were made the theme and subject of their insurrection. *Warburton.*

I am neither satisfied with the reading nor the emendation; *them'd* is, I think, a word unauthorized, and very harsh. Perhaps we may read:

—— *their contestation*
Had *theme* from *you, you were the word of war.*

The dispute derived its subject from you. It may be corrected by mere transposition:

—— *their contestation*
You were theme for, *you were the word* — *Johnson.*

Was theme for you, I believe, means only, *was proposed as an example for you to follow on a yet more extensive plan;* as *themes* are given for a writer to dilate upon. Shakspeare, however, may prove the best commentator on himself. Thus, in *Coriolanus*, Act I, sc. i:

" —— throw forth greater *themes*
" For insurrection's arguing."

Sicinius calls Coriolanus, " — the theme of our assembly." *Steevens.*

Did urge me in his act:[7] I did enquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports.[8]

So, in *Macbeth:*

" —— Two truths are told
" As happy prologues to the swelling act
" Of the imperial *theme.*"

And, in *Cymbeline:*

" —— When a soldier was the *theme,* my name
" Was not far off." *Henley.*

Mr. Steevens's interpretation is certainly a just one, as the words now stand; but the sense of the words thus interpreted, being directly repugnant to the remaining words, which are evidently put in apposition with what has preceded, shows that there must be some corruption. If their contestation was a *theme for Antony to dilate upon, an example for him to follow,* what congruity is there between these words and the conclusion of the passage—" *you were the word of war:*" i. e. your name was employed by them to draw troops to their standard? On the other hand, " their contestation *derived* its *theme* or subject from you; you were their word of war," affords a clear and consistent sense. Dr. Warburton's emendation, however, does not go far enough To obtain the sense desired, we should read—

Was *them'd from* you, —

So, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

" She is a *theme* of honour and renown,
" A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds."

Again, in *Hamlet:*

" —— So like the king,
" That was and is the *question* of these wars."

In almost every one of Shakspeare's plays, substantives are used as verbs. That he must have written *from,* appears by Antony's answer:

" You do mistake your business; my brother never
" Did urge *me* in his act."

i. e. never made *me* the *theme* for " insurrection's arguing." *Malone.*

I should suppose that some of the words in this sentence have been misplaced, and that it ought to stand thus:

—— *and for contestation*
Their theme was you; you were the word of war. M. Mason.

[7] —— *my brother never*
Did urge me in his act;] i. e. Never did make use of my name as a pretence for the war. *Warburton.*

[8] —— *true* reports,] *Reports* for *reporters.* Mr. Tollet observes that Holinshed, 1181, uses *records* for *vouchers;* and in *King Richard II,* our author has *wrongs* for *wrongers:*

" To rouse his *wrongs* and chase them to the bay."

See Vol. VIII, p. 66. Steevens.

That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause?[9] Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you 'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,[1]
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so:
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes[2] attend those wars

[9] Having *alike* your *cause?*] The meaning seems to be, *having the same cause as you to be offended with me.* But why, because he was offended with Antony, should he make war upon Cæsar? May it not be read thus:

——*Did he not rather*
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Hating *alike* our *cause? Johnson.*

The old reading is immediately explained by Antony's being the partner with Octavius in the cause against which his brother fought. *Steevens.*

Having alike your cause?] That is, *I* having alike your cause. The meaning is the same as if, instead of "against *my* stomach," our author had written—against *the stomach of me.* Did he not (says Antony) make wars against the inclination of me also, of me, who was engaged in the same cause with yourself? Dr. Johnson supposed that *having* meant, *he* having, and hence has suggested an unnecessary emendation. *Malone.*

[1] *As matter whole you* have not *to make it with,*] The original copy reads:

As matter whole you have *to make it with.*

Without doubt erroneously; I therefore only observe it, that the reader may more readily admit the liberties which the editors of this author's works have necessarily taken. *Johnson.*

The old reading may be right. It seems to allude to Antony's acknowledged neglect in aiding Cæsar; but yet Antony does not allow himself to be faulty upon the present cause alledged against him. *Steevens.*

I have not the smallest doubt that the correction, which was made by Mr. Rowe, is right. The structure of the sentence, "*As* matter," &c. proves decisively that *not* was omitted. Of all the errors that happen at the press, omission is the most frequent. *Malone.*

Which 'fronted[3] mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:[4]
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then

[2] —— *with* graceful *eyes* —] Thus the old copy reads, and, I believe, rightly. We still say, *I could not look* handsomely *on* such or such a proceeding. The modern editors read—*grateful*. *Steevens.*

[3] ——*fronted* —] i. e. *Opposed*. *Johnson.*
So, in *Cymbeline*:
" Your preparation can *affront* no less
" Than what you hear of." *Steevens.*

[4] *I would you had her spirit in such another:*] Antony means to say, I wish you had the spirit of Fulvia, embodied in such another woman as her; I wish you were married to such another spirited woman; and then you would find, that though you can govern the third part of the world, the management of such a woman is not an easy matter.

By the words, you *had* her spirit, &c. Shakspeare, I apprehend, meant, you were *united to*, or possessed of, *a woman with* her spirit.

Having formerly misapprehended this passage, and supposed that Antony wished Augustus to *be actuated* by a spirit similar to Fulvia's, I proposed to read—*e'en* such another, *in* being frequently printed for *e'en* in these plays. But there is no need of change. *Malone.*

Such, I believe, should be omitted, as both the verse and meaning are complete without it:

I would you had her spirit in another.

The compositor's eye might have caught the here superfluous *such*, from the next line but one, in which *such* is absolutely necessary both to the sense and metre.

The plain meaning of Antony is—I wish you had my wife's spirit *in* another wife;—i. e. in a wife of your own. *Steevens.*

Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself;[5] which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour's sacred[6] which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath, —

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them;

[5] *I told him of myself;*] i. e. told him the condition I was in, when he had his last audience. *Warburton.*

[6] *The honour's* sacred —] *Sacred,* for unbroken, unviolated. *Warburton.*

Dr. Warburton seems to understand this passage thus; *The honour which he* talks *of me as* lacking, *is* unviolated. *I never lacked it.* This, perhaps, may be the true meaning; but, before I read the note, I understood it thus: Lepidus interrupts Cæsar, on the supposition that what he is about to say will be too harsh to be endured by Antony; to which Antony replies—*No, Lepidus, let him speak; the security of* honour on which he now speaks, *on which this conference is held now,* is sacred, *even* supposing that I lacked *honour* before. *Johnson.*

Antony, in my opinion, means to say—The theme of honour which he now speaks of, namely, the religion of an oath, for which he supposes me not to have a due regard, is sacred; it is a tender point, and touches my character nearly. Let him therefore urge his charge, that I may vindicate myself. *Malone.*

I do not think that either Johnson's or Malone's explanation of this passage is satisfactory. The true meaning of it appears to be this:—"Cæsar accuses Antony of a breach of honour in denying to send him aid when he required it, which was contrary to his oath. Antony says, in his defence, that he did not deny his aid, but, in the midst of dissipation, neglected to send it: that having now brought his forces to join him against Pompey, he had redeemed that error; and that therefore the honour which Cæsar talked of, was *now* sacred and inviolate, supposing that he had been somewhat deficient before, in the performance of that engagement."—The adverb *now* refers to *is,* not to *talks on;* and the line should be pointed thus:

The honour's sacred that he talks on, now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. *M. Mason.*

The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I 'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it:[7] Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.[8]

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs[9] between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.[1]

Lep. Worthily spoke, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent,[2] I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to then; your considerate stone.[3]

[7] —— *nor my power*
Work without it:] Nor my greatness work without mine honesty. *Malone.*

[8] *'Tis* nobly *spoken.*] Thus the second folio. The first—*noble. Steevens.*

[9] *The* griefs —] i. e. grievances. See Vol. VIII, p. 306, n. 8. *Malone.*

[1] —— *to* atone *you.*] i. e. reconcile you. See *Cymbeline*, Vol. XVI, p. 23, n. 1. *Steevens.*

[2] *That truth should be silent,*] We find a similar sentiment in *King Lear:* "Truth 's a dog that must to kennel,—." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *your considerate stone.*] This line is passed by all the editors, as if they understood it, and believed it universally intelligible. I cannot find in it any very obvious, and hardly any possible, meaning. I would therefore read:

Go to then, you *considerate* ones.

You who dislike my frankness and temerity of speech, and are so *considerate* and discreet, *go to,* do your own business. *Johnson.*

I believe, *Go to then; your* considerate stone, means only this:—*If I must be chidden,* henceforward I will be mute as a marble.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech:[4] for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch,[5] from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.
Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar, —
Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.
Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.
Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa;[6]
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd[7] of rashness.

statue, which seems to think, though it can say nothing. *As silent as a stone*, however, might have been once a common phrase. So, in the interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1598:

" Bring thou in thine, Mido, and see thou be *a stone*.
" *Mido.*] *A stone*, how should that be, &c.
" *Rebecca.*] I meant *thou should'st nothing say*."

Again, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

" Guy let it passe *as still as stone*,
" And to the steward word spake none."

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*, Act III, sc. i:

" A *stone is silent* and offendeth not."

Mr. Tollet explains the passage in question thus: " I will henceforth seem senseless as a stone, however I may observe and consider your words and actions." *Steevens.*

The metre of this line is deficient. It will be perfect, and the sense rather clearer, if we read (without altering a letter):

——*your consideratest one.*

I doubt, indeed, whether this adjective is ever used in the superlative degree; but in the mouth of Enobarbus it might be pardoned. *Blackstone.*

[4] *I do not much dislike the* matter, *but*
The manner of his speech:] I do not, says Cæsar, think the man wrong, but too free of his interposition; *for it cannot be, we shall remain in friendship: yet if it were possible, I would endeavour it. Johnson.*

[5] *What* hoop *should hold us staunch,*] So, in *King Henry IV*, Part II:

" A *hoop* of gold, to bind thy brothers in —." *Steevens.*

[6] *Say not* so, *Agrippa;*] The old copy has—*Say not* **say. Mr.** Rowe made this necessary correction. *Malone.*

[7] ——*your reproof*
Were well deserv'd —] In the old edition:

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.
Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak.
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be but tales,[8]
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.
Ant. Will Cæsar speak?
Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.[9]

—— *your* proof
Were well deserved—

which Mr. Theobald, with his usual triumph, changes to *approof*, which he explains, *allowance*. Dr. Warburton inserted *reproof* very properly into Hanmer's edition, but forgot it in his own. *Johnson.*

Your *reproof* &c.] That is, you might be reproved for your rashness, and would well deserve it.—*Your* reproof, means, the reproof you would undergo. The expression is rather licentious; but one of a similar nature occurs in *The Custom of the Country*, where Arnoldo, speaking to the Physician, says:

" —— And by your success
" In all your undertakings, propagate
" Your great opinion in the world."

Here, *your* opinion means, the opinion conceived of you. *M. Mason.*

Dr. Warburton's emendation is certainly right. The error was one of many which are found in the old copy, in consequence of the transcriber's ear deceiving him. So, in another scene of this play, we find in the first copy—*mine nightingale*, instead of *my* nightingale; in *Coriolanus*, news is *coming*, for news is *come in*; in the same play, *higher* for *hire*, &c. &c. *Malone.*

[8] —— but *tales*,] The conjunction—*but*, was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to perfect the metre. We might read, I think, with less alliteration—*as* tales. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *already*.] This adverb may be fairly considered as an interpolation. Without enforcing the sense, it violates the measure. *Steevens.*

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
To make this good?
Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.
Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!
Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!
Lep. Happily, amen!
Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;[1]
At heel of that, defy him.
Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us[2] must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.
Ant. And where[3] lies he?
Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.
Ant. What 's his strength
By land?
Cæs. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.
Ant. So is the fame.
Would, we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

[1] *Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;*] Lest I be thought too willing to forget benefits, I must barely return him thanks, and then I will defy him. *Johnson.*

[2] *Of us* &c.] In the language of Shakspeare's time, means—by us. *Malone.*

[3] And *where*—] *And* was supplied by Sir Thomas [illegible] *for the sake of metre.* *Steevens.*

Cæs. With most gladness;[4]
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.
Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.
Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me. [*Flourish. Exeunt* CÆS. ANT. *and* LEP.

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!—my honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested. You stay'd well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She 's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.[5]

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.[6]

Agr. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:
The barge she sat in,[7] like a burnish'd throne,

[4] —— most *gladness;*] i. e. greatest. So, in *King Henry VI,* Part I:

"But always resolute in *most* extremes." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *be* square *to her.*] i. e. if report *quadrates* with her, or suits with her merits. *Steevens.*

[6] *When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.*] This passage is a strange instance of negligence and inattention in Shakspeare. Enobarbus is made to say that Cleopatra gained Antony's heart on the river Cydnus; but it appears from the conclusion of his own description, that Antony had never seen her there; that, whilst she was on the river, Antony was sitting alone, enthroned in the market-place, whistling to the air, all the people having left him to gaze upon her: and that, when she landed, he sent to her to invite her to supper. M. Mason.

[7] *The barge she sat in,* &c.] The reader may not be displeased

Burn'd on the water:[8] the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,[9]
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.[1]

with the present opportunity of comparing our author's description with that of Dryden:

" Her galley down the silver Cydnus row'd,
" The tackling, silk, the streamers wav'd with gold,
" The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails:
" Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were plac'd.
" Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.—
" She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
" And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
" As if, secure of all beholders' hearts,
" Neglecting she could take 'em: Boys, like Cupids,
" Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds
" That play'd about her face: But if she smil'd,
" A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad;
" That men's desiring eyes were never wearied,
" But hung upon the object: To soft flutes
" The silver oars kept time; and while they play'd,
" The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
" And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or somewhat more;
" For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds
" Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
" To give their welcome voice." *Reed.*

[8] —— *like a burnish'd* throne,
Burn'd *on the water:*] The same idea occurs in Chapman's translation of the tenth Book of the *Odyssey*:

" —— In a *throne* she plac'd
" My welcome person. Of a curious frame
" 'Twas, and so bright, I *sat as in a flame.*" *Steevens.*

[9] *O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,* &c.] Meaning the Venus of Protogenes, mentioned by Pliny, L. XXXV, c. x.

[1] *And what they undid, did.*] It might be read [illegible]
And what they did, undid. *Johnson.*

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,[2]
And made their bends adornings:[3] at the helm

The reading of the old copy is, I believe, right. The wind of the fans seemed to give a new colour to Cleopatra's cheeks, which they were employed to cool; and *what they undid*, i. e. that warmth which they were intended to diminish or allay, *they did*, i. e. they seemed to produce. *Malone.*

[2] —— *tended her i' the eyes,*] Perhaps *tended her* by th' *eyes*, discovered her will by her eyes. *Johnson.*

So, Spenser, *Fairy Queen*, B. I, c. iii:

" —— he wayted diligent,
" With humble service to her will prepar'd;
" *From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,*
" *And by her looks conceited her intent.*"

Again, in our author's 149th Sonnet:

" Commanded by the motion of thine eyes."

The words of the text *may*, however, only mean, they performed their duty in the sight of their mistress. *Malone.*

[3] *And made their bends* adornings:] This is sense indeed, and may be understood thus:—Her maids bowed with so good an air, that it added new graces to them. But this is not what Shakspeare would say. Cleopatra, in this famous scene, personated Venus just rising from the waves; at which time, the mythologists tell us, the sea-deities surrounded the goddess to *adore*, and pay her homage. Agreeably to this fable, Cleopatra had dressed her maids, the poet tells us, like Nereids. To make the whole, therefore, conformable to the story represented, we may be assured, Shakspeare wrote:

And made their bends adorings.

They did her observance in the posture of *adoration*, as if she had been Venus. *Warburton.*

That Cleopatra personated Venus, we know; but that Shakspeare was acquainted with the circumstance of homage being paid her by the deities of the sea, is by no means as certain. The old term will probably appear the more elegant of the two to modern readers, who have heard so much about *the line of beauty*. The whole passage is taken from the following in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch: " She disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the riuer of Cydnus, the poope whereof was of golde, the sailes of purple, and the owers of siluer, whiche kept stroke in rowing after the sounde of the musicke of flutes, howboyes, citherns, viols, and such other instruments as they played vpon in the barge. And now for the person of her selfe: she was layed under a pauillion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the Goddesse Venus, commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretie faire boyes apparelled as painters do set forth God

A seeming Mermaid steers; the silken tackle

Cupide, with little fannes in their hands, with the which they fanned wind vpon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were apparelled like the nymphes Nereides (which are the mermaides of the waters) and like the Graces, some stearing the helme, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderfull passing sweete sauor of perfumes, that perfumed the wharfes side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all alongst the riuer's side: others also ranne out of the citie to see her coming in. So that in thend, there ranne such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market place, in his imperiall seate to geve audience:" &c. *Steevens.*

There are few passages in these plays more puzzling than this; but the commentators seem to me to have neglected entirely the difficult part of it, and to have confined all their learning and conjectures to that which requires but little, if any explanation: for if their interpretation of the words, *tended her i' the eyes*, be just, the obvious meaning of the succeeding line will be, that in paying their obeisance to Cleopatra, the humble inclination of their bodies was so graceful, that it added to their beauty.

Warburton's amendment, the reading *adorings*, instead of *adornings*, would render the passage less poetical, and it cannot express the sense he wishes for, without an alteration; for although, as Mr. Steevens justly observes, the verb *adore* is frequently used by the ancient dramatick writers in the sense of *to adorn*, I do not find that *to adorn* was reciprocally used in the sense of *to adore*. Tollet's explanation is ill imagined; for though the word *band* might formerly have been spelled with an *e*, and a troop of beautiful attendants would add to the general magnificence of the scene, they would be more likely to eclipse than to increase the charms of their mistress. And as for Malone's conjecture, though rather more ingenious, it is just as ill founded. That a particular bend of the eye may add lustre to the charms of a beautiful woman, every man must have felt; and it must be acknowledged that the words, *their bends*, may refer to the eyes of Cleopatra; but the word *made* must necessarily refer to her gentlewomen: and it would be absurd to say that *they* made the bends of *her* eyes, adornings. But all these explanations, from the first to the last, are equally erroneous, and are founded on a supposition that the passage is correct, and that the words, *tended her i' the eyes*, must mean, that her attendants watched her eyes, and from them received her commands. How those words can, by any possible construction, imply that meaning, the editors have not shewn, nor can I conceive. Of this I am certain, that if such arbitrary and fanciful interpretations be admitted, we shall be able to extort what sense we please from any combination of words.—*The passage*, as it stands, appears to me to be unintelligible; but it may be amended by a very slight

Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,

from the text, by reading, *the guise*, instead of *the eyes*, and then it will run thus:

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the guise,
And made their bends, adornings.

In the guise, means in the form of mermaids, who were supposed to have the head and body of a beautiful woman, concluding in a fish's tail: and by the bends *which they made adornings*, Enobarbus means the flexure of the fictitious fishes' tails, in which the limbs of the women were necessarily involved, in order to carry on the deception, and which it seems they adapted with so much art as to make them an ornament, instead of a deformity. This conjecture is supported by the very next sentence, where Enobarbus, proceeding in his description, says:

" ——— at the helm
" A seeming mermaid steers." *M. Mason.*

In many of the remarks of Mr. M. Mason I perfectly concur, though they are subversive of opinions I had formerly hazarded. On the present occasion, I have the misfortune wholly to disagree with him.

His deviation from the text cannot be received; for who ever employed the phrase he recommends, without adding somewhat immediately after it, that would determine its precise meaning? We may properly say—in the guise *of a shepherd, of a friar*, or *of a Nereid*. But to tell us that Cleopatra's women attended her " in *the guise*," without subsequently informing us what that guise was, is phraseology unauthorized by the practice of any writer I have met with. In *Cymbeline*, Posthumus says:

" To shame *the guise of the* world, I will begin
" The fashion, less without, and more within."

If the word the commentator would introduce had been genuine, and had referred to the antecedent, *Nereides*, Shakspeare would most probably have said—" tended her in *that* guise:"—at least he would have employed some expression to connect his supplement with the foregoing clause of his description. But—" in the *guise*" seems unreducible to sense, and unjustifiable on every principle of grammar.—Besides, when our poet had once absolutely declared these women were like Nereides or Mermaids, would it have been necessary for him to subjoin that they appeared in the form, or with the accoutrements of such beings? for how else could they have been distinguished?

Yet, whatever grace the tails of legitimate mermaids might boast of in their native element, they must have produced but awkward effects when taken out of it, and exhibited on the deck of a galley. Nor can I conceive that our fair representatives of these nymphs of the sea were much more adroit and picturesque in their motions: for when their legs were cramped within the fictitious tails the commentator has made for them, I do not discover how they could have undulated their hinder parts in a

That yarely frame the office.[4] From the barge

lucky imitation of semi-fishes. Like poor Elkanah Settle, in his dragon of green leather, they could only wag the *remigium caudæ* without ease, variety, or even a chance of *labouring into a* graceful *curve*. I will undertake, in short, the expense of providing characteristick tails for any set of mimick Nereides, if my opponent will engage to teach them the exercise of these adscititious terminations, so "as to render them a grace instead of a deformity." In such an attempt a party of British chambermaids would prove as docile as an equal number of Egyptian maids of honour.

It may be added also, that the Sirens and descendants of Nereus, are understood to have been complete and beautiful women, whose breed was uncrossed by the salmon or dolphin tribes; and as such they are uniformly described by Greek and Roman poets. Antony, in a future scene, (though perhaps with reference to this adventure on the Cydnus,) has styled Cleopatra his *Thetis*, a goddess whose train of Nereids is circumstantially depicted by Homer, though without a hint that the vertebræ of their backs were lengthened into tails. Extravagance of shape is only met with in the lowest orders of oceanick and terrestrial deities. Tritons are furnished with fins and tails, and Satyrs have horns and hoofs. But a Nereid's tail is an unclassical image adopted from modern sign-posts, and happily exposed to ridicule by Hogarth, in his print of *Strolling Actresses dressing in a Barn*. What Horace too has reprobated as a disgusting combination, can never hope to be received as a pattern of the graceful:

"—— ut *turpiter* atrum
"Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne."

I allow that the figure at the helm of the vessel was likewise a Mermaid or Nereid; but all mention of a tail is wanting there, as in every other passage throughout the dramas of our author, in which a Mermaid is introduced.

For reasons like these, (notwithstanding in support of our commentator's appendages, and the present female fashion of bolstered hips and cork rumps, we might read, omitting only a single letter—"*made their* ends *adornings*;"—and though I have not forgotten Bayes's advice to an actress—"Always, madam, up with your *end*,") I should unwillingly confine the graces of Cleopatra's Nereids, to the flexibility of their pantomimick tails. For these, however ornamentally wreathed like Virgil's snake, or respectfully lowered like a lictor's fasces, must have afforded less decoration than the charms diffused over their unsophisticated parts, I mean, the bending of their necks and arms, the rise and fall of their bosoms, and the general elegance of submission paid by them to the vanity of their royal mistress.

The plain sense of the contested passage seems to be—that these Ladies rendered that homage which their assumed characters *obliged them* to pay to their Queen, a circumstance ornamental to themselves. Each inclined her person so gracefully

A strange invisible perfume hits the sense

that the very act of humiliation was an improvement of her own beauty.

The foregoing notes supply a very powerful instance of the uncertainty of verbal criticism; for here we meet with the same phrase explained with reference to four different images—BOWS, GROUPS, EYES, and TAILS. *Steevens.*

A passage in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, quarto, no date, may serve to illustrate that before us:

"The naked nymphes, some up, some downe descending,
"Small scattering flowres one at another flung,
"With *pretty turns* their lymber bodies *bending*, —."

I once thought, *their bends* referred to Cleopatra's eyes, and not to her gentlewomen. Her attendants, in order to learn their mistress's will, watched the motion of her eyes, the *bends* or movements of which added new lustre to her beauty. See the quotation from Shakspeare's 149th Sonnet, p. 244.

In our author we frequently find the word *bend* applied to the eye. Thus, in the first Act of this play:

"—— those his goodly *eyes*
"—— now *bend*, now turn," &c.

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"Although they wear their faces to the *bent*
"Of the king's looks."

Again, more appositely, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"And that same *eye*, whose *bend* doth awe the world."

Mr. Mason, remarking on this interpretation, acknowledges that "*their bends* may refer to Cleopatra's eyes, but the word *made* must refer to her gentlewomen, and it would be absurd to say that *they* made the bends of *her* eyes adornings." Assertion is much easier than proof. In what does the absurdity consist? They thus standing near Cleopatra, and discovering her will by the eyes, *were the cause* of her appearing more beautiful, in consequence of the frequent motion of her eyes; i. e. (in Shakspeare's language) this their situation and office was the cause, &c. We have, in every page of this author such diction. But I shall not detain the reader any longer on so clear a point; especially as I now think that the interpretation of these words given originally by Dr. Warburton is the *true one*.

Bend being formerly sometimes used for a *band* or *troop*, Mr. Tollet very idly supposes that the word has that meaning here.

Malone.

I had determined not to enter into a controversy with the editors on the subject of any of my former comments; but I cannot resist the impulse I feel, to make a few remarks on the strictures of Mr. Steevens, both on the amendment I proposed in this passage, and my explanation of it; for if I could induce him to accede to my opinion, it would be the highest gratification to me.

His objection to the amendment I have proposed, that of *reading in the guise* instead of *in the eyes*, is, that the phrase in the

Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,

guise cannot be properly used, without adding somewhat to it, to determine precisely the meaning; and this, as a general observation, is perfectly just, but it does not apply in the present case; for the preceding lines,

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids,

and the subsequent line,

A seeming mermaid *steers;*

very clearly point out the meaning of the word *guise*. If you ask *in what guise?* I answer in the *guise of mermaids;* and the connection is sufficiently clear even for prose, without claiming any allowance for poetical licence. But this objection may be entirely done away, by reading *that* guise instead of *the* guise, which I should have adopted, if it had not departed somewhat farther from the text.

With respect to my explanation of the words, *and made their bends adornings*, I do not think that Mr. Steevens's objections are equally well founded.

He says that a mermaid's tail is an unclassical image, adopted from modern sign posts: that such a being as a mermaid did never actually exist, I will readily acknowledge. But the idea is not of modern invention. In the oldest books of heraldry you will find *mermaids* delineated in the same form that they are at this day. The crest of my own family, for some centuries, has been a *mermaid;* and the Earl of Howth, of a family much more ancient, which came into England with the Conqueror, has a *mermaid* for one of his supporters.

Boyse tells us, in his *Pantheon*, on what authority I cannot say, that the Syrens were the daughters of Achelous, that their lower parts were like fishes, and their upper parts like women; and Virgil's description of Scylla, in his third *Æneid*, corresponds exactly with our idea of a *mermaid:*

" Prima hominis facies, and pulchro pectore virgo
" Pube tenus, postrema immani corpore pristis."

I have, therefore, no doubt but this was Shakspeare's idea also. Mr. Steevens's observations on the awkward and ludicrous situation of Cleopatra's attendants, when involved in their fishes' tails, is very jocular and well imagined; but his jocularity proceeds from his not distinguishing between reality and deception. If a modern fine lady were to represent a *mermaid* at a masquerade, she would contrive, I have no doubt, to dress in that character, yet to preserve the free use of all her limbs, and that with ease; for the mermaid is not described as resting on the extremity of her tail, but on one of the *bends of it, sufficiently broad to conceal the feet.*

Notwithstanding the arguments of Malone and Steevens, and the deference I have for their opinions, I can find no sense in this passage as they have printed it. *M. Mason.*

Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone[5] to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better, he became her guest;
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.[6]

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not;
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety:[7] Other women

[4] *That yarely frame the office.*] i. e. readily and dexterously perform the task they undertake. See Vol. II, p. 9, n. 2. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *which, but for vacancy,*
Had gone —] Alluding to an axiom in the peripatetic philosophy then in vogue, that *Nature abhors a vacuum.* *Warburton.*
But for vacancy, means, for *fear* of a *vacuum.* *Malone.*

[6] *For what his* eyes eat *only.*] Thus Martial:
"Inspexit molles pueros, *oculisque comedit.*" *Steevens.*

[7] *Age cannot wither her, nor custom* stale
Her infinite variety:] Such is the praise bestowed by Shakspeare on his heroine; a praise that well deserves the consideration of our female readers. Cleopatra, as appears from the tetradrachms of Antony, was no Venus; and indeed the majority of ladies who most successfully enslaved the hearts of princes, are known to have been less remarkable for personal than mental attractions. The reign of insipid beauty is seldom lasting; but permanent must be the rule of a woman who can diversify the sameness of life by an inexhausted variety of accomplishments.
To stale is a verb employed by Heywood, in The Iron Age, 1632:
"One that hath stal'd his courtly tricks at home." *Steevens.*

Cloy th' appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies.[8] For vilest things
Become themselves in her;[9] that the holy priests[1]
Bless her, when she is riggish.[2]

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.[3]

[8] —— *Other women*
Cloy th' appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies.] Almost the same thought, clothed nearly in the same expressions, is found in the old play of *Pericles*:

"Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
"The more she gives them speech."

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
"But rather famish them amid their plenty." *Malone.*

[9] —— *For* vilest things
Become *themselves in her*;] So, in our author's 150th Sonnet:

"Whence hast thou this *becoming* of *things ill?*" *Malone.*

[1] —— *the holy priests*, &c.] In this, and the foregoing description of Cleopatra's passage down the Cydnus, Dryden seems to have emulated Shakspeare, and not without success:

"—— she 's dangerous:
"Her eyes have power beyond Thessalian charms,
"To draw the moon from heaven. For eloquence,
"The sea-green sirens taught her voice their flattery;
"And, while she speaks, night steals upon the day,
"Unmark'd of those that hear: Then, she 's so charming,
"Age buds at sight of her, and swells to youth:
"The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles;
"And with heav'd hands, forgetting gravity,
"They bless her wanton eyes. Even I who hate her,
"With a malignant joy behold such beauty,
"And while I curse desire it."

Be it remembered, however, that, in both instances, without a spark from Shakspeare, the blaze of Dryden might not have been enkindled. *Reed.*

[2] —— *when she is* riggish.] *Rigg* is an ancient word meaning a strumpet. So, in Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576:

"Then loath they will both lust and wanton love,
"Or else be sure such *ryggs* my care shall prove."

Again:

"Immodest *rigg*, I Ovid's counsel usde."

Again, in Churchyard's *Dolorous Gentlewoman*, 1593:

"About the streets was gadding, gentle *rigge*,
"With clothes tuckt up to set bad ware to sale,
"For youth good stuffe, and for olde age a stale." Steevens.

[3] —— *Octavia is*
A blessed lottery to him.] Dr. Warburton says, the poet

Agr. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.
Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Cæsar's *House.*

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA *between them; Attendants, and a* Soothsayer.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.
Octa. All which time,
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers[4]
To them for you.
Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—
Octa. Good night, sir.[5]

wrote *allottery*, but there is no reason for this assertion. The ghost of Andrea, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, says:

" Minos in graven leaves of *lottery*
" Drew forth the manner of my life and death." *Farmer.*

Lottery for *allotment*. *Henley.*

[4] —— *shall bow* my *prayers* —] The same construction is found in *Coriolanus*, Act I, sc. i:

" *Shouting their* emulation."

Again, in *King Lear*, Act II, sc. ii:

" *Smile you* my speeches?"

Modern editors have licentiously read:

—— *bow* in *prayers*. *Steevens.*

[5] Ant. —— *Good night, dear lady.*—
Octa. *Good night, sir.*] These last words, which in the only authentick copy of this play are given to Antony, the modern editors have assigned to Octavia. I see no need of change. He addresses himself to Cæsar, who immediately replies, *Good night.* *Malone.*

I have followed the second folio, which puts these words (with sufficient propriety) into the mouth of Octavia. *Steevens.*

Antony has already said " Good night, sir," to Cæsar, in the three first words of his speech. The repetition would be absurd.

The editor of the second folio appears, from this and numberless other instances, to have had a copy of the first folio corrected by the players, or some other well-informed person. *Ritson.*

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt* Cæs. *and* Octa.

Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you Thither![6]

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see 't in
My motion, have it not in my tongue:[7] But yet
Hie you again to Egypt.[8]

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon, that 's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear,[9] as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.

[6] *'Would I had never come from thence, nor you Thither!*] Both the sense and grammar require that we should read *hither*, instead of *thither*. To come *hither* is English, but to come *thither* is not. The soothsayer advises Antony to hie back to Egypt, and for the same reason wishes he had never come to Rome; because when they were together, Cæsar's genius had the ascendant over his. *M. Mason.*

[7] *I see 't in*
My motion, *have it not in my tongue:*] i. e. the divinitory agitation. *Warburton.*

Mr. Theobald reads, with some probability, I see it in my *notion*. *Malone.*

[8] *Hie you again to Egypt.*] Old copy, unmetrically:
Hie you to Egypt again. Steevens.

[9] *Becomes a* Fear,] Mr. Upton reads:
Becomes afear'd, ——
The common reading is more poetical. *Johnson.*

A *Fear* was a personage in some of the old moralities. Beaumont and Fletcher allude to it in *The Maid's Tragedy*, where Aspasia is instructing her servants how to describe her situation in needle-work:

" —— and then a *Fear:*
" Do that *Fear* bravely, wench." ——

Spenser had likewise personified *Fear*, in the 12th canto of the third Book of his *Fairy Queen*. In the sacred writings *Fear* is also a person:

" I will put a Fear in the land of Egypt." *Exodus.*

The *whole thought* is borrowed from Sir T. North's translation of *Plutarch*: " With Antonius there was a [illegible]

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,[1]
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away,[2] 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him:—[*Exit* Sooth.
He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails[3] ever

astronomer of Ægypt, that coulde cast a figure, and iudge of men's natiuities, to tell them what should happen to them. He, either to please Cleopatra, or else for that he founde it so by his art, told Antonius plainly, that his fortune (which of it selfe was excellent good, and very great) was altogether blemished, and obscured by Cæsar's fortune: and therefore he counselled him vtterly to leaue his company, and to get him as farre from him as he could. For thy Demon said he, (that is to say, the good angell and spirit that keepeth thee) is affraied of his: and being coragious and high when he is alone, becometh fearfull and timerous when he commeth neere vnto the other." *Steevens.*

Our author has a little lower expressed his meaning more plainly:

" —— I say again, *thy spirit*
" Is all *afraid* to govern thee near him."

We have this sentiment again in *Macbeth:*

" ———— near him,
" My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
" Mark Antony's was by Cæsar's."

The old copy reads—*that* thy spirit. The correction, which was made in the second folio, is supported by the foregoing passage in Plutarch, but I doubt whether it is necessary. *Malone.*

[1] —— *thy lustre* thickens,] So, in *Macbeth:*
" —— light *thickens*, —." *Steevens.*

[2] *But, he* away,] Old copy—*alway.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

[3] —— *his quails* —] The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks. *Johnson.*

So, in the old translation of Plutarch: " For, it is said, that as often as they two drew cuts for pastime, who should have any thing, or whether they plaied at dice, Antonius alway lost. Often-

Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds.[4] I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies:—O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia; your commission 's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A Street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.
Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we 'll follow.
Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at mount[5]
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about;
You 'll win two days upon me.
Mec. Agr. Sir, good success!
Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

times when they were disposed to see cockefight, or quailes that were taught to fight one with another, Cæsars cockes or quailes did euer ouercome." *Steevens.*

[4] —— inhoop'd, *at odds.*] Thus the old copy. *Inhoop'd* is *inclosed, confined,* that they may fight. The modern editions read:

Beat mine, in whoop'd-at *odds.* —— *Johnson.*

Shakspeare gives us the practice of his own time; and there is no occasion for *in whoop'd at,* or any other alteration. John Davies begins one of his Epigrams upon Proverbs:

" He sets cocke *on* the hoope, *in,* you would say;
" For cocking *in hoopes* is now all the play." *Farmer.*

The attempt at emendation, however, deserves some respect; as, in *As You Like It,* Celia says: " — and after that *out of all whooping.*" *Steevens.*

At odds was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time, So, in *Mortimeriados,* by Michael Drayton, no date:

" She straight begins to bandy him about,
" *At* thousand *odds,* before the set goes out." **Malone.**

[5] —— *at mount* —] i. e. Mount *Misenum.* **Steevens.**

Our author probably wrote—a' the mount. **Malone.**

SCENE V.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some musick; musick, moody food[6]
Of us that trade in love.
Attend. The musick, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards:[7]
Come, Charmian.
Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman;—Come, you 'll play with me, sir?
Mar. As well as I can, madam,
Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though it come too short,
The actor may plead pardon.[8] I 'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,—We 'll to the river: there,
My musick playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes;[9] my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I 'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you 're caught.

[6] *musick*, moody *food*—] The *mood* is the *mind*, or *mental disposition*. Van Haaren's panegyrick on the English begins, *Grootmoedig Volk*, [*great-minded nation*.] Perhaps here is a poor jest intended between *mood* the *mind* and *moods* of musick. *Johnson.*

Moody, in this instance, means *melancholy*. Cotgrave explains *moody*, by the French words, *morne* and *triste*. *Steevens.*

So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
"But *moody* and dull *melancholy*?" *Malone.*

[7] —— *let us to* billiards:] This is one of the numerous anachronisms that are found in these plays. The game was not known in ancient times. *Malone.*

[8] *And when good will is show'd, though it come too short,*
The actor may plead pardon.] A similar sentiment has already appeared in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"For never any thing can be amiss,
"When simpleness and duty tender it." *Steevens.*

[9] *Tawny-finn'd fishes;*] The first copy reads:
Tawny fine *fishes*, ——. Johnson.
Corrected by Mr. Theobald. *Malone.*

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish[1] on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cleo. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.[2] O! from Italy;—
Enter a Messenger.
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings[3] in mine ears,

[1] *Did hang a salt-fish* &c.] This circumstance is likewise taken from Sir Thomas North's translation of the life of Antony in Plutarch. *Steevens.*

[2] ——— *whilst*
I wore his sword Philippan.] We are not to suppose, nor is there any warrant from history, that Antony had any particular sword so called. The dignifying weapons, in this sort, is a custom of much more recent date. This therefore seems a compliment *à posteriori*. We find Antony, afterwards, in this play, boasting of his own prowess at Philippi:

" *Ant.* Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
" His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
" The lean and wrinkled Cassius;" &c.

That was the greatest action of Antony's life; and therefore this seems a fine piece of flattery, intimating, that this sword ought to be denominated from that illustrious battle, in the same manner as modern heroes in romances are made to give their swords pompous names. *Theobald.*

[3] Ram *thou thy fruitful tidings*—] Shakspeare probably wrote, (as Sir T. Hanmer observes) *Rain thou* &c. *Rain* agrees better with the epithets *fruitful* and *barren*. So, in *Timon:*

" *Rain* sacrificial whisp'rings in his ear."

Again, in *The Tempest:*

" ——— Heavens *rain* grace!" *Steevens.*

I suspect no corruption. The term employed in the text is much in the style of the speaker; and is supported incontestably by a passage in *Julius Cæsar:*

" ——— I go to meet
" The noble Brutus, *thrusting* this *report*
" *Into his ears.*"

Again, in *Cymbeline:*

" ——— say, and speak thick,
" (Love's counsellor should *fill the bores of hearing,*
" *To the smothering of the sense,*) how far," &c.

Again, in *The Tempest:*

That long time have been barren.
Mess. Madam, madam,—
Cleo. Antony 's dead?—
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,[4]
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.
Mess. First, madam, he 's well.
Cleo. Why, there 's more gold. But, sirrah, mark; We use
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
Mess. Good madam, hear me.
Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there 's no goodness in thy face: If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings?[5] If not well,

" You *cram* these words *into my ears*, against
" The stomach of my sense." *Malone.*

Ram is a vulgar word, never used in our author's plays, but once by Falstaff, where he describes his situation in the buck-basket. In the passage before us, it is evidently a misprint for *rain*. The quotation from *Julius Cæsar* does not support the old reading at all, the idea being perfectly distinct. *Ritson.*

Ramm'd, however, occurs in *King John:*

" Have we *ramm'd* up your gates against the world."
Steevens.

[4] *But well and free*, &c.] This speech is but coldly imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The False One:*

" *Cleop.* What of him? Speak: if ill, Apollodorus,
" It is my happiness: and for thy news
" Receive a favour kings have kneel'd in vain for,'
" And kiss my hand." *Steevens.*

[5] ——— *If Antony*
Be free, and healthful,—why *so tart a favour*
To trumpet such good tidings?] The old copies have not the adverb—*why;* but, as Mr. M. Mason observes, somewhat was wanting in the second of these lines, both to the sense and to the metre. He has, therefore, no doubt but the passage ought to run thus:

——— *If Antony*
Be free, and healthful,—why *so tart a favour*
To usher *&c.*

I have availed myself of this necessary expletive, which I find also in Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition. Steevens.

Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.[6]

Mess. Will 't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar,[7] or not captive to him,
I 'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.[8]

Mess. Madam, he 's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou 'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay

I suspect a word was omitted at the press, and that Shakspeare wrote:

—— *If Antony*
Be free, and healthful, needs *so tart a favour*, &c. *Malone.*

[6] *Not like a* formal *man.*] Decent, regular. *Johnson.*

By a *formal* man, Shakspeare means, a man *in his senses. Informal* women, in *Measure for Measure*, is used for women *beside themselves. Steevens.*

A formal man, I believe, only means a man *in form*, i. e. *shape*. You should come in the *form* of a fury, and not in the *form* of a man. So, in *A mad World my Masters*, by Middleton, 1608:

" The very devil assum'd thee *formally*."

i. e. assumed thy form. *Malone.*

[7] *Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,*
Or friends with Cæsar, &c.] The old copy reads—*'tis* well. *Malone.*

We surely should read—*is well.* The Messenger is to have his reward, if he says, that Antony is *alive*, in *health*, and *either friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him. Tyrwhitt.*

[8] *I 'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail*
Rich pearls upon thee.] That is, I will give thee a kingdom: it being the eastern ceremony, at the coronation of their kings, to powder them with *gold-dust* and *seed-pearl.* So, Milton:

" —— the gorgeous east with liberal hand
" Showers on her kings barbaric *pearl* and *gold*."

In *The Life of Timur-bec, or Tamerlane*, written by a Persian contemporary author, are the following words, as translated by Mons. Petit de la Croix, in the account there given of his coronation, Book II, chap. i: " Les princes du sang royal & les emirs repandirent à pleines mains sur sa tête quantité d'or & de pierreries *selon la coûtume.*" *Warburton.*

The good precedence;[9] fy upon *but yet:*
But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack[1] of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He 's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.
Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He 's bound unto Octavia.
Cleo. For what good turn?
Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.
Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.
Mess. Madam, he 's married to Octavia.
Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*
Mess. Good madam, patience.
Cleo. What say you?—Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I 'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I 'll unhair thy head;
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.
Mess. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.
Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.
Mess. He 's married, madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.
[*Draws a Dagger.*[2]
Mess. Nay, then I 'll run:—
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*

[9] —— *it does allay*
The good precedence;] i. e. abates the good quality of what is already reported. *Steevens.*

[1] —— the *pack* —] A late editor [Mr. Capell] reads—*thy* pack. *Reed.*
I believe our author wrote—*thy* pack. *The, thee,* and *thy,* are frequently confounded in the old copy. *Malone.*

[2] —— *Draws a Dagger.*] The old copy—*Draw a Knife. Steevens.*
See Vol. VII, p. 56, n. 7. *Malone.*

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;[3]
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile![4] and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself;[5] since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

[3] —— *keep yourself within yourself;*] i. e. contain yourself, restrain your passion within bounds. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew:*
"Doubt not, my lord, we can *contain* ourselves." *Steevens.*

[4] *Melt Egypt into Nile!*] So, in the first scene of this play:
"Let Rome in Tyber *melt*," &c. *Steevens.*

[5] *These hands do lack nobility, that they strike*
A meaner than myself;] This thought seems to be borrowed from the laws of chivalry, which forbad a knight to engage with his inferior. So, in *Albumazar:*
"Stay; understand'st thou well the points of duel?
"Art born of gentle blood, and pure descent?—
"Was none of all thy lineage hang'd or cuckold?
"Bastard, or bastinado'd? is thy pedigree
"As long and wide as mine?—for otherwise
"Thou wert most unworthy, and 'twere loss of honour
"In me to fight." *Steevens.*

Perhaps here was intended an indirect censure of Queen Elizabeth, for her unprincely and unfeminine treatment of the amiable Earl of Essex. The play was probably not produced till after her death, when a stroke at her proud and passionate demeanour to her courtiers and maids of honour (for her majesty used to chastise *them* too) might be safely hazarded. In a subsequent part of this scene there is (as Dr. Grey has observed) an evident allusion to Elizabeth's enquiries concerning the person of her rival, Mary, Queen of Scots. *Malone.*

Mess. He is married, madam.
Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?
Mess. Should I lie, madam?
Cleo. O, I would, thou didst;
So half my Egypt were submerg'd,[6] and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes? Go, get thee hence;
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou would'st appear most ugly.[7] He is married?
Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Mess. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.
Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not!—What? thou 'rt sure of 't?[8]—Get thee hence:

[6] —— *were* submerg'd,] *Submerg'd* is whelmed under water, So, in *The Martial Maid*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:
" —— spoil'd, lost, and *submerg'd* in the inundation," &c.
Again, in Reynold's *God's Revenge against Murder*, Book III. Hist. xiv: " — as the cataracts of Nilus make it *submerge* and wash Egypt with her inundation." *Steevens.*

[7] ———— *to me*
Thou would'st appear most ugly.] So, in *King John*, Act III, sc. i:
" Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;
" This news hath made thee a *most ugly* man." *Steevens.*

[8] *That art not!—What? thou 'rt sure of* 't?] Old copy:
That art not what thou 'rt sure of. *Steevens.*
For this, which is not easily understood, Sir Thomas Hanmer has given:
That say'st but *what thou 'rt sure of!*
I am not satisfied with the change, which, though it affords sense, exhibits little spirit. I fancy the line consists only of abrupt starts:
O that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art—not what?—Thou 'rt sure on 't. Get thee hence:
That his fault should make a knave of thee that art—but what *shall I say thou art not?* Thou art then sure of this *marriage.*—Get thee hence.
Dr. Warburton has received Sir T. Hanmer's emendation. *Johnson.*

† In *Measure for Measure*, Act II, sc. ii, is a passage so much resembling this, that I cannot help pointing it out for the use of some future commentator, though I am unable to apply it with success to the very difficult line before us:

The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me; Lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit* Messenger.

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for 't now.

Lead me from hence,
I faint; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter:—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

" Drest in a little brief authority,
" *Most ignorant of what he 's most assur'd,*
" His glassy essence." *Steevens.*

That art not what thou 'rt sure of!] i. e. Thou art not an honest man, of which thou art thyself assured, but thou art, in my opinion, a knave by thy master's fault alone. *Tollet.*

A proper punctuation, with the addition of a single letter, will make this passage clear; the reading of *sure of 't*, instead of *sure of:*

O, that his fault should make a rogue of thee
That art not!—What? thou 'rt sure of 't?

That is, What? are you sure of what you tell me, that he is married to Octavia? *M. Mason.*

I suspect, the editors have endeavoured to correct this passage in the wrong place. Cleopatra begins now a little to recollect herself, and to be ashamed of having struck the servant for the fault of his master. She then very naturally exclaims:

O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
Thou art not what thou 'rt sore *of!*"

for so I would read, with the change of only one letter.—Alas, is it not strange, that the fault of Antony should make thee appear to me a knave, thee, that art innocent, and art not the cause of that ill news, in consequence of which thou art yet *sore* with my blows!

If it be said, that it is very harsh to suppose that Cleopatra means to say to the Messenger, that *he* is not himself that *information* which he brings, and which has now made him smart, let the following passage in *Coriolanus* answer the objection:

" Lest you should chance to whip your *information,*
" And beat the messenger that bids beware
" Of what is to be dreaded."

The Egyptian queen has beaten her *information.*

If the old copy be right, the meaning is—Strange, that his fault should make thee appear a knave, who art not that information of which thou bringest such certain assurance. *Malone.*

I have adopted the arrangement, &c. proposed, with singular acuteness, by Mr. M. Mason; and have the greater confidence in it, because I received the very same emendation from a gentleman who had never met with the work in which it first occurred. *Steevens.*

Report the feature of Octavia,[9] her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair:[1]—bring me word quickly.—
[*Exit* ALEX.
Let him for ever go:[2]—Let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
T' other way he 's a Mars:[3]—Bid you Alexas [*To* MAR.

[9] —— *the* feature *of Octavia,*] By *feature* seems to be meant, the cast and make of her face. *Feature*, however, anciently appears to have signified *beauty* in general.

So, in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617: "—rich thou art, *featured* thou art, feared thou art."

Spenser uses *feature* for the whole turn of the body. *Fairy Queen*, B. I, c. viii:

"Thus when they had the witch disrobed quite,
"And all her filthy *feature* open shown."

Again, in B. III, c. ix:

"She also doft her heavy haberjeon,
"Which the fair *feature of her limbs* did hide." *Steevens.*

Our author has already, in *As You Like It*, used *feature* for the general cast of face. See Vol. V, p. 88, n. 4. *Malone.*

[1] —— *let him not leave out*
The colour of her hair:] This is one of Shakspeare's masterly touches. Cleopatra, after bidding Charmian to enquire of the Messenger concerning the beauty, age, and temperament of Octavia, immediately adds, *let him not leave out the colour of her hair;* as from thence she might be able to judge for herself, of her rival's propensity to those pleasures, upon which her passion for Antony was founded. *Henley.*

Verily, I would, for the instruction of mine ignorance, that the commentator had dealt more diffusedly on this delectable subject, for I can in no wise divine what coloured hair is to be regarded as most indicative of venereal motions: perhaps indeed the κόμαι χρύσιαι; and yet, without experience, certainty may still be wanting to mine appetite for knowledge. *Cuncta prius tentanda*, saith that waggish poet Ovidius Naso. *Amner.*

[2] *Let him for ever go:*] She is now talking in broken sentences, not of the Messenger, but Antony. *Johnson.*

[3] *T' other way he 's a Mars:*] In this passage the sense is clear, but, I think, may be much improved by a very little alteration.

Cleopatra, in her passion upon the news of Antony's marriage, says:

"Let him for ever go:—Let him *not*—Charmian,—
"Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
"T' other way he 's a Mars."

This, I think, would be more spirited thus:

Let him for ever go—let him—no,—Charmian;
Though he be painted, &c. Tyrwhitt.

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near Misenum.

Enter POMPEY, *and* MENAS, *at one side, with Drum and Trumpet: at another,* CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, *with Soldiers marching.*

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.
Cæs. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent:
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 't will tie up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.
Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,[4]
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what
Made the[5] all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.
Cæs. Take your time.

[4] —— *the good Brutus* ghosted,] This verb is also used by Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Preface, p. 22, edit. 1632. "What madnesse *ghosts* this old man? but what madnesse *ghosts* us all?" *Steevens.*

[5] *Made* the —] Thus the second folio. In the first, the article —*the* is omitted, to the manifest injury of the metre. *Steevens.*

Ant. Thou canst not fear us,[6] Pompey, with thy sails,
We 'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.
Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:[7]
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,[8]
Remain in 't, as thou may'st.
Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present[9]) how you take
The offers we have sent you.
Cæs. There 's the point.
Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.
Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.
Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send

[6] *Thou canst not* fear *us,*] Thou canst not affright us with thy numerous navy. *Johnson.*
So, in *Measure for Measure:*
" Setting it up, to *fear* the birds of prey." *Steevens.*

[7] *At land, indeed,*
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:] At land indeed thou dost exceed me in possessions, having added to thy own my father's house. *O'er-count* seems to be used equivocally, and Pompey perhaps meant to insinuate that Antony not only *outnumbered,* but had *over-reached,* him. The circumstance here alluded to our author found in the old translation of Plutarch: " Afterwards, when Pompey's house was put to open sale, Antonius bought it; but when they asked him money for it, he made it very straunge, and was offended with them."
Again: "Whereupon Antonius asked him, [Sextus Pompeius] And where shall we sup? There, sayd Pompey; and showed him his admiral galley, which had six benches of owers: that said he is *my father's house* they have left me. He spake it to taunt Antonius, because *he had his father's house,* that was Pompey the Great." See p. 278, n. 9. *Malone.*

[8] *But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,* &c.] Since, like the cuckoo, that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can. *Johnson.*
So, in P. Holland's translation of Pliny, B. X, ch. ix:
" These (cuckows) lay alwaies in other birds' nests."
Steevens.

[9] —— *this is from the present,*] i. e. foreign to the object of *our* present discussion. See Vol. II, p. 10, n. 6. *Steevens.*

Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targe[1] undinted.
Cæs. Ant. Lep. That 's our offer.
Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.
Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.
Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.
Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.
Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;[2]
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.
Lep. Well met here.
Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.
Cæs. That 's the next to do.
Pom. We 'll feast each other, ere we part; and let us
Draw lots, who shall begin.
Ant. That will I, Pompey.
Pom. No, Antony, take the lot:[3] but, first,
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar

[1] *Our targe*—] Old copy, unmetrically—*targes*. *Steevens*.

[2] *What* counts *harsh fortune* casts &c.] Metaphor from making marks or lines in casting accounts in arithmetick. *Warburton*.

[3] —— *take the lot:*] Perhaps (a syllable being here wanting to the metre) our author wrote:
—— *take* we *the lot*. *Steevens*.

Grew fat with feasting there.
Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meanings,[4] sir.
Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then so much have I heard:—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried —
Eno. No more of that:—He did so.
Pom. What, I pray you?
Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.[5]
Pom. I know thee now; How far'st thou, soldier?
Eno. Well;
And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.
Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.
Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.
Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?
Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.
Pom. Come. [*Exeunt* POM. CÆS. ANT. LEP. *Soldiers and Attendants.*
Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—[*Aside.*]—You and I have known, sir.[6]
Eno. At sea, I think.
Men. We have, sir.
Eno. You have done well by water.
Men. And you by land.
Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me:[7] though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

[4] —— *meanings,*] Former editions, *meaning*. *Reed.*
The correction was suggested by Mr. Heath. *Malone.*

[5] *A certain queen to* Cæsar *in a* mattress.] i. e. To Julius Cæsar. *Steevens.*
This is from the margin of North's Plutarch, 1579: "*Cleopatra* trussed up *in a mattresse*, and so brought *to Cæsar*, upon *Apollodorus* backe." *Ritson.*

[6] *You and I have known, sir.*] i. e. been acquainted. So, in *Cymbeline*: "Sir, we have *known* together at Orleans." *Steevens.*

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophecy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.[8]

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark

[7] *I will praise any man that will praise me:*] The poet's art in delivering this humorous sentiment (which gives so very true and natural a picture of the commerce of the world) can never be sufficiently admired. The confession could come from none but a frank and rough character, like the speaker's: and the moral lesson insinuated under it, that *flattery* can make its way through the most stubborn manners, deserves our serious reflection. *Warburton.*

[8] —— *conversation.*] i. e. behaviour, manner of acting in common life. So, *in Psalm* xxxvii, 14: "— to slay such as be of upright *conversation.*" *Steevens.*

Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let 's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

On Board Pompey's *Galley, lying near* Misenum.

Musick. Enter Two or Three Servants, *with a Banquet.*[9]

1 *Serv.* Here they 'll be, man: Some o' their plants[1] are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.[2]

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition,[3]

[9] —— *with a* Banquet.] A banquet, in our author's time, frequently signified what we now call a desert; and from the following dialogue the word must here be understood in that sense. So, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602: "Their dinner is our *banquet* after dinner."

Again, in Heath's *Chronicle of the Civil Wars*, 1661: "*After dinner*, he was served with a *banquet*, in the conclusion whereof he knighted Alderman Viner." *Malone.*

[1] —— *Some o' their* plants —] *Plants*, besides its common meaning, is here used for the *foot*, from the Latin. *Johnson.*

So, in Thomas Lupton's *Third Booke of Notable Things*, 4to. bl. l: "Grinde mustarde with vineger, and rubbe it well on the *plants* or soles of the feete" &c.

Again, in Chapman's version of the sixteenth *Iliad*:

"Even to the low *plants* of his feete, his forme was altered." *Steevens.*

[2] *They have made him drink* alms-drink.] A phrase, amongst good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy. *Warburton.*

[3] *As they pinch one another by the disposition,*] A phrase equivalent to that now in use, of Touching one in a sore place. Warburton.

he cries out, *no more;* reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan[4] I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.[5]

[4] —— *a partizan* —] A pike. *Johnson.*
So, in *Hamlet:*
" Shall I strike at it with my *partizan?*" *Steevens.*

[5] *To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.*] This speech seems to be mutilated; to supply the deficiencies is impossible, but perhaps the sense was originally approaching to this:

To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it, is a very ignominious state; great offices *are the holes where eyes should be, which,* if eyes be wanting, *pitifully disaster the cheeks.* *Johnson.*

In the Eighth Book of *The Civil Wars*, by Daniel, st. 103, is a passage which resembles this, though it will hardly serve to explain it. The Earl of Warwick says to his confessor:

" I know that I am *fix'd unto a sphere,*
" *That is ordain'd to move.* It is the place
" My fate appoints me; and the region where
" I must, whatever happens there embrace.
" Disturbance, travail, labour, hope and fear,
" Are of that clime, ingender'd in that place;
" And action best, I see, becomes the best:
" The stars that have most glory, have no rest." *Steevens.*

The thought, though miserably expressed, appears to be this: That a man called into a high sphere, without being seen to move in it, is a sight as unseemly as the holes where the eyes should be, without the eyes to fill them. *M. Mason.*

I do not believe a single word has been omitted. The being called into a huge sphere, and not being seen to move in it, these two circumstances, says the speaker, resemble sockets in a face where eyes should be, [but are not] which *empty* sockets, or holes without eyes, pitifully disfigure the countenance.

The sphere in which the eye moves is an expression which Shakspeare has often used. Thus, in his 119th Sonnet:

" How have mine eyes out of their *spheres* been fitted," &c.

Again, in *Hamlet:*

" Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres." *Malone.*

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, *with other Captains.*

Ant. Thus do they, sir: [*to* CÆS.] They take the flow o' the Nile[6]
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean,[7] if dearth,
Or foizon, follow:[8] The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

[6] —— *They take the flow o' the Nile* —] Pliny, speaking of the Nile, says, "How high it riseth, is knowne by markes and measures taken of certain pits. The ordinary height of it is sixteen cubites Under that gage, the waters overflow not all. Above that stint, there are a let and hindrance, by reason that the later it is ere they bee fallen and downe againe. By these the seed, time is much of it spent, for that the earth is too wet. By the other there is none at all, by reason that the ground is drie and thirstie. The province taketh good keepe and reckoning of both, the one as well as the other. For when it is no higher than 12 cubites, it findeth extreame famine: yea, and at 13 it feeleth hunger still; 14 cubites comforts their hearts, 15 bids them take no care, but 16 affordeth them plentie and delicious dainties. So soone as any part of the land is freed from the water, streight waies it is sowed." Philemon Holland's Translation, 1601, B. V, c. ix. *Reed.*

Shakspeare seems rather to have derived his knowledge of this fact from Leo's *History of Africa*, translated by John Pory, folio, 1600: "Upon another side of the island standeth an house alone by itselfe, in the midst whereof there is a foure square cesterne or channel of eighteen cubits deep, whereinto the water of Nilus is conveyed by a certaine sluice under ground. And in the midst of the cesterne there is erected a certaine *piller*, which is *marked and divided into so many cubits as the cisterne containeth in depth.* And upon the seventeenth of June, when Nilus beginning to overflow, the water thereof conveied by the said sluce into the channel, increaseth daily. If the water reacheth only to the fifteenth cubit of the said *piller*, they hope for a fruitful yeere following; but if stayeth between the twelfth cubit and the fifteenth, then the increase of the yeere will prove but *mean;* if it resteth between the tenth and twelfth cubit, then it is a sign that corne will be solde ten ducates the bushel." *Malone.*

[7] —— *the mean,*] i. e. the middle. *Steevens.*

[8] *Or foizon, follow:*] *Foizon* is a French word signifying plenty, abundance. I am told that it is still in common use in the North. See Vol. II, p. 54, n. 6. Steevens.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I 'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me, you 'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things;[9] without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*

Pom. Say in mine ear: What is 't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, [*Aside.*

And hear me speak a word.[1]

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—

This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like it self; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

[9] *I have heard the Ptolemies'* pyramises *are very goodly things;*] *Pyramis* for *pyramid* was in common use in our author's time. So, in Bishop Corbet's *Poems*, 1647:

"Nor need the chancellor boast, whose *pyramis*
"Above the host and altar reared is."

From this word Shakspeare formed the English plural, *pyramises*, to mark the indistinct pronunciation of a man nearly intoxicated, whose tongue is now beginning to "split what it speaks." In other places he has introduced the Latin plural *pyramides*, which was constantly used by our ancient writers. So, in this play:

"My country's high *pyramides* —."

Again, in Sir Aston Cockain's *Poems*, 1658:

"Neither advise I thee to pass the seas,
"To take a view of the *pyramides*."

Again, in Braithwaite's *Survey of Histories*, 1614: "Thou art now for building a second *pyramides* in the air. *Malone.*

[1] *And hear me speak* a word.] The two last syllables of this hemistich are, I believe, an interpolation. They add not to the *sense, but disturb* the measure. *Steevens.*

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.
Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.[2]
Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?
Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.
Pom. [*To* MENAS *aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you.—Where 's this cup I call'd for?
Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool. [*Aside.*
Pom. I think, thou 'rt mad. The matter?
[*Rises, and walks aside.*
Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.
Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What 's else to say?
Be jolly, lords.
Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.
Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?
Pom. What say'st thou?
Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That 's twice.
Pom. How should that be?
Men. But entertain it, and,
Although thou think me poor, I am the man,
Will give thee all the world.
Pom. Hast thou drunk well?
Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,[3]
Is thine, if thou wilt have 't.
Pom. Show me which way.
Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,[4]
Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable;[5]

[2] —— *the tears of it are wet.*] "Be your tears wet?" says Lear to Cordelia, Act IV, sc. vii. *Malone.*

[3] —— *or sky* inclips,] i. e. embraces. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *competitors,*] i. e. confederates, partners. See Vol. II, p. 183, n. 4. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *Let me cut the cable;*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Now in the middest of the feast, when they fell to be merie with Antonius loue vnto Cleopatra, Menas the pirate came to Pompey, and whispering in his eare, said unto him: shall I

And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.[6]

Pom. Ah, this thou should'st have done,
And not have spoke on 't! In me, 'tis villainy;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this, [*Aside.*
I 'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes[7] more.—
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.[8]

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I 'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here 's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There 's a strong fellow, Menas.
[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off* LEP.

Men. Why?

cut the gables of the ankers, and make thee Lord not only of Sicile and Sardinia, but of the whole empire of Rome besides? Pompey hauing pawsed a while vpon it, at length aunswered him: thou shouldest haue done it, and neuer haue told it me, but now we must content vs with that we haue. As for my selfe, I was neuer taught to breake my faith, nor to be counted a traitor." *Steevens.*

[6] *All* there *is thine.*] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read: *All* then *is thine.*

If alteration be necessary, we might as well give: *All* theirs *is thine.* All *there,* however, may mean, *all in the vessel. Steevens.*

[7] —— *thy* pall'd *fortunes* —] *Palled,* is *vapid,* past its time of excellence; *palled* wine, is wine that has lost its original sprightliness. *Johnson.*

Palled is a word of which the etymology is unknown. Perhaps, says Dr. Johnson, in his *Dictionary,* it is only a corruption of *paled,* and was originally applied to colours. Thus, in Chaucer's *Manciple's Prologue,* v. 17,004:

" So unweldy was this sely *palled* ghost." *Steevens.*

[8] *Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,*
Shall never find it more.] This is from the ancient proverbial rhyme:

" He who will not, when he may,
" *When he will,* he shall have nay." *Steevens.*

Eno. He bears
The third part of the world, man; See'st not?
Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were all,
That it might go on wheels![1]
Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.[2]
Men. Come.
Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.
Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels,[3] ho!
Here is to Cæsar.
Cæs. I could well forbear it.
It 's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.
Ant. Be a child o' the time.

[9] *The third part then* is *drunk: 'Would it were all,* &c.] The old copy reads—The third part then *he* is drunk, &c. The context clearly shows that the transcriber's ear deceived him, and that we should read as I have printed it,—The third part *then* is drunk. *Malone.*

[1] *That it might go on wheels!*] *The World goes upon Wheels,* is the title of a pamphlet written by Taylor the water-poet. *Malone.*

[2] —— increase *the* reels.] As the word—*reel,* was not, in our author's time, employed to signify a *dance* or *revel,* and is used in no other part of his works as a substantive, it is not impossible that the passage before us, which seems designed as a continuation of the imagery suggested by Menas, originally stood thus:

" *Drink thou,* and grease *the* wheels."

A phrase, somewhat similar, occurs in *Timon of Athens:*

" —— with *liquorish draughts* &c.
" —— *greases* his pure mind,
" That from it all consideration slips." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *Strike the vessels,*] Try whether the casks sound as empty. *Johnson.*

I believe, *strike the vessels* means no more than *chink the vessels one against the other, as a mark of our unanimity in drinking* as we now say, *chink glasses. Steevens.*

Mr. Steevens is surely right. So, in one of Iago's songs:

" And let me the *cannikin clink.*" *Ritson.*

Vessels probably mean *kettle-drums,* which were beaten when the health of a person of eminence was drunk; immediately after we have, "make battery to our ears with the loud musick." They are called *kettles* in *Hamlet:*

" Give me the cups;
" And let the *kettle* to the trumpet speak."

Dr. Johnson's explanation degrades this feast of *the lords of the whole world* into a rustic revel. H. White.

Cæs. Possess it, I 'll make answer:[4] but I had rather fast
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.
Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*To* Ant.
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?
Pom. Let 's ha 't, good soldier.
Ant. Come, let us all take hands;[5]
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.
Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears[6] with the loud musick:—
The while, I 'll place you: Then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear,[7] as loud

[4] —— *I 'll* make *answer:*] The word—*make,* only serves to clog the metre. *Steevens.*

[5] *Come, let us all take hands;*] As half a line in this place may have been omitted, the deficiency might be supplied with words resembling those in Milton's *Comus:*

" Come, let us all take hands, *and beat the ground,*
" Till" &c. *Steevens.*

[6] *Make* battery to our ears —] So, in *King John:*

" Our *ears* are *cudgel'd.*" *Steevens.*

[7] *The holding every man shall* bear,] In old editions:

The holding every man shall beat, ——

The company were to join in the burden, which the poet styles, the *holding.* But how were they to *beat* this with their *sides?* I am persuaded, the poet wrote:

The holding every man shall bear, *as loud*
As his strong sides can volley.

The breast and *sides* are immediately concerned in straining to sing as loud and forcibly as a man can. *Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald's emendation is very plausible; and yet *beat* might have been the poet's word, however harsh it may appear at present. In *Henry VIII,* we find a similar expression:

" —— let the musick *knock* it." *Steevens.*

The holding every man shall beat,] Every man shall accompany the chorus by drumming on his sides, in token of concurrence and applause. *Johnson.*

I have no doubt but *bear* is the right reading. To *bear* the burden, or, as it is here called, the *holding* of a song, is the phrase at this day. The passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *King Henry VIII,* relates to instrumental musick, not to vocal. *Loud as his sides can volley,* means, *with the utmost exertion of his voice.* So we say, he laughed till he split his sides. *M. Mason.*

Theobald's emendation appears to me so plausible, [illegible]

As his strong sides can volley.

[*Musick plays.* ENO. *places them hand in hand.*

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:[8]
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us, till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good night, Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let 's part;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.—
Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I 'll try you o' the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir: give 's your hand.

Pom. O, Antony,
You have my father's house,[9]—But what? we are friends:

change is so small, that I have given it a place in the text, as did Mr. Steevens, in his edition.

The meaning of *the holding* is ascertained by a passage in an old pamphlet called *The Serving-Man's Comfort*, 4to. 1598: "— where a song is to be sung the *under-song* or *holding* whereof is, It is merrie in haul where beards wag all." *Malone.*

[8] ——*with* pink *eyne:*] Dr. Johnson, in his *Dictionary*, says a *pink eye* is a small eye, and quotes this passage for his authority. *Pink eyne*, however, may be *red eyes:* eyes inflamed with drinking, are very well appropriated to Bacchus. So, in *Julius Cæsar:*

"—— such *ferret* and such fiery eyes."

So, Greene, in his *Defence of Coney-Catching*, 1592: "—like a *pink-ey'd* ferret." Again, in a song sung by a drunken Clown in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

"Thou makest some to stumble, and many mo to fumble,
"And me have *pinky eyne*, most brave and jolly wine!"

Steevens.

It should be observed, however, that from the following passage in P. Holland's translation of the 11th Book of Pliny's *Natural History*, it appears that *pink*-eyed signified the smallness of eyes: "— also them that were *pinke-eyed* and had verie small eies, they termed *ocellæ*." *Steevens.*

[9] *O, Antony,*
You have my father's house,] The historian Paterculus says,

Come, down into the boat.
Eno. Take heed you fall not.—
[*Exeunt* POM. CÆS. ANT. *and Attendants.*
Menas, I 'll not on shore.
Men. No, to my cabin.—
These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewel
To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd, sound out.
[*A Flourish of Trumpets, with Drums.*
Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There 's my cap.
Men. Ho!—noble captain!
Come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III..... SCENE I.

A Plain in Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS, *as after Conquest, with* SILIUS, *and other* Romans, *Officers, and Soldiers; the dead Body of* Pacorus *borne before him.*

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck;[1] and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,[2]
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.
Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony

"—cum Pompeio quoque circa Misenum pax inita: Qui haud absurdè, cum in navi Cæsaremque et Antonium cœna exciperet, dixit: *In carinis suis se cœnam dare*; referens hoc dictum ad loci nomen, in quo paterna domus ab Antonio possidebatur." Our author, though he lost the joke, yet seems willing to commemorate the story. *Warburton.*

The joke of which the learned editor seems to lament the loss, could not be found in the old translation of Plutarch, and Shakspeare looked no further. See p. 266, n. 7. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *struck;*] alludes to *darting.* Thou whose darts have so often struck others, art struck now thyself. *Johnson.*

[2] —— *Thy Pacorus, Orodes,*] *Pacorus* was the son of Orodes, *King of Parthia.* *Steevens.*

Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.
Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius;
Better leave undone,[3] than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame, when him we serve 's away.[4]
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.
Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius,
That without which[5] a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction.[6] Thou wilt write to Antony?

[3] *Better leave undone*, &c.] Old copies, unmetrically (because the players were unacquainted with the most common ellipsis):
Better to *leave undone*, &c. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *when* him *we serve 's away.*] Thus the old copy, and such certainly was our author's phraseology. So, in *The Winter's Tale:*
"I am appointed *him* to murder you."
See also *Coriolanus*, Vol. XIII, p. 177, n. 2.
The modern editors, however, all read, more grammatically, when *he* we serve, &c. *Malone.*

[5] *That without which* —] Here again, regardless of metre, the old copy reads:
That without the *which* —. *Steevens.*

[6] *That without which a soldier, and his sword,*
Grants scarce distinction.] *Grant*, for afford. It is badly and obscurely expressed: but the sense is this: *Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless.* This was wisdom or knowledge of the world. Ventidius had told him the reasons why he did not pursue his advantages: and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight.
Warburton.
We have somewhat of the same idea in *Coriolanus:*
"Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword." *Steevens.*

Ven. I 'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.
Sil. Where is he now?
Ven. He proposeth to Athens: whither with what haste
The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome. *An Ante-Chamber in* Cæsar's *House.*

Enter AGRIPPA, *and* ENOBARBUS, *meeting.*

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?
Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.
Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.
Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!
Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!
Eno. Cæsar? Why, he 's the Jupiter of men.
Agr. What 's Antony? The god of Jupiter.
Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How?[7] the nonpareil!
Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird![8]
Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—go no further.[9]

[7] —— *How?*] I believe, was here, as in another place in this play printed by mistake, for *ho.* See also Vol. IV, p. 421, n. 1. *Malone.*

I perceive no need of alteration. *Steevens.*

Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!
Agr. O *Antony!* &c.] We should read—
Of *Antony? O, thou Arabian bird!*
Speak you of Cæsar, he is the nonpareil; speak you of Antony, he is the Arabian bird. *M. Mason.*

[8] —— *Arabian bird!*] The phœnix. *Johnson.*
So, again, in *Cymbeline:*
" She is alone the *Arabian bird,* and I
" Have lost my wager." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *Cæsar,—go no further.*] I suspect that this line was

Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—Yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,[1] cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love
To Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle.[2] So,
[*Trumpets.*

signed to be metrical, and that (omitting the impertinent *go*) we should read:

Would you praise Cæsar, say—Cæsar;—no further. Steevens.

[1] —— *bards, poets,*] Not only the tautology of *bards* and *poets*, but the want of a correspondent action for the *poet*, whose business in the next line is only to *number*, makes me suspect some fault in this passage, which I know not how to mend. Johnson.

I suspect no fault. The ancient *bard* sung his compositions to the harp; the *poet* only commits them to paper. Verses are often called *numbers*, and to *number*, a verb (in this sense) of Shakspeare's coining, is *to make verses*.

This puerile arrangement of words was much studied in the age of Shakspeare, even by the first writers.

So, in *An excellent Sonnet of a Nimph*, by Sir P. Sidney; printed in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

"Vertue, beauty, and speach, did strike, wound, charme,
"My hart, eyes, eares, with wonder, loue, delight:
"First, second, last, did binde, enforce, and arme,
"His works, showes, sutes, with wit, grace, and vowes-might:
"Thus honour, liking, trust, much, farre, and deepe,
"Held, pearst, possest, my judgment, sence, and will;
"Till wrongs, contempt, deceite, did grow, steale, creepe,
"Bands, fauour, faith, to breake, defile, and kill.
"Then greefe, unkindnes, proofe, tooke, kindled, taught,
"Well grounded, noble, due, spite, rage, disdaine:
"But ah, alas (in vaine) my minde, sight, thought,
"Dooth him, his face, his words, leaue, shunne, refraine.
"For nothing, time, nor place, can loose, quench, ease,
"Mine owne, embraced, sought, knot, fire, disease."
Steevens.

Again, in Daniel's 11th Sonnet, 1594:

"Yet I will weep, vow, pray to cruell shee;
"Flint, frost, disdaine, weares, melts, and yields, we see."
Malone.

[2] *They are his* shards, *and he their beetle.*] i. e. They are the *wings* that raise this *heavy lumpish insect* from the ground. So, in *Macbeth*:

"—— the *shard*-borne beetle."

See Vol. VII, p. 127, n. 3. Steevens.

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.
Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewel.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.
Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;[3]
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band[4]
Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue,[5] which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded,[6] be the ram, to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.
Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.
Cæs. I have said.
Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious,[7] the least cause
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.
Cæs. Farewel, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee,[8] and make

[3] *You take from me a great part of myself;*] So, in *The Tempest:*
"I have given you here a third of my own life." *Steevens.*
Again, in *Troilus and Cressida:*
"I have a kind of self resides in you." *Malone.*

[4] —— *as my furthest* band —] As I will venture the greatest pledge of security, on the trial of thy conduct. *Johnson.*
Band and *bond*, in our author's time, were synonymous. See *Comedy of Errors*, Act IV, sc. ii. *Malone.*

[5] —— *the* piece of virtue,] So, in *The Tempest:*
"Thy mother was *a piece of virtue*" ——
Again, in *Pericles:*
"Thou art *a piece of virtue*" &c. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *the cement of our* love,
To keep it builded,] So, in our author's 119th Sonnet:
"And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
"Grows fairer than at first." *Malone.*

[7] —— *therein* curious,] i. e. scrupulous. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew:*
"For *curious* I cannot be with you."
See Vol. VI, p. 126, n. 9. *Steevens.*

Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April 's in her eyes: It is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

[8] *The* elements *be kind* &c.] This is obscure. It seems to mean, *May the different* elements *of the body, or principles of life, maintain such proportion and harmony as may keep you cheerful. Johnson.*

The elements be kind &c. I believe means only, *May the four elements, of which this world is composed, unite their influences to make thee cheerful.*

There is, however, a thought, which seems to favour Dr. Johnson's explanation, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher and Shakspeare:

" —— My precious maid,
" Those best affections that the heavens infuse
" In their best temper'd pieces, keep enthron'd
" In your dear heart!"

Again, in *Twelfth Night:* " Does not our life consist of the *four elements?*—Faith, so they say."

And another, which may serve in support of mine,

" ——— the *elements*,
" That know not what or why, yet do effect
" Rare issues by their operance."

These parting words of Cæsar to his sister, may indeed mean no more than the common compliment which the occasion of her voyage very naturally required. He wishes *that serene weather and prosperous winds may keep her spirits free from every apprehension that might disturb or alarm them. Steevens.*

The elements be kind to thee, (i. e. the elements of air and water.) Surely this expression means no more than, *I wish you a good voyage;* Octavia was going to sail with Antony from Rome to Athens. *H. White.*

Dr. Johnson's explanation of this passage is too profound to be just. Octavia was about to make a long journey both by *land* and by *water*. Her brother wishes that both these elements may prove kind to her; and this is all.

So, Cassio says, in *Othello:*

" ——— O, let the heavens
" Give him defence against the elements,
" For I have lost him on a dangerous sea." *M. Mason.*

In the passage just quoted, the elements must mean, not *earth* and water, (which Mr. M. Mason supposes to be the meaning here,) but *air* and water; and such, I think, (as an anonymous commentator has also suggested,) is the meaning here. The following lines in *Troilus and Cressida* likewise favour this interpretation:

" ——— anon behold
" The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
" Bounding between the two moist elements,
" Like Perseus' horse. *Malone.*

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and —

Cæs. What, Octavia?

Oct. I 'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.[9]

Eno. Will Cæsar weep? [*Aside to* AGR.

Agr. He has a cloud in 's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;[1]
So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus?
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd:[2]
Believe it, till I weep too.[3]

[9] —— *stands upon the swell at full of tide,*
And neither way inclines.] This image has already occurred in *The Second Part of King Henry IV:*

" As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,
" That makes a still-stand, running neither way." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *were he a horse;*] A horse is said to have *a cloud in his face*, when he has a black or dark-coloured spot in his forehead between his eyes. This gives him a sour look, and being supposed to indicate an ill-temper, is of course regarded as a great blemish.

The same phrase occurs in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, 524: "Every lover admires his mistress, though she be very deformed of her selfe—thin leane, chitty face, have *clouds in her face*, be crooked," &c. *Steevens.*

[2] *What willingly he did* confound, *he wail'd:*] So, in *Macbeth:*

" —— wail his fall
" Whom I myself struck down." *Malone.*

To *confound* is to destroy. See Vol. IX, p. 270, n. 8. *Malone.*

[3] *Believe it, till I* weep *too.*] I have ventured to alter the tense of the verb here, against the authority of all the copies. There was no sense in it, I think, as it stood before. *Theobald.*

I am afraid there was better sense in this passage as it originally stood, than Mr. Theobald's alteration will afford us. *Believe it*, (says Enobarbus) *that Antony did so*, i. e. *that he wept over such an event, till you see me weeping on the same occasion, when I shall be obliged to you for putting such a construction on my tears.*

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, sir, come;
I 'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
Cæs. Adieu; be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæs. Farewel, farewel! [*Kisses* OCTA.
Ant. Farewel!
[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afeard to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That Herod's head
I 'll have: But how? when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.
Mess. Most gracious majesty, —
Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?
Mess. Ay, dread queen.
Cleo. Where?
Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led

which, in reality, (like his) will be tears of joy. I have replaced the old reading. Mr. Theobald reads—*till I* wept *too.* *Steevens.*

I should certainly adopt Theobald's amendment, the meaning of which is, that Antony wailed the death of Brutus so bitterly, that I [Enobarbus] was affected by it, and wept also.

Mr. Steevens's explanation of the present reading is so forced, *that I* cannot clearly comprehend it. M. Mason.

Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?[4]

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd, or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That 's not so good:—He cannot like her long.[5]

Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and dwarfish!—

[4] *Is she as tall as me?* &c. &c. &c.] This scene (says Dr. Grey) is a manifest allusion to the questions put by Queen Elizabeth to Sir James Melvil, concerning his mistress the Queen of Scots. Whoever will give himself the trouble to consult his *Memoirs*, may probably suppose the resemblance to be more than accidental. *Steevens.*

I see no probability that Shakspeare should here allude to a conversation that passed between Queen Elizabeth and a Scottish ambassador, in 1564, the very year in which he was born, and does not appear to have been made publick for above threescore years after his death; Melvil's *Memoirs* not being printed till 1683. Such enquiries, no doubt, are perfectly natural to rival females, whether queens or cinder-wenches. *Ritson.*

[5] *That 's not so good:—he cannot like her long.*] Cleopatra perhaps does not mean—"That is not so good a piece of intelligence as your last;" but, "*That*, i. e. a low voice, is not so good as a shrill tongue."

That a low voice (on which our author never omits to introduce an elogium when he has an opportunity) was not esteemed by Cleopatra as merit in a lady, appears from what she adds afterwards,—"*Dull of tongue*, and dwarfish!"—If the words be understood in the sense first mentioned, the latter part of the line will be found inconsistent with the foregoing.

Perhaps, however, the author intended no connection between the two members of this line; and that Cleopatra, after a pause, should exclaim—He cannot like her, whatever her merits be, for any length of time. My first interpretation I believe to be the true one.

It has been justly observed that the poet had probably queen Elizabeth here in his thoughts. The description given of her by a contemporary, about twelve years after her death, strongly confirms this supposition. "She was (says the Continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*) *tall of stature*, strong in every limb and joynt, her fingers small and long, her *voyce loud and shrill*." *Malone.*

It may be remarked, however, that when Cleopatra applies the epithet "shrill-tongued" to Fulvia, (see p. 189,) it is not introduced by way of compliment to the wife of Antony. *Steevens.*

The quality of the voice is referred to, as a criterion [illegible] *that, already noticed, of the hair.* See p. 264, n. 1. *Henley.*

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.
Mess. She creeps;
Her motion and her station[6] are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life;
A statue, than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Mess. Or I have no observance.
Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.
Cleo. He 's very knowing,
I do perceive 't:—There 's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.
Mess. Madam,
She was a widow.
Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.[7]
Mess. And I do think, she 's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is it long, or round?
Mess. Round even to faultiness.
Cleo. For the most part too,
They are foolish that are so.[8]—Her hair, what colour?
Mess. Brown, madam: And her forehead is as low[9]

[6] —— *her* station —] *Station*, in this instance, means *the act of standing*. So, in *Hamlet*:
" A *station* like the herald Mercury." *Steevens.*

[7] Widow?—*Charmian, hark.*] Cleopatra rejoices in this circumstance, as it sets Octavia on a level with herself, who was no virgin, when she fell to the lot of Antony. *Steevens.*

[8] Round &c.
They are foolish *that are so.*] This is from the old writers on physiognomy. So, in Hill's *Pleasant History*, &c. 1613: "The "head *very round*, to be forgetful and *foolish*." Again: "the "head *long* to be prudent and wary."—"a *low forehead*," &c. p. 218. *Steevens.*

[9] —— is as *low* &c.] For the insertion of—*is*, to help the metre, I am answerable. *Steevens.*
As low as she would wish it.] Low foreheads were, in Shakspeare's age, thought a blemish. So, in *The Tempest*:
" —— with foreheads *villainous low*."
See also Vol. II, p. 226, n. 3.
You and *She* are not likely to have been confounded; otherwise we might suppose that our author wrote—
As low as you *would wish it.* Malone.

As she would wish it.

Cleo. There is gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit* Mess.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
That so I harry'd him.[1] Why, methinks, by him,
This creature 's no such thing.

Char. O, nothing,[2] madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:—

The phrase employed by the Messenger is still a cant one. I once overheard a chambermaid say of her rival,—"that her legs were as thick *as she could wish them.*" *Steevens.*

[1] —— *so I* harry'd *him.*] To *harry*, is *to use roughly, harass, subdue.* So, in the Chester *Whitsun-Playes*, MS. Harl. 2013, the Cookes' Company are appointed to exhibit the 17th pageant of—

"—— the *harrowinge of helle.*"

The same word occurs also in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607:

"He *harried* her, and midst a throng," &c.

Again, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"Will *harry* me about instead of her."

Holinshed, p. 735, speaking of the body of Richard III, says, it was "*harried* on horseback, dead."

The same expression had been used by Harding, in his *Chronicle.* Again, by Nash, in his *Lenten Stuff*, 1599: "—as if he were *harrying* and chasing his enemies." *Steevens.*

To *harry*, is, literally, to *hunt.* Hence the word *harrier.* King James threatened the Puritans that "he would *harry* them out of the land." *Henley.*

Minsheu, in his *Dictionary*, 1617, explains the word thus: "To turmoile or vexe." Cole, in his *English Dictionary*, 1676, interprets *haried* by the word *pulled*, and in the sense of pulled and *lugged* about, I believe the word was used by Shakspeare. See the marginal direction in p. 498. In a kindred sense it is used in the old translation of Plutarch: "Pyrrhus seeing his people thus troubled, and *harried* to and fro," &c.

See also Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, 1590: "Tartassare. To rib-baste, to bang, to tugge, to hale, to *harrie.*" *Malone.*

[2] O, *nothing,*] The exclamation—*O*, was, for the sake of measure, *supplied by* Sir Thomas Hanmer. Steevens.

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Athens. *A Room in* Antony's *House.*

Enter ANTONY *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To publick ear:
Spoke scantly of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took 't,[3]
Or did it from his teeth.[4]
Oct. O my good lord,
Believe not, all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:

[3] *When the best hint was given him, he* not took 't,] The first folio reads, *not look'd.* Dr. Thirlby advised the emendation, which I have inserted in the text. *Theobald.*

[4] *Or did it* from his teeth.] Whether this means, as we now say, *in spite of his teeth*, or that he spoke through his teeth, so as to be purposely indistinct, I am unable to determine.

A similar passage, however, occurs in a very scarce book entitled *A Courtlie Controversie of Cupid's Cautels: conteyning five Tragicall Histories*, &c. *translated out of French*, &c. *by H. W.* [Henry Wotton] 4to. 1578: "The whyche the factor considering, incontinently made his reckning that it behoued him to speake clearely, and not *betweene his teeth*, if he would practise surely," &c.

Again, in Chapman's version of the fifteenth *Iliad*:

"She laught, but meerly *from her lips*: —."

Again, in Fuller's *Historie of the Holy Warre*, B. IV, ch. 17: "This bad breath, though it came but *from the teeth* of some, yet proceeded from the corrupt lungs of others."

Again, in P. Holland's translation of the Eleventh Book of *Pliny's Natural History*: "— the noise which they make commeth but *from their* teeth and mouth outward." Steevens.

And[5] the good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray,[6] *O, bless my lord and husband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.
Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless.[7] But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,
I 'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother;[8] Make your soonest haste;

[5] *And* —] I have supplied this conjunction, for the sake of metre. *Steevens.*

[6] *When I shall pray*, &c.] The situation and sentiments of Octavia resemble those of Lady Blanch in *King John*. See Vol. VII, p. 437. *Steevens.*

[7] *Than* yours *so branchless.*] Old copy—*your*. Corrected in the second folio. This is one of the many mistakes that have arisen from the transcriber's ear deceiving him, *your so* and *yours so*, being scarcely distinguishable in pronunciation. *Malone.*

[8] —— *The mean time, lady,*
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain *your brother;*] Thus the printed copies. But, sure, Antony, whose business here is to mollify Octavia, does it with a very ill grace: and 'tis a very odd way of satisfying her, to tell her the war, he raises, shall *stain*, i. e. cast an odium upon her brother. I have no doubt, but we must read, with the addition only of a single letter—

Shall strain *your brother;* ——

i. e. shall lay him under constraints; shall put him to such shifts, that he shall neither be able to make a progress against, or to prejudice me. Plutarch says, that Octavius, understanding the sudden and wonderful preparations of Antony, was astonished at it; for he himself was in many wants, and the people were sorely oppressed with grievous exactions. *Theobald.*

I do not see but *stain* may be allowed to remain unaltered, meaning no more than *shame* or *disgrace*. *Johnson.*

So, in some anonymous stanzas among the poems of Surrey and Wyatt:

" —— here at hand approacheth one
" Whose face will *stain* you all."

Again, in *Shore's Wife*, by Churchyard, 1593:

" So Shore's wife's face made foule Browneta blush,
" *As pearle staynes* pitch, or gold surmounts a rush."

So your desires are yours.
Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler![9] Wars 'twixt you twain would be[1]
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.
Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* EROS, *meeting.*

Eno. How now, friend Eros?
Eros. There 's strange news come, sir.
Eno. What, man?
Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.
Eno. This is old; What is the success?
Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality;[2] would

Again, in Churchyard's *Charitie*, 1595:
"Whose beautie *staines* the faire Helen of Greece."
Steevens.

I believe a line betwixt these two has been lost, the purport of which probably was, *unless I am compelled in my own defence, I will do no act that* shall stain, &c.

After Antony has told Octavia that she shall be a mediatrix between him and his adversary, it is surely strange to add that he will do an act that shall disgrace her brother. *Malone.*

[9] *Your* reconciler!] The old copy has *you.* This manifest error of the press, which appears to have arisen from the same cause as that noticed above, was corrected in the second folio. *Malone.*

[1] —— *Wars 'twixt you twain would be* &c.] The sense is, that war between Cæsar and Antony would engage the world between them, and that the slaughter would be great in so extensive a commotion. *Johnson.*

[2] —— *rivality;*] Equal rank. *Johnson.*

So, in *Hamlet*, Horatio and Marcellus are styled by Bernardo "*the rivals*" of his watch. Steevens.

not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal,[3] seizes him: So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They 'll grind the one the other. Where 's Antony?[4]

Eros. He 's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy 's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius;[5]
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Rome. *A Room in* Cæsar's *House.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this: And more;
In Alexandria,—here 's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place,[6] on a tribunal silver'd,

[3] —— *upon his own* appeal,] To *appeal*, in Shakspeare, is to *accuse;* Cæsar seized Lepidus without any other proof than Cæsar's accusation. *Johnson.*

[4] *Then,* world, *&c.*] Old copy—*Then* 'would *thou had'st a pair of chaps, no more; and throw between them all the food thou hast, they 'll grind the other. Where 's Antony?* This is obscure, I read it thus:

Then, world, *thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;*
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They 'll grind the one the *other. Where 's Antony?*

Cæsar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey upon between them. *Johnson.*

[5] —— *More, Domitius;*] I have something *more* to tell you, which I might have told at first, and delayed my news. Antony requires your presence. *Johnson.*

[6] *I' the market-place,*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "*For he assembled all the people in the show place, where*

Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,[7]
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there[8] proclaim'd, The kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis[9]

younge men doe exercise them selues, and there vpon a high tribunall siluered, he set two chayres of gold, the one for him selfe, and the other for Cleopatra, and lower chaires for his children: then he openly published before the assembly, that first of all he did establish Cleopatra queene of Egypt, of Cyprvs, of Lydia, and of the lower Syria, and at that time also, Cæsarion king of the same realmes. This Cæsarion was supposed to be the sonne of Julius Cæsar, who had left Cleopatra great with child. Secondly, he called the sonnes he had by her, the kings of kings, and gaue Alexander for his portion, Armenia, Media, and Parthia, when had conquered the country: and vnto Ptolemy for his portion, Phenicia, Syria, and Cilicia." *Steevens.*

[7] For *Lydia*, Mr. Upton, from Plutarch, has restored *Lybia*. *Johnson.*

In the translation from the French of Amyot, by Tho. North, in folio, 1597,* will be seen at once the origin of this mistake: "First of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of *Lydia*, and the lower Syria. *Farmer.*

The present reading is right: for in page 297, where Cæsar is recounting the several kings whom Antony had assembled, he gives the kingdom of *Lybia* to Bocchus. *M. Mason.*

[8] —— *he there* —] The old copy has—*hither*. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. *Malone.*

[9] —— *the goddess Isis* —] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Now for Cleopatra, she did not onely weare at that time (but at all other times els when she came abroad) the apparell of the goddesse Isis, and so gaue audience vnto all her subjects, as a new Isis." *Steevens.*

* I find the character of this work pretty early delineated:
"'Twas Greek at first, that Greek was Latin made,
"That Latin French, that French to English straid:
"Thus 'twixt one Plutarch there 's more difference,
"Than i' th' same Englishman return'd from France."
Farmer.

That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience
As 'tis reported, so.
Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.
Agr. Who, queasy* with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.
Cæs. The people know it; and have now received
His accusations.
Agr. Whom does he accuse?
Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.
Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.
Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change; for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.
Mec. He 'll never yield to that.
Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!
Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!
Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.
Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostent of our love,[1] which, left unshown

* — *queasy* —] Nauseated—sick. *Am. Ed.*
[1] *The ostent of our love,*] Old copy—ostentation.

Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea, and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.
Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.
Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.[2]
Oct. Do not say so, my lord.
Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?
Oct. My lord, in Athens.[3]
Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra

tre, and our author's repeated use of the former word in *The Merchant of Venice:* "— Such fair *ostents* of love," sufficiently authorize the slight change I have made. *Ostent* occurs also in *King Henry V:*

"Giving full trophy, signal, and *ostent* —." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *Which soon be granted,*
Being an obstruct *'tween his lust and him.*] [Old copy—*abstract.*] Antony very soon complied to let Octavia go at her request, says Cæsar; and why? Because she was an *abstract* between his inordinate passion and him. This is absurd. We must read:

Being an obstruct *'tween his lust and him.*

i. e. his wife being an obstruction, a bar to the prosecution of his wanton pleasures with Cleopatra. *Warburton.*

I am by no means certain that this change was necessary. Mr. Henley pronounces it to be "needless, and that it ought to be rejected, as perverting the sense." One of the meanings of *abstracted* is—*separated, disjoined;* and therefore our poet, with his usual licence, might have used it for a *disjunctive.* I believe there is no such substantive as *obstruct:* besides, we say, an obstruction *to* a thing, but not *between* one thing and another.

As Mr. Malone, however, is contented with Dr. Warburton's reading, I have left it in our text. *Steevens.*

[3] *My lord, in Athens.*] Some words, necessary to the metre, being here omitted Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

My lord, he is *in Athens.*

But I rather conceive the omission to have been in the former hemistich, which might originally have stood thus:

Where is he, pray you, now?
Oct. My lord, in Athens. Steevens.

Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying[4]
The kings o' the earth for war:[5] He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Lybia; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas:
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia, with a
More larger list of scepters.

Oct. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers[6]
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;[7]

[4] —— who *now* are *levying*—] That is, which two persons now are levying, &c. *Malone.*

[5] *The kings o' the earth for war:*] Mr. Upton remarks, that there are some errors in this enumeration of the auxiliary kings: but it is probable that the author did not much wish to be accurate. *Johnson.*

Mr. Upton proposes to read:

—— *Polemon and Amintas*
Of Lycaonia; and the king of Mede."

And this obviates all impropriety." *Steevens.*

[6] —— them *ministers*—] Old copy—*his* ministers. Corrected by Mr. Capell. *Malone.*

[7] —— Best *of comfort;*] Thus the original copy. The connecting particle, *and*, seems to favour the old reading.—According to the modern innovation, *Be* of comfort, (which was introduced by Mr. Rowe) it stands very awkwardly. "*Best* of comfort" may mean—*Thou best of comforters!* a phrase which we meet with again in *The Tempest:*

And ever welcome to us.
Agr. Welcome, lady.
Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment[8] to a trull,
That noises it against us.[9]
Oct. Is it so, sir?
Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Antony's *Camp, near the Promontory of* Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA *and* ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
Eno. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being[1] in these wars;

" A solemn air, and the *best comforter*
" To an unsettled fancy's cure!"

Cæsar, however, may mean, that what he has just mentioned is the best kind of comfort that Octavia can receive. *Malone.*

This elliptical phrase, I believe, only signifies—*May the best of comfort be yours! Steevens.*

[8] —— *potent* regiment —] *Regiment*, is *government, authority;* he puts his *power* and his empire into the hands of a false woman.

It may be observed, that *trull* was not, in our author's time, a term of mere infamy, but a word of slight contempt, as *wench* is now. *Johnson.*

Trull is used in *The First Part of King Henry VI*, as synonymous to *harlot*, and is rendered by the Latin word *Scortum*, in Cole's *Dictionary*, 1679. There can therefore be no doubt of the sense in which it is used here. *Malone.*

[9] *That* noises *it against us.*] Milton has adopted this uncommon verb in his *Paradise Regained*, Book IV, 488:

" —— though *noising* loud,
" And threatening nigh: —." *Steevens.*

[1] —— forspoke *my being* —] To *forspeak*, is to *contradict*, to *speak against*, as *forbid* is to order negatively. *Johnson.*

Thus, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

" —— thy life *forspoke* by love."

To *forspeak* likewise signified to *curse*. So, in Drayton's *Epistle* from *Elinor Cobham* to *Duke Humphrey:*

" Or to *forspeak* whole flocks as they did feed."

And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. Is 't not? Denounce against us,[2] why should not we

To *forspeak*, in the last instance, has the same power as to *forbid*, in *Macbeth:*

" He shall live a man *forbid*."

So, to *forthink*, meant anciently to *un*think, and consequently to *repent:*

" Therefore of it be not to boolde,
" Lest thou *forthink* it when thou art too olde."

Interlude of Youth, bl. l. no date.

And in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, B. I, to *forshape* is to *mis-shape:*

" Out of a man into a stone
" *Forshape*," &c.

To *forspeak* has generally reference to the mischiefs effected by enchantment. So, in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News:* " — a witch, gossip, to *forspeak* the matter thus." In Shakspeare it is the opposite of *bespeak*. *Steevens.*

[2] *Is 't not?* Denounce *against us*, &c.] The old copy reads:

If *not denounc*'d *against us*, &c.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Steevens.*

I would read:

Is 't not? Denounce *against us, why should not we*
Be there in person? Tyrwhitt.

Cleopatra means to say, " Is not the war denounced against us? Why should we not then attend in person?" She says, a little lower,

" —— A charge we bear i' the war,
" And, as the president of my kingdom, will
" Appear there for a man."

She speaks of herself in the plural number, according to the usual style of sovereigns. *M. Mason.*

Mr. Malone reads with the old copy, introducing only the change of a single letter—*denounc*'t instead of *denounc*'d. I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt.

So, in Turberville's translation of Ovid's *Epistle from Phyllis to Demophoon:*

" *Denounce* to me what I have doone
" But loud thee all to well?" *Steevens.*

Mr. Tyrwhitt proposed to read—*denounce*, but the slight alteration for which I am answerable, is nearer to the original copy. I am not however sure that the old reading is not right. " *If not* denounc'd," *If there be no particular denunciation against me, why should we not be there in person?* There is, however, in the folio, a comma after the word *not*, and no point of interrogation at the end of the sentence; which favours the emendation now made. *Malone.*

Surely, no valid inference can be drawn from such uncertain

Be there in person?
Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost;[3] the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.
Cleo. What is 't you say?
Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.
Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.
Eno. Nay, I have done:
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY *and* CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is 't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne?[4]—You have heard on 't sweet?
Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.
Cleo. By sea! What else?
Can. Why will my lord do so?

premises as the punctuation of the old copy, which (to use the words of Rosalind and Touchstone in *As you Like it*) is "as fortune will or as the destinies decree." *Steevens.*

[3] —— merely *lost;*] i. e. entirely, absolutely lost. So, in *Hamlet:*
"—— things rank, and gross in nature
"Possess it *merely.*" *Steevens.*

[4] *And* take in *Toryne?*] To *take in* is to gain by conquest. So, in Chapman's version of the second *Iliad:*
"—— for now Troy's broad-way'd towne
"He shall *take in.*"
See Vol. VI, p. 289, n. 1. Steevens.

Ant. For he dares us[5] to 't.
Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.
Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.
Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers,[6] people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy.[7] No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.
Ant. By sea, by sea.
Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.
Ant. I 'll fight at sea.
Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.[8]
Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium

[5] For *he dares us* —] i. e. *because* he dares us. So, in *Othello*:
" —— Haply, *for* I am black —."
The old copy redundantly reads—For *that* he. See Vol. XVI, note on *Cymbeline*, Act IV, sc. i. *Steevens.*

[6] *Your mariners are* muleteers, *reapers*, &c.] The old copy has *militers*. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. It is confirmed by the old translation of Plutarch: " — for lacke of watermen his captains did presse by force all sortes of men out of Græce, that they could rake up in the field, as travellers, *muliters*, reapers, harvest men, &c. *Muliter* was the old spelling of *muleteer*. *Steevens.*

[7] *Their ships are* yare ; *yours, heavy.*] So, in Sir Thomas North's Plutarch: " Cæsar's ships were not built for pomp, high and great, &c. but they were light of *yarage*." *Yare* generally signifies, *dextrous, manageable*. See Vol. II, p. 9, n. 2. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *Cæsar none better.*] I must suppose this mutiliated line to have originally run thus:
I have sixty sails, Cæsar himself none better. *Steevens.*

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do 't at land.—Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange, that his power should be.[9]—Canidius.
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse:—We 'll to our ship;

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis![1]—How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. O noble emperor,[2] do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians,
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* ANT. CLEO. *and* ENO.

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows

[9] *Strange, that his* power *should be.*] It is strange that his *forces* should be there. So, afterwards, in this scene:

" His *power* went out in such distractions, as
" Beguil'd all spies."

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

" Before the which was drawn the *power* of Greece."

Malone.

[1] —— *my Thetis!*] Antony may address Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph, because she had just promised him assistance in his naval expedition; or perhaps in allusion to her voyage down the Cydnus, when she appeared like *Thetis* surrounded by the Nereids. *Steevens.*

[2] *O noble emperor,* &c.] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: " Now, as he was setting his men in order of battel, there was a captaine, & a valiant man, that had serued Antonius in many battels & conflicts, & had all his body hacked & cut; who as Antonius passed by him, cryed out vnto him, and sayd: O, noble emperor, how commeth it to passe that you trust to these vile brittle shippes? what, doe you mistrust these woundes of myne, and this sword? let the Ægyptians and Phœnicians fight by sea, and set vs on the maine land, where we vse to conquer, or to be slayne on our feete. Antonius passed by him, and sayd neuer a word, but only beckoned to him with his hand and head, as though he willed him to be of good corage, although indeede he had no great corage himselfe." *Steevens.*

Not in the power on 't:[3] So our leader 's led,
And we are women's men.
Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?
Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.[4]
Sold. While he was[5] yet in Rome.
His power went out in such distractions,[6] as
Beguil'd all spies.
Can. Who 's his lieutenant, hear you?
Sold. They say, one Taurus.
Can. Well I know the man.
Enter a Messenger.
Mess. The emperor calls for Canidius.[7]
Can. With news the time 's with labour; and throes forth,[8]
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt:*

[3] Sold. *By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.*
Can. *Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows*
Not in the power on 't:] That is, his whole conduct becomes ungoverned by the right, or by reason. *Johnson.*
I think the sense is very different, and that Canidius means to say, His whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength, (namely, his *land force,*) but on the caprice of a woman who wishes that he should fight by sea. Dr. Johnson refers the word *on 't* to *right* in the preceding speech. I apprehend, it refers to *action* in the speech before us. *Malone.*

[4] Carries *beyond belief.*] Perhaps this phrase is from archery. So, in *King Henry IV,* P. II: "— he would have *carried* you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half." *Steevens.*

[5] *While* he was —] Of what use are the words—*he was,* except to vitiate the metre? *Steevens.*

[6] —— *distractions,*] Detachments, separate bodies. *Johnson.*
The word is thus used by Sir Paul Rycaut, in his *Maxims of Turkish Polity:* "— and not suffer his affections to wander on other wives, slaves, or *distractions of his love.*" *Steevens.*

[7] *The emperor calls* for *Canidius.*] The preposition—*for,* was judiciously inserted by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to complete the measure. So, in a future scene:
"—— call *for* Enobarbus, —" *Steevens.*

[8] —— *and* throes *forth,*] i. e. emits as in parturition. So, in *The Tempest:*
"—— proclaim a birth
"*Which throes* thee much to yield." *Steevens.*

SCENE VIII.

A Plain near Actium.

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, *Officers, and Others.*

Cæs. Taurus, —
Taur. My lord.
Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole:
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump.[9] [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon' side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CANIDIUS, *marching with his Land Army one Way over the Stage; and* TAURUS, *the Lieutenant of* Cæsar, *the other Way. After their going in, is heard the Noise of a Sea-Fight.*

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
The Antoniad,[1] the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see 't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!
Eno. What 's thy passion?
Scar. The greater cantle[2] of the world is lost

[9] —— *this* jump.] i. e. hazard. So, in *Macbeth*:
"We 'd *jump* the life to come." *Steevens.*

[1] *The Antoniad*, &c.] Which Plutarch says, was the name of Cleopatra's ship. *Pope.*

[2] *The greater* cantle —] A piece or lump. *Pope.*
Cantle is rather a *corner*. Cæsar, in this play, mentions the *three-nook'd world*. Of this triangular world every triumvir had a corner. *Johnson.*
The word is used by Chaucer, in *The Knight's Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 3010:
"Of no partie ne *cantel* of a thing." Steevens.
See Vol. VIII, p. 258, n. 3. Malone.

With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd[3] pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid[4] nag of Egypt,

[3] —— *token'd* —] Spotted. *Johnson.*

The death of those visited by the plague was certain, when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens.* So, in the comedy of *Two Wise Men and all the rest Fools,* in seven Acts, 1619: "A will and a tolling bell are as present death as *God's tokens.*" Again, in *Herod and Antipater,* 1622:

"His sickness, madam, rageth like a plague,
"Once *spotted, never cur'd.*"

Again, in *Love's Labour 's Lost:*

"For the *Lord's tokens* on you both I see."

See Vol. IV, p. 129, n. 9. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *ribald* —] A luxurious squanderer. *Pope.*

The word is in the old edition *ribaudred,* which I do not understand, but mention it, in hopes others may raise some happy conjecture. *Johnson.*

A *ribald* is a lewd fellow. So, in *Arden of Feversham,* 1592:

"—— that injurious *riball* that attempts
"To vyolate my dear wyve's chastity."

Again:

"Injurious strumpet, and thou *ribald* knave."

Ribaudred, the old reading, is, I believe, no more than a corruption. Shakspeare, who is not always very nice about his versification, might have written:

Yon ribald-rid *nag of Egypt,* —

i. e. Yon strumpet, who is common to every wanton fellow.

We find, however, in *The Golden Legend,* Wynkyn de Worde's edit. fol. 186, b. that "Antony was wylde, ioly, and *rybauldous,* and had ye syster of Octauyan to his wyfe." *Steevens.*

I have adopted the happy emendation proposed by Mr. Steevens. *Ribaud* was only the old spelling of *ribald;* and the misprint of *red* for *rid* is easily accounted for. Whenever, by any negligence in writing, a dot is omitted over an *i,* compositors at the press invariably print an *e.* Of this I have had experience in many sheets of my edition of Shakspeare, being very often guilty of that negligence which probably produced the error in the passage before us.

In our author's own edition of his *Rape of Lucrece,* 1594, I have lately observed the same error:

"Afflict him in his bed with bed-*red* groans."

Again, in *Hamlet,* 1604, sign. B 3, Act I, sc. ii:

"Who impotent, and bed-*red,* scarcely hears
"Of this his nephew's purpose."

Whom leprosy o'ertake![5] i' the midst o' the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,[6]—
The brize upon her,[7] like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld: mine eyes
Did sicken at the sight on 't,[8] and could not

By ribald, Scarus, I think, means the lewd Antony in particular, not "*every* lewd fellow," as Mr. Steevens has explained it. *Malone.*

—— *Yon ribald* nag *of Egypt*,] I believe we should read—*hag*. What follows seems to prove it:

" —— She once being loof'd,
" The noble ruin of her *magick*, Antony,
" Claps on his sea-wing." —— *Tyrwhitt.*

Odd as this use of *nag* might appear to Mr. Tyrwhitt, *jade* is daily used in the same manner. *Henley.*

The brieze, or œstrum, the fly that stings cattle, proves that *nag* is the right word. *Johnson.*

[5] *Whom* leprosy *o'ertake!*] *Leprosy*, an epidemical distemper of the Ægyptians; to which Horace probably alludes in the controverted line:

" Contaminato cum grege turpium
" Morbo virorum." *Johnson.*

Leprosy was one of the various names by which the *Lues venerea* was distinguished. So, in Greene's *Disputation between a He Conеycatcher and a She Conеycaccher*, 1592: " Into what jeopardy a man will thrust himself for her that he loves, although for his sweet villanie he be brought to loathsome *leprosie*." *Steevens.*

Pliny, who says, *the white leprosy*, or *elephantiasis*, was not seen in Italy before the time of Pompey the Great, adds, it is "a peculiar maladie, and *naturall to the Ægyptians*; but looke when any of their kings fell into it, woe worth the subjects and poore people: for then were the tubs and bathing vessels wherein they sate in the baine, filled with men's bloud for their cure." *Philemon Holland's Translation*, B. XXVI, c. i. *Reed.*

[6] *Both as the same, or rather ours the elder*,] So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

" We were two lions, litter'd in one day,
" But I the elder and more terrible." *Steevens.*

[7] *The* brize *upon her*,] The *brize* is the *gad-fly*. So, in Spenser:

" —— a *brize*, a scorned little creature,
" Through his fair hide his angry sting did threaten."
Steevens.

[8] *Did sicken at the sight* on 't,] For the insertion of—*on 't*, to complete the measure, I am answerable, being backed, however, by the authority of the following passage in *Cymbeline*:

" —— the sweet view on 't
" Might well have warm'd old Saturn,—" *Steevens.*

Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,[9]
The noble ruin of her magick, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night
Indeed. [*Aside.*

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to 't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse; six kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I 'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony,[1] though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

[9] —— *being* loof'd,] To *loof* is to bring a ship close to the wind. This expression is in the old translation of Plutarch. It also occurs frequently in Hackluyt's *Voyages*. See Vol. III, 589. *Steevens.*

[1] *The wounded* chance *of Antony,*] I know not whether the author, who loves to draw his images from the sports of the field, might not have written:

The wounded chase *of Antony,* ——

The allusion is to a deer wounded and chased, whom all other deer avoid. I *will*, says Enobarbus, *follow Antony*, though *chased* and *wounded*.

The common reading, however, may very well stand. *Johnson.*

The *wounded chance* of Antony, is a phrase nearly of the same import as *the broken fortunes of Antony*. The old reading is indisputably the true one. So, in the fifth Act:

" Or I shall show the cinders of my spirit,
" Through the ashes of my *chance.*" *Malone.*

Mr. Malone has judiciously defended the old reading. In *Othello* we have a phrase somewhat similar to [illegible] viz. " *mangled* matter." *Steevens.*

SCENE IX.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, *and* Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon 't,
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither;
I am so lated in the world,[2] that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:[3]
My treasure 's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you.[4] Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself:[5] to the sea side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,[6]

[2] —— *so* lated *in the world,*] Alluding to a benighted traveller. *Johnson.*

So, in *Macbeth*, Act III:

"Now spurs the *lated* traveller apace." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *be gone:*] We might, I think, safely complete the measure by reading:

—— *be gone*, I say. *Steevens.*

[4] *Sweep your way for you.*] So, in *Hamlet:*

"—— they must *sweep my way*,
"And marshall me to knavery." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *let* that *be left*
Which leaves itself:] Old copy—let *them* &c. Corrected by Mr. Capell. *Malone.*

[6] —— *I have lost command,*] I am not maker of my own emotions. *Johnson.*

Therefore I pray you:—I 'll see you by and by.
[*Sits down.*

Enter EROS, *and* CLEOPATRA, *led by* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort him.
Iras. Do, most dear queen.
Char. Do! Why, what else?[7]
Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, sir?
Ant. O fy, fy, fy.
Char. Madam,—
Iras. Madam; O good empress!—
Eros. Sir, sir,—
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer;[8] while I struck

Surely, he rather means,—I *entreat* you to leave me, because I have lost all power to *command* your absence. *Steevens.*

Mr. Steevens is certainly right. So, in *King Richard III;*

"Tell her, the king, that may *command, entreats.*" *Malone.*

[7] *Do! Why, what else?* &c.] Being uncertain whether these, and other short and interrupted speeches in the scene before us, were originally designed to form regular verses; and suspecting that in some degree they have been mutilated, I have made no attempt at their arrangement. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *He, at Philippi, kept*
His sword even like a dancer;] In the Morisco, and perhaps anciently in the Pyrrhick dance, the dancers held swords in their hands with the points upward. *Johnson.*

I am told that the peasants in Northumberland have a *sword-dance* which they always practise at Christmas. *Steevens.*

The Goths, in one of their dances, held swords in their hands with the points upwards, sheathed and unsheathed. Might not the Moors in Spain borrow this custom of the Goths who intermixed with them? *Tollet.*

I believe it means that Cæsar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. There is a similar allusion in *Titus Andronicus*, Act II, sc. i:

"—— our mother, unadvis'd,
"Gave you a *dancing rapier* by your side."

It may also be observed, that the dancers represented in one of the compartments of the shield of Achilles, had weapons by their sides:

"—— οἱ δὲ μαχαίρας
"Εἶχον χρυσείας ἐξ ἀργυρέων τελαμώνων."
Iliad, Σ. 597. Steevens.

The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended:[9] he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry,[1] and no practice had

That Mr. Steevens's explanation is just, appears from a passage in *All 's Well that Ends Well.* Bertram, lamenting that he is kept from the *wars*, says—

" I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
" Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
" Till honour be bought up, and no *sword worn*,
" But one to *dance* with."

The word *worn* shows that in both passages our author was thinking of the English, and not of the Pyrrhick, or the Morisco, dance, (as Dr. Johnson supposed) in which the sword was *not worn* at the side, but held in the hand with the point upward. *Malone.*

[9] —— *and 'twas I,*

That the mad *Brutus ended:*] Nothing can be more in character, than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the heroick love of one's country and publick liberty, *madness. Warburton.*

[1] —— *he alone*

Dealt on *lieutenantry,*] I know not whether the meaning is, that Cæsar acted only as lieutenant at Philippi, or that he made his attempts only on lieutenants, and left the generals to Antony. *Johnson.*

Dealt on lieutenantry, I believe, means only,—*fought by proxy,* made war by his lieutenants, or *on* the strength of his lieutenants. So, in a former scene, Ventidius observes—

" *Cæsar* and Antony have ever won
" *More in their officer,* than person."

Again, in the Countess of Pembroke's *Antonie,* 1595:

" —— Cassius and Brutus ill betid,
" March'd against us, by us twice put to flight,
" But by my sole conduct; for all the time,
" Cæsar heart-sick with fear and feaver lay."

To *deal on* any thing, is an expression often used in the old plays. So, in *The Roaring Girl,* 1611:

" You will *deal upon* men's wives no more."

The prepositions *on* and *upon* are sometimes oddly employed by our ancient writers. So, in Drayton's *Miseries of Queen Margaret:*

" That it amaz'd the *marchers,* to behold
" Men so ill arm'd, *upon* their bows so bold."

Upon their bows must here mean *on the strength of their bows, relying on their bows.* Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden,* &c. by Nashe, 1596: " At Wolfe's he is billeted, sweating and *dealing upon* it most intentively." Again, in *Othello:*

" *Upon* malicious bravery dost thou come
" To start my quiet."

Again, in *King Richard III:*

" —— are they that I would have thee *deal upon.*" *Steevens.*

Steevens's explanation of this passage is just, and agreeable to the character here given of Augustus. Shakspeare represents

In the brave squares of war: Yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unqualitied[2] with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—sustain me:—O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;
Her head 's declin'd, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort[3] makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame[4] out of thine eyes

him, in the next Act, as giving his orders to Agrippa, and remaining unengaged himself:

"Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight,——."

Again:

"Go, charge, Agrippa." *M. Mason.*

In the Life of Antony, Shakspeare found the following passage: "—they were always more fortunate when *they made warre by their lieutenants*, than by themselves;"—which fully explains that before us.

The subsequent words also—"and no practice had," &c. show that Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted this passage. The phrase to *deal on* is likewise found in *Pierce Pennylesse his Supplication to the Devil*, by T. Nashe, 1592: "When dice, lust and drunkenness, all have *dealt upon* him, if there be never a plaie for him to go for his pennie, he sits melancholie in his chamber."

Malone.

[2] *He is* unqualitied—] I suppose she means, he is *unsoldier'd*. *Quality*, in Shakspeare's age, was often used for *profession*. It has, I think, that meaning in the passage in *Othello*, in which Desdemona expresses her desire to accompany the Moor in his military service:

"——My heart 's subdued
"Even to the very *quality* of my lord." *Malone.*

Perhaps, *unqualitied*, only signifies *unmanned* in general, *disarmed of his usual faculties*, without any particular reference to soldiership. *Steevens.*

[3] ——*death will seize her;* but
Your comfort &c.] *But* has here, as once before in this play, the force of *except*, or *unless*. *Johnson.*

I rather incline to think that *but* has here its ordinary signification. If it had been used for *unless*, Shakspeare would, I conceive, have written, according to his usual practices, *make*.

Malone.

[4] *How I convey my shame*—] How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your sight. *Johnson.*

By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.
Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.
Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,[5]
And thou should'st tow[6] me after: O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy[7] thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.
Cleo. O, my pardon.
Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.
Cleo. O pardon, pardon.
Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost:[8] Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
Some wine, within[9] there, and our viands:—Fortune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows. [*Exeunt.*

[5] —— *tied by the strings,*] That is, by the *heart-string*. *Johnson.*
So, in *The Tragedie of Antonie*, done into English by the Countess of Pembroke, 1595:
" ——— as if his soule
" Unto his ladies soule had been *enchained*,
" He left his men" &c. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *should'st* tow —] The old copy has—should'st *stow* me. This is one of the many corruptions occasioned by the transcriber's ear deceiving him. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

[7] *Thy full supremacy* —] Old copy—The full —. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. *Malone.*

[8] —— *one of them rates*
All that is won and lost:] So, in *Macbeth*:
" When the battle 's *lost and won*." *Malone.*

[9] —— *within* —] This word might be fairly ejected, as it has *no* other force than to derange the metre. Steevens.

SCENE X.

Cæsar's *Camp, in* Egypt.

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS,[1] *and Others.*

Cæs. Let him appear that 's come from Antony.—
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:[2]
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.[3]

[1] —— *Thyreus,*] In the old copy always—*Thidias. Steevens.*

[2] —— *his schoolmaster:*] The name of this person was *Euphronius. Steevens.*
He was schoolmaster to Antony's *children* by Cleopatra. *Malone.*

[3] —— *as petty to his ends,*
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his *grand sea.*] Thus the old copy. To *whose* grand sea? I know not. Perhaps we should read:
To this *grand sea.*
We may suppose that the sea was within view of Cæsar's camp; and at no great distance. *Tyrwhitt.*
The modern editors arbitrarily read:—*the* grand sea.
I believe the old reading is the true one. *His grand sea* may mean his *full tide of prosperity.* So, in *King Henry VI,* P. I:
" You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow;
" Now stops thy spring; *my sea* shall suck them dry,
" And swell so much the higher by their ebb."
Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen,* by Fletcher:
" ——— though I know
" His *ocean* needs not my poor drops, yet they
" Must yield their tribute here."
There is a play-house tradition that the first Act of this play was written by Shakspeare. Mr. Tollet offers a further explanation of the change proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt: " Alexandria, towards which Cæsar was marching, is situated on the coast of the Mediterranean sea, which is sometimes called *mare magnum.* Pliny terms it, " *immensa æquorum vastitas.*"

Cæs. Be it so; Declare thine office.
Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies[4] for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.
Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,[5]
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.
Eup. Fortune pursue thee!
Cæs. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit* EUP.
To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Despatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise, [*To* THYR.
And in our name, what she requires; add more,

that Sir John Mandeville, p. 89, calls that part of the Mediterranean which washes the coast of Palestine, "*the grete see.*"

Again, in A. Wyntown's *Cronykil*, B. IX, ch. xii, v. 40:

"—— the Mediterane,
"*The gret se* clerkis callis it swa."

The passage, however, is capable of yet another explanation. *His* grand *sea* may mean the sea from which the dew-drop is exhaled. Shakspeare might have considered the sea as the source of dews as well as rain. *His* is used instead of *its*. *Steevens.*

Tyrwhitt's amendment is more likely to be right, than Steevens's explanation. *M. Mason.*

I believe the last is the right explanation. *Henley.*

The last of Mr. Steevens's explanations certainly gives the sense of Shakspeare. If *his* be not used for *its*, he has made a person of the *morn-drop*. *Ritson.*

[4] *The circle of the Ptolemies* —] The diadem; the ensign of royalty. *Johnson.*

So, in *Macbeth*:

"All that impedes thee from the golden *round*,
"Which fate and metaphysical aid
"Would have thee *crown'd* withal." *Malone.*

[5] ——*friend*,] i. e. paramour. See Vol. XVI, note on *Cymbeline*, Act I, sc. v. *Steevens.*

From thine invention, offers: women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal:[6] Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw;[7]
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.[8]

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?[9]

Eno. Think, and die.[1]

[6] —— *will perjure*
The ne'er-touch'd vestal:] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*
"O Opportunity! thy guilt is great:—
"Thou mak'st the *vestal violate her oath.*" *Malone.*

[7] —— *how Antony becomes his flaw;*] That is, how Antony conforms himself to this breach of his fortune. *Johnson.*

[8] *And what thou think'st his very* action speaks
In every power that moves.] So, in *Troilus and Cressida:*
"—— her *foot speaks*, her—spirits look out
"At *every* joint and *motive* of her body." *Steevens.*

[9] *What shall we* do, *Enobarbus?*] I have little doubt but that the verb—*do*, which is injurious to the metre, was interpolated, and that some player or transcriber (as in many former instances) has here defeated the purpose of an ellipsis convenient to versification. *What shall we?* in ancient familiar language, is frequently understood to signify—What shall we *do?* *Steevens.*

[1] Think, *and die.*] Sir T. Hanmer reads:
Drink, *and die.*
And his emendation has been approved, it seems, by Dr. Warburton and Mr. Upton. Dr. Johnson, however, "has not advanced it into the page, not being convinced that it is necessary. "*Think, and die;*" says he, "that is, *Reflect on your own folly, and leave the world,* is a natural answer." I grant it would be, *according to this explanation,* a very proper answer from a moralist or a divine; but Enobarbus, I doubt, was neither the one nor the other. He is drawn as a *plain, blunt soldier;* not likely, however, to offend so grossly in point of delicacy as Sir T. Hanmer's emendation would make him. I believe the true reading is
Wink, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?
Eno. Antony only, that would make his will :
Lord of his reason. What although[2] you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?[3]

When the ship is going to be cast away, in *The Sea Voyage* of Beaumont and Fletcher, (Act I, sc. i,) and Aminta is lamenting Tibalt says to her:

" ——— Go, take your gilt
" Prayer-book, and to your business; *wink, and die:*"

insinuating plainly, that she was afraid to meet death with her eyes open. And the same insinuation, I think, Enobarbus might very naturally convey in his return to Cleopatra's desponding question. *Tyrwhitt.*

I adhere to the old reading, which may be supported by the following passage in *Julius Cæsar:*

" ——— all that he can do
" Is to himself; *take thought, and die* for Cæsar."

Mr. Tollet observes, that the expression of *taking thought,* in our old English writers, is equivalent to *the being anxious* or *solicitous,* or *laying a thing much to heart.* So, says he, it is used in our translations of *The New Testament,* Matthew vi, 25, &c. So, in Holinshed, Vol. III, p. 50, or anno 1140: " — *taking thought* for the losse of his houses and money, he pined away and died." In the margin thus: "The bishop of Salisburie *dieth of thought.*" Again, in p. 833. Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle,* anno 1508: " Christopher Hawis shortened his life by *thought-taking.*" Again, in p. 546, edit. 1614. Again, in Leland's *Collectanea,* Vol. I, p. 234: " — their mother died *for thought.*" Mr. Tyrwhitt, however, might have given additional support to the reading which he offers, from a passage in *The Second Part of King Henry IV:*

" ——led his powers to death,
" And *winking* leap'd into destruction." *Steevens.*

After all that has been written upon this passage, I believe the old reading is right; but then we must understand *think and die* to mean the same as *die of thought,* or *melancholy.* In this sense is *thought* used below, Act IV, sc. vi, and by Holinshed, *Chronicle of Ireland,* p. 97: " *His father lived in the Tower—where* for thought *of the young man his follie* he died." There is a passage almost exactly similar in *The Beggar's Bush* of Beaumont and Fletcher, Vol. II, p. 423:

" Can I not *think away* myself and die?" *Tyrwhitt.*

Think and die:—Consider what mode of ending your life is most preferable, and immediately adopt it. *Henley.*

[2] —— al*though* —] The first syllable of this word was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to complete the measure. *Steevens.*

[3] ——*why should he follow?*] Surely, for the sake of metre, we should read—follow *you?* Steevens.

The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship;[4] at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered question:[5] 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, *with* EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is this his answer?

Euph. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen
Shall then have courtesy, so she will yield
Us up.

Euph. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.[6]—
To the boy Cæsar send this grizled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

[4] *Have* nick'd *his captainship;*] i. e. set the mark of folly on it. So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

" ——— and the while
" His man with scissars *nicks* him like a fool." *Steevens.*

[5] ——*he being*
The mered *question:*] The *mered* question is a term I do not understand. I know not what to offer, except —
The mooted *question.*——
That is, the *disputed* point, the subject of debate. *Mere* is indeed a *boundary*, and the *meered question*, if it can mean any thing, may, with some violence of language, mean, the *disputed boundary.* *Johnson.*

So, in Stanyhurst's translation of Virgil, B. III, 1582:

" Whereto joinctlye *mearing* a cantel of Itayle neereth."

Barrett, in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets a *meere*-stone by *lapis terminalis*. *Question* is certainly the true reading. So, in *Hamlet*, Act I, sc. i:

" ——— the king
" That was and is the *question* of these wars." *Steevens.*

Possibly Shakspeare might have coined the word *meered*, and derived it from the adjective *mere* or *meer*. In that case, the *mered question* might mean, the only cause of the dispute—the only subject of the quarrel. *M. Mason.*

Mered is, I suspect, a word of our author's formation, from *mere:* he being the sole, the entire subject or occasion of the war. *Malone.*

[6] *Let her know it.*] To complete the verse, we might add—*Let her know it then.* *Steevens.*

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which, the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd,[7] sword against sword,
Ourselves alone: I 'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt* ANT. *and* EUP.

[7] ——*his gay* comparisons *apart*,
And answer me declin'd,] I require of Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the *comparison* of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer me man to man, in this *decline* of my age or power. *Johnson.*

I have sometimes thought that Shakspeare wrote—
" —— *his gay* caparisons.

Let him " unstate his happiness," let him divest himself of the splendid trappings of power, *his coin, ships, legions*, &c. and meet me in single combat.

Caparison is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries, for *an ornamental dress*. So, in *As You Like It*, Act III, sc. ii:
" —— though I am *caparison'd* like a man, —."
Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV, sc. ii:
" With die and drab I purchas'd this *caparison*."
The old reading however is supported by a passage in *Macbeth*:
" Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
" Confronted him with *self-comparisons*,
" Point against point, rebellious."
His *gay comparisons* may mean, those circumstances of splendour and power in which he, when *compared* with me, so much exceeds me.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of *declin'd* is certainly right. So, in *Timon of Athens*:
" Not one accompanying his *declining* foot."
Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:
" —— What the *declin'd* is,
" He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
" As feel in his own fall."
Again, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:
" Before she had *declining* fortune prov'd." *Malone.*

The word *gay* seems rather to favour Malone's conjecture, that we should read *caparisons*. On the other hand, the following passage in the next speech, appears to countenance the present reading:
" —— that he should dream,
" Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
" Answer his emptiness!" M. Mason.

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,[8]
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes;[9] and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square.[1] [*Aside.*
The loyalty, well held to fools,[2] does make
Our faith mere folly:—Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

[8] —— *be* stag'd *to the show,*] So, Goff, in his *Raging Turk*, 1631:
" —— as if he *stag'd*
" The wounded Priam ——." *Steevens.*
Be *stag'd to show*,—that is, *exhibited, like conflicting gladiators, to the public gaze. Henley.*

[9] ———— *are*
A parcel *of their fortunes;*] i. e. as we should say at present, *are of a piece with them. Steevens.*

[1] —— *to* square.] i. e. to *quarrel.* See *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Vol. II, p. 264, n. 3. *Steevens.*

[2] *The loyalty, well held to fools*, &c.] After Enobarbus has said, that his honesty and he begin to quarrel, he immediately falls into this generous reflection: " Though loyalty, stubbornly preserv'd to a master in his declined fortunes, seems folly in the eyes of fools; yet he, who can be so obstinately loyal, will make as great a figure on record, as the conqueror." I therefore read:
Though *loyalty, well held to fools, does make*
Our faith mere folly ——. *Theobald.*
I have preserved the old reading: Enobarbus is deliberating upon desertion, and finding it is more prudent to forsake a fool, and more reputable to be faithful to him, makes no positive conclusion. Sir T. Hanmer follows Theobald. Dr. Warburton maintains the old reading. *Johnson.*

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends;[3] say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are; and that 's, Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—
Thus then, thou most renown'd; Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.[4]

[3] *None but friends;*] I suppose, for the sake of measure, we ought to read in this place with Sir Thomas Hanmer:
" None *here* but friends." *Steevens.*

[4] —— Cæsar *entreats,*
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.] Thus the second folio; and on this reading the subsequent explanation by Dr. Warburton is founded.
The first folio, which brings obscurity with it, has—
" —— *than he is Cæsar's.*"
See Mr. Malone's note. *Steevens.*

i. e. *Cæsar entreats, that at the same time you consider your desperate fortunes, you would consider he is Cæsar:* That is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to restore them. *Warburton.*

It has been just said, that whatever *Antony* is, all his followers are; " that is, *Cæsar's.*" Thyreus now informs Cleopatra that Cæsar entreats her not to consider *herself* in a state of subjection, further than as she is connected with Antony, who is *Cæsar's:* intimating to her, (according to the instructions he had received from Cæsar, to detach Cleopatra from Antony—see p. 314,) that she might make separate and advantageous terms for herself.

I suspect that the preceding speech belongs to Cleopatra, not to Enobarbus. Printers usually keep the names of the persons who appear in each scene, ready composed; in consequence of which, speeches are often attributed to those to whom they do not belong. Is it probable that Enobarbus should presume to interfere here? The whole dialogue naturally proceeds between Cleopatra and Thyreus, till Enobarbus thinks it necessary to attend to his own interest, and says what he speaks when he goes out. The plural number, (*us,*) which suits Cleopatra, who throughout the play assumes that royal style, strengthens my conjecture. The words, *our master,* it may be said, are inconsistent with this supposition; but I apprehend, Cleopatra might have thus described Antony, with sufficient propriety. They are afterwards explained: " Whose he is, we are." Antony was the master of her fate. *Malone.*

Cleo. Go on: Right royal.
Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not[5] Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
Cleo. O!
Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.
Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.
Eno. To be sure of that, [*Aside.*
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou 'rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee.[6] [*Exit* Eno.
Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shrowd,
The universal landlord.
Cleo. What 's your name?
Thyr. My name is Thyreus.
Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand:[7] tell him, I am prompt

Enobarbus, who is the buffoon of the play, has already presumed [see p. 238,] to interfere between the jarring Triumvirs, and might therefore have been equally flippant on the occasion before us. For this reason, as well as others, I conceive the speech in question to have been rightly appropriated in the old copy.—What a diminution of Shakspeare's praise would it be, if four lines that exactly suit the mouth of Enobarbus, could come with equal propriety from the lips of Cleopatra! *Steevens.*

[5] —— *that you* embrace *not* —] The author probably wrote—*embrac'd.* *Malone.*

[6] —— *thou 'rt so leaky,* &c.
Thy dearest quit *thee.*] So, in *The Tempest:*
" A rotten carcase of a boat ——
" —— the very rats
" Instinctively had *quit it* —" *Steevens.*

[7] *Say to great Cæsar this, In* disputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand:] The poet certainly wrote:
Say to great Cæsar this, In deputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand:

To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath[8] I hear

i. e. by *proxy*; I *depute* you to pay him that duty in my name. *Warburton.*

I am not certain that this change is necessary. *I kiss his hand in disputation*—may mean, I own he has the better in the controversy. I confess my inability to *dispute or contend* with him. To *dispute* may have no immediate reference to words or language by which controversies are agitated. So, in *Macbeth*: "*Dispute* it like a man;" and Macduff, to whom this short speech is addressed, is *disputing* or contending with himself only. Again, in *Twelfth Night*: "For though my soul *disputes* well with my sense." If Dr. Warburton's change be adopted, we should read —"*by* deputation." *Steevens.*

I have no doubt but *deputation* is the right reading. Steevens having proved, with much labour and ingenuity, that it is but by a forced and unnatural construction that any sense can be extorted from the words as they stand. It is not necessary to read *by* deputation, instead of *in*. That amendment indeed would render the passage more strictly grammatical, but Shakspeare is, frequently, at least as licentious in the use of his particles. *M. Mason.*

I think Dr. Warburton's conjecture extremely probable. The objection founded on the particle *in* being used, is, in my apprehension, of little weight. Though *by* deputation is the phraseology of the present day, the other might have been common in the time of Shakspeare. Thus a *Deputy* says in the first scene of *King John*:

"Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,
"*In* my behaviour, to his majesty,
"The borrow'd majesty of England here."

Again, in *King Henry IV*, P. I:

"Of all the favourites that the absent king
"*In deputation* left behind him here."

Again: Bacon, in his *History of Henry VII*, says, "—if he relied upon that title, he could be but a king *at* courtesie." We should now say, "*by* courtesy." So, "in any hand," was the phrase of Shakspeare's time, for which, "*at* any hand," was afterwards used.

Supposing *disputation* to mean, as Mr. Steevens conceives, not verbal controversy, but struggle for power, or the contention of adversaries, to say that one kisses the hand of another *in contention*, is surely a strange phrase: but to *kiss by proxy*, and to *marry by proxy*, was the language of Shakspeare's time, and is the language of this day. I have, however, found no example of *in deputation* being used in the sense required here. *Malone.*

[8] *Tell him, from his* all-obeying *breath* &c.] *Doom* is declared rather by an *all-commanding* than an *all-obeying breath*. I suppose we ought to read,

—— *all*-obeyed *breath*. *Johnson.*

The doom of Egypt.
Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace[9] to lay
My duty on your hand.
Cleo. Your Cæsar's father
Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,[1]
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.[2]

Re-enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?
Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man,[3] and worthiest
To have command obey'd.
Eno. You will be whipp'd.
Ant. Approach, there:—Ay, you kite!—Now gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd, *ho!*
Like boys unto a muss,[4] kings would start forth,

There is no need of change. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Shakspeare uses *longing*, a participle *active*, with a *passive* signification:

"To furnish me upon my *longing* journey."

i. e. my journey *long'd* for.

In *The Unnatural Combat*, by Massinger, the active participle is yet more irregularly employed:

"For the recovery of a *strangling husband*."

i. e. one that *was to be* strangled. *Steevens.*

All-obeying breath is, in Shakspeare's language, breath which *all obey*. *Obeying* for *obeyed*. So, *inexpressive* for *inexpressible*, *delighted* for *delighting*, &c. *Malone.*

[9] —— *Give me grace* —] Grant me the favour. *Johnson.*

[1] —— *taking kingdoms in,*] See p. 300, n. 4. *Reed.*

[2] *As it* rain'd kisses.] This strong expression is adopted in Pope's version of the 17th *Odyssey*:

"—— in his embraces dies,
"*Rains kisses* on his neck, his face, his eyes." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *the* fullest *man,*] The most complete and perfect. So, in *Othello*:

"What a *full* fortune doth the thick-lips owe." *Malone.*

[4] *Like boys unto a* muss,] i. e. a scramble. *Pope.*

And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am
Enter Attendants.
Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.
Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.
Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him:—Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here, (What 's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.
Thyr. Mark Antony, —
Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—This Jack[6] of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.— [*Exeunt* Attend. with THYR.
You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women,[7] to be abus'd

So used by Ben Jonson, in his *Magnetick Lady:*
" —— nor are they thrown
" To make a *muss* among the gamesome suitors."
Again, in *The Spanish Gipsie*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:
" To see if thou be'st alcumy or no,
" They 'll throw down gold in *musses*."
This word was current so late as in the year 1690:
" Bauble and cap no sooner are thrown down,
" But there 's a *muss* of more than half the town."
Dryden's Prologue to *The Widow Ranter*, by Mrs. Behn. *Steevens.*

[5] —— (*What 's her name*
Since she was Cleopatra?] That is, since she ceased to be Cleopatra. So, when Ludovico says:
" Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?"
Othello replies,
" That 's he that *was* Othello. Here I am." *M. Mason.*

[6] —— This *Jack* —] Old copy—*The* Jack. Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

[7] —— *a* gem *of women,*] This term is often found in Chapman's version of the *Iliad.* Thus, in the sixth Book:
" —— which though I use not here,
" Yet still it is my *gem* at home."
In short, beautiful horses, rich garments, &c. in our translator's language, are frequently spoken of as gems. " A jewel of a man," is a phrase still in use among the vulgar." *Steevens.*

By one that looks on feeders?[8]
Cleo. Good my lord, —

[8] *By one that looks on* feeders?] One that waits at the table while others are eating. *Johnson.*

A *feeder*, or an *eater*, was anciently the term of reproach for a *servant*. So, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*: "Bar my doors. Where are all my *eaters*? My *mouths* now? bar up my doors, my varlets."

Again, in *The Wits*, a comedy, by Sir W. D'Avenant:

"——tall *eaters* in blew coats,
"Sans number."

One who looks on feeders, is one who throws away her regard on *servants*, such as Antony would represent Thyreus to be. Thus, in *Cymbeline*:

"——that base wretch,
"One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
"The very scraps o' the court." *Steevens.*

I incline to think Dr. Johnson's interpretation of this passage the true one. Neither of the quotations, in my apprehension, support Mr. Steevens's explication of *feeders* as synonymous to a *servant*. So fantastick and pedantick a writer as Ben Jonson, having in one passage made one of his characters call his attendants, his *eaters*, appears to me a very slender ground for supposing *feeders* and *servants* to be synonymous. In *Timon of Athens* this word occurs again:

"—— So the gods bless me,
"When all our offices have been oppress'd
"With riotous *feeders*, —."

There also Mr. Steevens supposes *feeders* to mean *servants*. But I do not see why "all our offices" may not mean *all* the apartments in Timon's house; (for certainly the Steward did not mean to lament the excesses of Timon's *retinue only*, without at all noticing that of his master and his guests;) or, if *offices* can only mean such parts of a dwelling-house as are assigned to servants, I do not conceive that, because *feeders* is *there* descriptive of those menial attendants who were thus fed, the word used by itself, unaccompanied by others that determine its meaning, as in the passage before us, should necessarily signify a *servant*.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that a subsequent passage may be urged in favour of the interpretation which Mr. Steevens has given:

"To flatter Cæsar, would you *mingle eyes*
"*With one that ties his points?*" *Malone.*

On maturer consideration, Mr. Malone will find that Timon's Steward has *not* left the excesses of his master, and his guests, unnoticed; for though he first adverts to the luxury of their servants, he immediately afterwards alludes to their own, which he confines to the *rooms* (not *offices*) that "blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy." My definition, therefore, of the term—*offices, will still* maintain its ground.

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on 't!) the wise gods seel our eyes;[9]
In our own filth drop our clear judgments;[1] makes
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out:[2]—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan,[3] to outroar

In further support of it, see a note on *Macbeth*, Vol. VII, p. 94, n. 8, where *offices* occurs, a reading which Mr. Malone has overlooked, and consequently left without remark.

Duncan would hardly have "sent *forth*" largess to Macbeth's *offices*, had these *offices* been (as Mr. Malone seems willing to represent them) "*all* the apartments *in* the house." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *seel our eyes;* &c.] This passage should be pointed thus:

—— *seel our eyes;*
In our own filth drop our clear judgments. *Tyrwhitt.*

I have adopted this punctuation. Formerly,

—— *seel our eyes*
In our own filth; &c. *Steevens.*

[1] *In our own filth* drop *our clear judgments;*] If I understand the foregoing allusion, it is such as scarce deserves illustration, which, however, may be caught from a simile in Mr. Pope's *Dunciad:*

"As what a Dutchman *plumps* into the lakes," &c.

In *King Henry V*, Act III, sc. v, we have already met with a conceit of similar indelicacy:

"He'll *drop* his heart into the *sink* of fear." *Steevens.*

[2] Luxuriously *pick'd out:*] *Luxuriously* means *wantonly*. So, in *King Lear:*

"To 't, *luxury*, pellmell, for I lack soldiers." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *the hill of Basan,*] This is from *Psalm* lxviii, 15: "As *the hill of Basan*, so is God's hill: even an high hill, as the hill *of Basan*." *Steevens.*

The horned herd![4] for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.[5]—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, *with* THYREUS.

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?

1 *Att.* He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on 't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,[6]
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do 't;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abism of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,

[4] *The horned herd!*] It is not without pity and indignation that the reader of this great poet meets so often with this low jest, which is too much a favourite to be left out of either mirth or fury. *Johnson.*

The idea of the *horned herd* was caught from *Psalm* xxii, 12: "Many *oxen* are come about me: fat *bulls* of Basan close me in on every side." *Steevens.*

[5] *For being* yare *about him.*] i. e. *ready, nimble, adroit.* So, in a preceding scene:

"Their ships are *yare*, yours heavy." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *thou say*, &c.] Thus in the old translation of Plutarch: "Whereupon Antonius caused him to be taken and well fauouredly whipped, and so sent him vnto Cæsar; and bad him tell him that he made him angrie with him, bicause he showed him self prowde and disdainfull towards him, and now specially when he was easie to be angered, by reason of his present miserie. To be short, if this mislike thee, said he, thou hast Hipparchus one of my infranchised bondmen with thee: hang him if thou wilt, or whippe him at thy pleasure, that we may crie quittance." *Steevens.*

As he shall like, to quit me:[7] Urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, begone. [*Exit* THYR.
Cleo. Have you done yet?
Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclip'sd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!
Cleo. I must stay his time.
Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?[8]
Cleo. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?
Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines,[9] so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite![1]
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,[2]
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey![3]

[7] —— *to* quit *me:*] To repay me this insult; to *requite* me. *Johnson.*

[8] *With one that ties his points?*] i. e. with a menial attendant. *Points* were laces with metal tags, with which the old trunkhose were fastened. *Malone.*

[9] —— *as it* determines,] That is, as the hailstone dissolves. *M. Mason.*

So, in *King Henry IV*, P. II:

"Till his friend sickness hath *determin'd* me."

See Vol. IX. p. 147, n. 4. *Steevens.*

[1] *The next Cæsarion smite!*] Cæsarion was Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar. *Steevens.*

The folio has *smile*. This literal error will serve to corroborate Dr. Farmer's conjecture in *King Henry V*, Vol. IX, p. 135, n. 6. *Reed.*

[2] *By the* discandying *of this pelleted storm,*] The old folios read, *discandering:* from which corruption both Dr. Thirlby and I saw, we must retrieve the word with which I have reformed the text. *Theobald.*

Discandy is used in the next Act. *Malone.*

[3] —— *till the flies and gnats of Nile*
Have buried *them for prey!*] We have a kindred thought in *Macbeth:*

"—— our *monuments*
"Shall be the maws of kites." *Steevens.*

Ant. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet,[4] threat'ning most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;[5]
There is hope in it yet.
Cleo. That 's my brave lord!
Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd,[6] hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky,[7] men did ransome lives

[4] —— *and* fleet,] *Float* was a modern emendation, perhaps right. The old reading is—
——— *and* fleet, ——. *Johnson.*
I have replaced the old reading. *Float* and *fleet* were synonymous. So, in the tragedy of *Edward II*, by Marlow, 1598:
" This isle shall *fleet* upon the ocean."
Again, in *Tamburlaine*, 1590:
" Shall meet those Christians *fleeting* with the tide."
Again, in *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:
" And envious snakes among the *fleeting* fish."
Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II, c. vii:
" And in frayle wood on Adrian gulfe doth *fleet*."
Again, in Harding's *Chronicle*, 1543:
" The bodies *flete* amonge our shippes eche daye."
Mr. Tollet has since furnished me with instances in support of this old reading, from Verstegan's *Restitution of decay'd Intelligence*, Holinshed's *Description of Scotland*, and Spenser's *Colin Clout's come home again*. *Steevens.*
The old reading should certainly be restored. *Fleet* is the old word for *float*. See Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1598, 2399, 4883. *Tyrwhitt.*

[5] *I and my sword will* earn our *chronicle;*] I and my sword will do such acts as shall deserve to be recorded. *Malone.*
So, in a former part of this scene Enobarbus has said:
" And *earns* a place i' the story." *Steevens.*

[6] *I will be treble-*sinew'd,] So, in *The Tempest:*
" —— which to do,
" *Trebles thee* o'er."
Antony means to say, that he will be treble-*hearted*, and treble-*breath'd*, as well as *treble-sinew'd*. *Malone.*

[7] *Were* nice *and lucky,*] *Nice*, for delicate, courtly, flowing in peace. *Warburton.*
Nice rather seems to be, *just fit for my purpose, agreeable to*

Of me for jests; but now,[8] I 'll set my teeth,[9]
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let 's have one other gaudy night:[1] call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let 's mock the midgnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.[2]

Ant. We 'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

wish. So we vulgarly say of any thing that is done better than was expected, it is *nice*. *Johnson.*

Nice is *trifling*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V, sc. ii:

"The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge."

See a note on this passage. *Steevens.*

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"My lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
"But the respects thereof are *nice* and *trivial*." *Malone.*

[8] ——*when mine hours*
Were nice and lucky, men did ransome lives
Of me for jests; but now &c.] There is some resemblance between this passage and the following speech of Achilles in the 21st *Iliad*, as translated by Chapman:

"Till his death, I did grace to Troy; and many lives di rate
"At price of ransome; but none now, of all the brood of Troy
"(Who ever Jove throwes to my hands) shall any breath enjoy." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *I 'll set my teeth,*] So, in *Coriolanus*: "—he did so *set his teeth* and tear it" &c. See this volume, p. 23. *Steevens.*

[1] —— gaudy *night*:] This is still an epithet bestowed on feast days in the colleges of either university. *Steevens.*

Gawdy, or Grand days in the Inns of court, are four in the year, Ascension day, Midsummer day, All-saints day, and Candlemas day. "The etymology of the word," says Blount, in his *Dictionary*, "may be taken from Judge Gawdy, who (as some affirm) was the first institutor of those days; or rather from *gaudium*, because (to say truth) they are days of *joy*, as bringing good cheer to the hungry students. In colleges they are most commonly called *Gawdy*, in inns of court *Grand days*, and in some other places they are called *Collar days*." *Reed.*

Days of good cheer, in some of the foreign universities, are called *Gaudeamus* days. *C.*

[2] *Is Antony* again, &c.] I shrewdly suspect that—*again*, which spoils the verse, is an interpolation, on the players' old principle of opening the sense, without regard to the metre. *Steevens.*

Ant. Do so, we 'll speak to them; and to-night I 'll force
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen;
There 's sap in 't yet.[3] The next time I do fight,
I 'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.[4] [*Exeunt* ANT. CLEO. *and* Attendants.

Eno. Now he 'll outstare the lightning,[5] To be furious,
Is, to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT IV..... SCENE I.

Cæsar's *Camp at* Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, *reading a Letter;* AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, *and Others.*

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger

[3] *There 's sap in 't yet.*] So, in *King Lear:*
" Then there 's life in 't." *Steevens.*

[4] *The next time I do fight,*
I 'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.] This idea seems to have been caught from the 12th Book of Harrington's translation of *The Orlando Furioso,* 1591:
" Death goeth about the field, rejoicing mickle,
" To see a sword that so surpass'd his sickle."
This idea, however is not entirely modern; for in Statius, *Thebaid* I, v. 633, we find that death is armed with a weapon:
" Mors fila sororum
" *Ense* metit." *Steevens.*

[5] *Now he 'll out-stare the lightning.*] Our author, in many of the speeches that he has attributed to Antony, seems to have had the following passage in North's translation of Plutarch in his thoughts: " He [Antony] used a manner of phrase in his speeche, called Asiatick, which carried the best grace at that time, and was much like to him in his manners and life; for it was *full of ostentation, foolish braverie, and* vaine ambition." *Malone.*
See Dr. Johnson's note, at the conclusion of the play. *Steevens.*

He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die;[6] mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,[7]
When one so great begins to rage, he 's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of[8] his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in.[9] See it be done;[1]
And feast the army: we have store to do 't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! [*Exeunt.*

[6] I have *many other ways to die;*] What a reply is this to Antony's challenge? 'tis acknowledging that he should die under the unequal combat; but if we read—

He hath *many other ways to die: mean time,*
I *laugh at his challenge.*

In this reading we have poignancy, and the very repartee of Cæsar. Let 's hear Plutarch. *After this, Antony sent a challenge to Cæsar, to fight him hand to hand, and received for answer, that* he might find several other ways to end his life. *Upton.*

I think this emendation deserves to be received. It had, before Mr. Upton's book appeared, been made by Sir T. Hanmer. *Johnson.*

Most indisputably this is the sense of Plutarch, and given so in the modern translations; but Shakspeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old one: "Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight him: Cæsar answered, that he had many other ways to die, than so." *Farmer.*

[7] *Cæsar must think,*] Read:

Cæsar needs *must think,* —. *Ritson.*

This is a very probable supplement for the syllable here apparently lost. So, in *King Henry VIII:*

"But I must *needs* to the Tower." *Steevens.*

[8] *Make boot of* —] Take advantage of. *Johnson.*

[9] *Enough to* fetch him in.] So, in *Cymbeline:*

" —— break out, and swear
" He 'd *fetch us in.*" *Steevens.*

[1] —— *See it* be *done;*] *Be* was inserted by Sir T. Hanmer, to complete the measure. *Steevens.*

SCENE II.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and Others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.
Eno. No.
Ant. Why should he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I 'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo 't thou fight well?
Eno. I 'll strike; and cry, *Take all.*[2]
Ant. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants; let 's to-night
Enter Servants.
Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
And thou,[3]—and thou,—and thou:— you have serv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.
Cleo. What means this?
Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks,[4] which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind. [*Aside.*
Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish, I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapp'd up together in

[2] —— *Take all.*] Let the survivor take all. No composition, victory or death. *Johnson.*
So, in *King Lear:*
" —— unbonneted he runs,
" And bids what will, *take all.*" *Steevens.*

[3] And *thou,*] *And,* which is wanting in the old copy, was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *one of those odd tricks,*] I know not what obscurity the editors find in this passage. *Trick* is here used in the sense in which it is uttered every day by every mouth, elegant and vulgar: yet Sir T. Hanmer changes it to *freaks,* and Dr. Warburton, *in his rage of Gallicism,* to *traits.* *Johnson.*

An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.
Serv. The gods forbid!
Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.
Cleo. What does he mean?
Eno. To make his followers weep.
Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow:[5] perchance,[6] to-morrow
You 'll serve another master I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for 't![7]
Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd;[8] for shame,

[5] —— *or if,*
A mangled shadow:] *Or if* you see me more, you will see me *a mangled shadow*, only the external form of what I was. *Johnson.*
The thought is, as usual, taken from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch: "So being at supper, (as it is reported) he commaunded his officers and household seruauntes that waited on him at his bord, that they shold fill his cuppes full, and make as much of him as they could: for said he, you know not whether you shall doe so much for me to morrow or not, or whether you shall serue an other maister: and it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead bodie. This notwithstanding, perceiuing that his frends and men fell a weeping to heare him say so, to salue that he had spoken, he added this more vnto it; that he would not leade them to battell, where he thought not rather safely to returne with victorie, than valiantly to dye with honor." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *perchance,*] To complete the verse, might we not read—*nay*, perchance, &c.? *Nay*, on this occasion, as on many others, would be used to signify—*Not only so, but more.* *Steevens.*

[7] *And the gods* yield you *for 't!*] i. e. *reward you.* See a note on *Macbeth*, Vol. VII, p. 62, n. 5; and another on *As you Like it*, Vol. V, p. 136, n. 3. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *onion-ey'd;*] I have my eyes as full of tears as if they had been fretted by onions. *Johnson.*

Transform us not to women.
Ant. Ho, ho, ho![9]
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall![1] My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense:
I spake to you[2] for your comfort: did desire you
To burn this night with torches: Know my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I 'll expect victorious life,

So, in *The birth of Merlin*, 1662:
" I see something like a peel'd *onion;*
" It makes we weep again." *Steevens.*
See p. 205, n. 2. *Malone.*

[9] Ant. *Ho, ho, ho!*] i. e. *stop* or *desist.* Antony desires his followers to cease weeping. So, in Chaucer—*The Knightes Tale*, v. 1706, edit. 1775:
" This duk his courser with his sporres smote,
" And at a stert he was betwix hem two,
" And pulled out a swerd, and cried, *ho!*
" No more, up peine of lesing of your hed."
But Mr. Tyrwhitt, in a note on ver. 2535 of *The Canterbury Tales*, doubts whether this interjection was used except to command a cessation of fighting. The succeeding quotations, however, will, while they illustrate an obscurity in Shakspeare, prove that *ho* was by no means so confined in its meaning. Gawin Douglas translates—" Helenum farique vetat Saturnia Juno," (*Æneid*, L. III, v. 380,)
" The douchter of auld Saturn Juno
" Forbiddis Helenus to speik it, and crys *ho.*"
In the Glossary to the folio edition of this translation, Edinb. 1710, it is said that " *Ho* is an Interjection commanding to desist or leave off."
It occurs again in Langham's *Letter concerning Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Killingworth Castle*, 1575, 12mo, p. 61, cited in *The Reliques of Antient Poetry:* " Heer was no *ho* in devout drinkyng."
And in *The Myrrour of good Maners, compyled in Latyn by Domynike Mancyn, and translated into Englishe by Alexander Bercley, Prest, imprynted by Rychard Pynson*, bl. l. no date, fol. Ambition is compared to
" The sacke insaciable,
" The sacke without botome, which never can say *ho.*"
H. White.

[1] Grace *grow where those drops fall!*] So, in *K. Richard:*
" *Here did she drop a tear;* here, in this place,
" I 'll set a bank of rue, sour *herb of grace.*" *Steevens.*

[2] —— *I spake to you* —] Old copy, redundantly:
For I spake to you —. *Steevens.*

Than death and honour.[3] Let 's to supper; come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter Two Soldiers, *to their Guard.*

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night; to-morrow is the day.
2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?
1 *Sold.* Nothing: What news?
2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour:
Good night to you.
1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

Enter Two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.* Soldiers,
Have careful watch.
3 *Sold.* And you: Good night, good night.
[*The first Two place themselves at their Posts.*
4 *Sold.* Here we: [*they take their Posts*] and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.
3 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.
[*Musick of Hautboys under the Stage.*[4]
4 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?[5]

[3] —— *death and honour.*] That is, an honourable death. *Upton.*

[4] *Musick of Hautboys* under the Stage.] This circumstance (as I collect from Mr. Warton) might have been suggested to Shakspeare by some of the machineries in masques. Holinshed, describing a very curious device or spectacle presented before Queen Elizabeth, insists particularly on the secret or mysterious musick of some fictitious nymphs, "which, (he adds) surely had been a noble hearing, and the more melodious for the varietie [noveltie] thereof, because it should come secretlie and strangelie *out of the earth.*" Vol. III, f. 1297. *Steevens.*

[5] *Peace, what noise?*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Furthermore, the selfe same night within little of midnight, when all the citie was quiet, full of feare, and sorrowe, thinking what would be the issue and ende of this warre; it is said that sodainly they heard a maruelous sweete harmonie of sundry sortes of instrumentes of musicke, with the crie of a multitude of peo-

1 *Sold.* List, list!
2 *Sold.* Hark!
1 *Sold.* Musick i' the air.
3 *Sold.* Under the earth.
4 *Sold.* It signs well,[6]
Does 't not?
3 *Sold.* No.
1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean?
2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.
1 *Sold.* Walk; let 's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do. [*They advance to another Post.*
2 *Sold.* How now, masters?
Sold. How now?
How now? do you hear this? [*Several speaking together.*
1 *Sold.* Ay; Is 't not strange?
3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let 's see how 'twill give off.
Sold. [*Several speaking.*] Content: 'Tis strange.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, *and* CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, *and Others, attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck.[7]—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

ple, as they had bene dauncinge, and had song as they vse in Bacchus feastes, with mouinges and turnings after the manner of the satyres: & it seemed that this daunce went through the city vnto the gate that opened to the enemies, & that all the troupe that made this noise they heard, went out of the city at that gate. Now, such as in reason sought the depth of the interpretacion of this wonder, thought that it was the god vnto whom Antonius bare singular deuotion to counterfeate and resemble him, that did forsake them." *Steevens.*

[6] *It signs well,* &c.] i. e. it is a good sign, it bodes well, &c. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *my* chuck.] i. e. chicken. See Vol. VII, p. 139, n. 4. *Steevens.*

Enter EROS, *with Armour.*

Come, my good fellow,[8] put thine iron[9] on:—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her.—Come.
Cleo. Nay, I 'll help too.[1]
What 's this for?
Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart:—False, false; this, this.
Cleo. Sooth, la, I 'll help: Thus it must be.
Ant. Well, well;
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefly, sir.[2]
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff 't[3] for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen 's a squire
More tight at this, than thou:[4] Despatch.—O love,

[8] —— my *good fellow,*] The necessary pronoun possessive—*my*, was introduced, in aid of metre, by Mr. Rowe. *Steevens.*

[9] —— thine *iron* —] I think it should be rather—
—— mine *iron* —. *Johnson.*
Thine iron is the iron which thou hast in thy hand, i. e. Antony's armour. So, in *King Henry V*, Henry says to a soldier, "Give me *thy* glove;" meaning Henry's own glove, which the soldier at that moment had in his hat. *Malone.*

[1] *Nay, I 'll help too.*] These three little speeches, which in the other editions are only one, and given to Cleopatra, were happily disentangled by Sir T. Hanmer. *Johnson.*
In the old copy the words stand thus: *Cleo.* Nay I 'll help too, Antony. What 's this for? Ah let be, let be; &c. Sooth, la, I 'll help: Thus it must be.
Sir Thomas Hanmer gave the words—"What 's this for?" to Antony; but that they belong to Cleopatra, appears clearly, I think, from the subsequent words, which have been rightly attributed to Antony. What 's *this* piece of your armour for? says the queen. Let it alone, replies Antony; "false, false; *this, this.*" This is the piece that you ought to have given me, and not that of which you asked the use. *Malone.*

[2] Briefly, *sir.*] That is, *quickly*, sir. *Johnson.*

[3] *To* doff *'t* —] To *doff* is to *do off*, to put off. See Vol. VII, p. 341, n. 9. *Steevens.*

[4] *More* tight *at this, than thou:*] *Tight* is *handy, adroit.* So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "bear you these letters tightly." In the country, a *tight* lass still signifies a handy one. Steevens.

That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou should'st see

Enter an Officer, *armed.*

A workman in 't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.

1 *Off.* A thousand, sir,
Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,[5]
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.*

Enter other Officers, *and* Soldiers.

2 *Off.* The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.[6]

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanick compliment; I 'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close; I 'll bring you to 't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt* Ant. Eros, Officers, *and* Soldiers.

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Antony's *Camp near* Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony *and* Eros; *a* Soldier *meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony![7]

[5] —— *have on their* riveted *trim,*] So, in *King Henry V:*
"The armourers accomplishing the knights,
"With busy hammers closing *rivets* up." *Malone.*

[6] *The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.*] This speech, in the old copy, is erroneously given to Alexas. *Steevens.*
Alexas had now revolted, and therefore could not be the speaker. See p. 342. *Malone.*

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!
Sold. Had'st thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.
Ant. Who 's gone this morning?
Sold. Who?
One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*
Ant. What say'st thou?
Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.
Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Most certain.
Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men:—Eros, despatch.[8] [*Exeunt.*

[7] Sold. *The gods make this a happy day to Antony!*] 'Tis evident, as Dr. Thirlby likewise conjectured, by what Antony immediately replies, that this line should not be placed to Eros, but to the Soldier, who, before the battle of Actium, advised Antony to try his fate at land. *Theobald.*

The same mistake has, I think, happened in the next *two* speeches addressed to Antony, which are also given in the old copy to Eros. I have given them to the Soldier, who would naturally reply to what Antony said. Antony's words, "What *sayst thou?*" compared with what follows, show that the speech beginning, "Who? One ever near thee:" &c. belongs to the Soldier. This regulation was made by Mr. Capell. *Malone.*

[8] —— *Eros, despatch.*] Thus the second folio; except that these two words are here, for the sake of metre, transposed.

The first folio has—

Dispatch Enobarbus.

Dr. Johnson would read—

Despatch! To Enobarbus;

And Mr. Holt White supposes that "Antony, being astonished at the news of the desertion of Enobarbus, merely repeats his name in a tone of surprize."

SCENE VI.

Cæsar's *Camp before* Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, *with* AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, *and Others.*

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is, Antony be took alive;[9]
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit* AGR.

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.[1]

In my opinion, Antony was designed only to enforce the order he had already given to Eros. I have therefore followed the second folio. *Steevens.*

It will be evident to any person who consults the second folio with attention and candour, that many of the alterations must have been furnished by some corrected copy of the first folio, or an authority of equal weight, being such as no person, much less one so ignorant and capricious as the editor has been represented, could have possibly hit upon, without that sort of information. Among these valuable emendations is the present, which affords a striking improvement both of the sense and of the metre, and should of course be inserted in the text, thus:

Corrupted honest men. *Eros, despatch.*

The same transposition, which is a mere, though frequent, inadvertence of the press, has happened in a subsequent scene:

" *Unarm, Eros;* the long days task is done:"

Where the measure plainly requires, as the author must have written,—*Eros, unarm. Ritson.*

[9] *Our will is, Antony be took alive;*] It is observable with what judgment Shakspeare draws the character of Octavius. Antony was his hero; so the other was not to shine: yet being an historical character, there was a necessity to draw him *like.* But the ancient historians, his flatterers, had delivered him down so fair, that he seems ready cut and dried for a hero. Amidst these difficulties Shakspeare has extricated himself with great address. He has admitted all those great strokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-spirited, narrow-minded, proud, and revengeful. *Warburton.*

[1] —— *the* three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.] So, in *King John:*

" Now these her princes are come home again,
" Come the *three corners of the world* in arms,
" *And* we shall shock them."

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt* Cæs. *and his Train.*

End. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade[2]
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier *of* Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure,[3] with

So, Lyly, in *Euphues and his England*, 1580: "The island is in fashion *three-corner'd*," &c. *Malone.*

Shall bear *the olive freely.*] i. e. shall spring up every where spontaneously and without culture. *Warburton.*

Dr. Warburton mistakes the sense of the passage. To *bear* does not mean to *produce*, but to *carry*; and the meaning is, that the world shall then enjoy the blessings of peace, of which olive branches were the emblem. The success of Augustus could not so change the nature of things, as to make the olive-tree grow without culture in all climates, but it shut the gates of the temple of Janus. *M. Mason.*

I doubt whether Mr. M. Mason's explication of the word *bear* be just. The poet certainly did not intend to speak literally; and might only mean, that, should this prove a prosperous day, there would be no occasion to *labour* to effect a peace throughout the world; it would take place without any effort or negociation. *Malone.*

My explanation of this passage is supported by the following lines in *The Second Part of King Henry IV*, Vol. IX, p. 140, where Westmorland says—

"There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
"But peace puts forth her olive every where." *M. Mason.*

[2] —— *persuade* —] The old copy has *dissuade*, perhaps rightly. *Johnson.*

It is undoubtedly corrupt. The words in the old translation of Plutarch are: "for where he should have kept Herodes from revolting from him, he persuaded him to turne to Cæsar." *Malone.*

His bounty overplus: The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock me not,[4] Enobarbus.
I tell you true: Best that[5] you saf'd the bringer[6]
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit* Sold.

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most.[7] O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:[8]

[3] *Hath after thee sent all thy treasure*, &c.] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "Furthermore, he dealt very friendly and courteously with Domitius, and against Cleopatraes mynde. For, he being sicke of an agewe when he went, and tooke a little boate to go to Cæsar's campe, Antonius was very sory for it, but yet he sent after him all his caryage, trayne, and men: and the same Domitius, as though he gaue him to vnderstand that he repented his open treason, he died immediately after." *Steevens.*

[4] *Mock* me *not*,] *Me* was supplied by Mr. Theobald. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *Best* that —] For the insertion of the pronoun—*that*, to assist the metre, I am answerable. *Steevens.*

[6] —— saf'd *the bringer* —] I find this verb in Chapman's version of the Fourth Book of Homer's *Odyssey*:

"—— and make all his craft
"Sail with his ruin, for his father *saf't*." *Steevens.*

[7] *And feel I am so most.*] That is, and feel I am so, more than any one else thinks it. *M. Mason.*

Surely, this explanation cannot be right. *I am alone the villain of the earth*, means, I am *pre-eminently* the *first*, the *greatest* villain of the earth. *To stand alone*, is still used in that sense, where any one towers above his competitors.—*And feel I am so most*, must signify, *I feel or know it myself, more than any other person can or does feel it. Reed.*

[8] —— *This* blows *my heart*:] All the latter editions have:
—— *This* bows *my heart*:

I have given the original word again the place from which I think it unjustly excluded. *This generosity*, (says Enobarbus) swells *my heart*, so that it will quickly break, *if thought break it not, a swifter mean.* *Johnson.*

That to *blow* means to *puff* or *swell*, the following instance, in the last scene of this play, will sufficiently prove:

"—— on her breast
"There is a vent of blood, and something blown:

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't, I feel.[9]
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Field of Battle between the Camps.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, *and Others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression[1]
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS, *wounded.*

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Again, in *King Lear*:
" No *blown* ambition doth our arms excite —." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *but* thought *will do 't, I feel.*] *Thought*, in this passage, as in many others, signifies *melancholy*. See p. 314, n. 1. *Malone.*

[1] —— *and our* oppression —] *Oppression* for opposition. *Warburton.*

Sir T. Hanmer has received *opposition*. Perhaps rightly. *Johnson*

Our *oppression* means, the force by which we are oppressed or overpowered. *Malone.*

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" At thy good heart's oppression." Steevens.

Scar. I 'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Under the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, *marching;* SCARUS, *and Forces.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: Run one before,
And let the queen know of our guests.[2]—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we 'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives,[3] your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;
[*To* SCAR.

Enter CLEOPATRA, *attended.*

To this great fairy[4] I 'll commend thy acts,

[2] —— *Run one before,*
And let the queen know of our guests.] Antony, after his success, intends to bring his officers to sup with Cleopatra, and orders notice to be given of their guests. *Johnson.*

[3] —— clip *your wives,*] To *clip* is to embrace. See Vol. II, p. 104, n. 3; and Vol. VI, p. 312, n. 9. *Steevens.*

[4] *To this great* fairy —] Mr. Upton has well observed, that *fairy*, which Dr. Warburton and Sir T. Hanmer explain by *Inchantress*, comprises the idea of power and beauty. *Johnson.*

Fairy, in former times, did not signify only a diminutive imaginary being, but an inchanter, in which last sense, as has been observed, it is used here. But Mr. Upton's assertion, that it comprizes the idea of *beauty* as well as power, seems questionable; for Sir W. D'Avenant employs the word in describing the weird sisters, (who certainly were not beautiful) in the argument prefixed to his alteration of *Macbeth*, 4to. 1674: "These two, travelling together through a forest, were met by three *fairie* witches, (*weirds* the Scotch call them,)" &c. See also Vol. VI, p. 378, n. 6. *Malone.*

Surely, Mr. Upton's remark is not indefensible. *Beauty* united with *power*, was the popular characteristick of *Fairies* generally considered. Such was that of *The Fairy Queen* of Spenser, and Titania, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Sir W. D'Avenant's particular use of any word is by no means decisive. That the language of Shakspeare was unfamiliar to him, his own contemptible alterations of it have sufficiently demonstrated. *Steevens.*

Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness[5] to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triúmphing.[6]
Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare[7] uncaught?
Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though grey
Do something mingle with our brown;[8] yet have we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth.[9] Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.
Cleo. I 'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.[1]

[5] —— *proof of* harness —] i. e. armour of proof. *Harnois*, Fr. *Arnese*, Ital. *Steevens.*
See Vol. VII, p. 234, n. 3. *Malone.*

[6] —— *triúmphing.*] This word is so accented by Chapman, in his version of the Eleventh. *Iliad:*
" Crept from his covert and *triúmph'd:* Now thou art maim'd, said he." *Steevens.*

[7] *The world's great* snare —] i. e. the war. So, in the 116th *Psalm:* " The *snares of death* compassed me round about."
Thus also Statius:
" —— circum undique lethi
" Vallavere *plagæ.*" *Steevens.*

[8] —— *with our brown;*] Old copy—*younger* brown: but as this epithet, without improving the idea, spoils the measure, I have not scrupled, with Sir Thomas Hanmer and others, to omit it as an interpolation. See p. 356, n. 6. *Steevens.*

[9] *Get goal for goal of youth.*] At all plays of barriers, the boundary is called a *goal;* to *win a goal*, is to be superior in a contest of activity. *Johnson.*

[1] —— *it was a king's.*] So, in Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch: " Then came Antony again to the palace greatly boasting of this victory, and sweetly kissed Cleopatra, armed as he was when he came from the fight, recommending one of his men of arms unto her, that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra, to reward his manliness, gave him an armour and headpiece of clean gold." Steevens.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;—
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:[2]
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together;
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;[3]
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Cæsar's *Camp.*

Sentinels *on their Post. Enter* ENOBARBUS.

1 *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard:[4] The night
Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.
2 Sold. This last day was
A shrewd one to us.
Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—
3 *Sold.* What man is this?
2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list to him.[5]
Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record

[2] *Bear our hack'd targets like the men that* owe *them:*] i. e. hack'd as much as the men to whom they belong. *Warburton.*
Why not rather, *Bear our hack'd targets* with spirit and exultation, such as becomes the brave warriors that *own* them? *Johnson.*

[3] —— *tabourines;*] A *tabourin* was a small drum. It is often mentioned in our ancient romances. So, in *The History of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bl. l. no date: "Trumpetes, clerons, *tabourins*, and other minstrelsy." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *the court of guard:*] i. e. the guard-room, the place where the guard musters. The same expression occurs again in *Othello. Steevens.*

[5] —— *list* to *him.*] I am answerable for the insertion of the preposition—*to.* Thus, in *King Henry IV*, P. I: "Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list *to* me." *Steevens.*

Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent! —

1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!

3 *Sold.* Peace;
Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me;[6]
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart[7]
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder.
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*

2 *Sold.* Let 's speak
To him.

1 *Sold.* Let 's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

3 *Sold.* Let 's do so. But he sleeps.

1 *Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleeping.[8]

2 *Sold.* Go we to him.

3 *Sold.* Awake, awake, sir; speak to us.

2 *Sold.* Hear you, sir?

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him.[9] Hark, the drums [*Drums afar off.*

[6] —— disponge *upon me;*] i. e. discharge, as a *sponge*, when squeezed, discharges the moisture it had imbibed. So, in *Hamlet:* "— it is but *squeezing* you, and, *sponge*, you shall be dry again." This word is not found in Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary*. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *Throw my heart* —] The pathetick of Shakspeare too often ends in the ridiculous. It is painful to find the gloomy dignity of this noble scene destroyed by the intrusion of a conceit so far-fetched and unaffecting. *Johnson.*

Shakspeare, in most of his conceits, is kept in countenance by his contemporaries. Thus, Daniel, in his 18th Sonnet, 1594, somewhat indeed less harshly, says—

" Still must I whet my young desires abated,
" Upon the flint of such a heart rebelling." *Malone.*

[8] ——*for* sleep*ing.*] Old copy—*sleep.* I am responsible for the substitution of the participle in the room of the substantive, for the sake of measure. Steevens.

Demurely[1] wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.
3 *Sold.* Come on then;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the Body.*

SCENE X.

Between the two Camps.

Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS, *with Forces, marching.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.
Scar. For both, my lord.
Ant. I would, they 'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
We 'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven: Further on,[2]

[9] *The hand of death hath* raught *him.*] *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb to *reach*. See Vol. IV, p. 69, n. 8. *Steevens.*

[1] *Hark, the drums*
Demurely —] *Demurely* for solemnly. *Warburton.*

[2] *They have put forth the haven:* Further on,] These words, *Further on*, though not necessary, have been inserted in the later editions, and are not in the first. *Johnson.*

I think these words are absolutely necessary for the sense. As the passage stands, Antony appears to say, "that they could best discover the appointment of the enemy at the haven after they had left it." But if we add the words *Further on*, his speech will be consistent: "As they have put out of the haven, let us go further on where we may see them better." And accordingly in the next page but one he says—

" —— Where yonder pine does stand,
" I shall discover all." *M. Mason.*

Mr. Malone, instead of—*Further on*, reads—*Let 's seek a spot.* *Steevens.*

The defect of the metre in the old copy shows that some words were accidentally omitted. In that copy, as here, there is a colon at *haven*, which is an additional proof that something must have been said by Antony, connected with the next line, and relative to the place where the enemy might be reconnoitered. The *haven itself* was not such a place; but rather some hill from which the haven and the ships newly put forth could be viewed. What Antony says upon his re-entry, proves decisively that he had not gone to the haven, nor had any thoughts of going thither. "I was, (says he) they have not yet joined; but I 'll now choose a [illegible]

Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour.[3] [*Exeunt.*

Enter CÆSAR, *and his Forces, marching.*

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall;[4] for his best force

convenient station near yonder pine, and I shall discover all." A preceding passage in Act III, sc. vi, adds such support to the emendation now made, that I trust I shall be pardoned for giving it a place in my text:

" Set we our battles on yon side of the *hill*,
" In eye of Cæsar's battle; *from which place*
" *We may the number of the ships behold*,
" And so proceed accordingly."

Mr. Rowe supplied the omission by the words *Further on;* and the four subsequent editors have adopted his emendation.

In *Hamlet* there is an omission similar to that which has here been supplied:

" And let them know both what we mean to do,
" And what 's untimely done. [So viperous slander]
" Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
" As level as the cannon to his blank," &c.

The words—" *So viperous slander,*" which are necessary both to the sense and metre, are not in the old copies. *Malone.*

[3] *Where their* appointment *we may best discover,*
And look on their endeavour.] i. e. where we may best discover their *numbers*, and see their *motions*. *Warburton.*

[4] But *being charg'd we will be still by land,*
Which, as I take 't, we shall;] i. e. unless we be charg'd we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I suppose we shall keep. *But being charg'd* was a phrase at that time, equivalent to *unless we be*. *Warburton.*

" *But* (says Mr. Lambe, in his notes on the ancient metrical history of *The Battle of Floddon*) signifies *without*," in which sense it is often used in the North. " *Boots* but *spurs*." Vulg. Again, in Kelly's *Collection of Scots Proverbs:* " — He could eat me *but* salt." Again: " He gave me whitings *but* bones." Again, in Chaucer's *Persones Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. " Ful oft time I rede, that no man trust in his owen perfection, *but* he be stronger than Sampson, or holier than David, or wiser than Solomon." *But* is from the Saxon *Butan*. Thus *butan leas;* absque falso, without a lie. Again, in *The Vintner's Play*, in the Chester Collection, British Museum, MS. Harl. 2013, p. 29:

" *Abraham.* O comely creature, *but* I the kill,
" I greeve my God, and that full ill."

See also Ray's *North Country Words;* and the MS. version of an ancient French romance, entitled *L'Histoire du noble, preux, & vaillant Chevalier Guillaume de Palerne, et de la belle Melior sa mye, lequel Guill*, de Palerne fut filz du Roy de Cecille, &c. in the Library of King's College, Cambridge.

Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they 're not join'd: Where yonder pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I 'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers[5]
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a Sea-Fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore![6] 'tis thou

"I sayle now in the see as schip *boute* mast
"*Boute* anker, or ore, or ani semlych sayle." P. 86.
In ancient writings this preposition is commonly distinguished from the adversative conjunction—*but;* the latter being usually spelt—*bot. Steevens.*

[5] —— *the* augurers —] The old copy has *auguries*. This leads us to what seems most likely to be the true reading—*augurers*, which word is used in the last Act:
"You are too sure an *augurer*." *Malone.*

[6] —— Triple-turn'd *whore!*] She was first for Antony, then was supposed by him to have *turned* to Cæsar, when he found his messenger kissing her hand; then she *turned* again to Antony, and now has *turned* to Cæsar. Shall I mention what has dropped into my imagination, that our author might perhaps have written *triple-tongued? Double-tongued* is a common term of reproach, which rage might improve to *triple-tongued*. But the present reading may stand. *Johnson.*
Cleopatra was first the mistress of Julius Cæsar, then of Cneius Pompey, and afterwards of Antony. To this, I think, the epithet *triple-turn'd* alludes. So, in a former scene:
"I found you as a morsel, cold upon
"Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
"Of Cneius Pompey."

Hath sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, be gone. [*Exit* SCAR.
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels,[7] to whom I gave

Mr. Tollet supposed that Cleopatra had been mistress to Pompey *the Great;* but her lover was his eldest son, Cneius Pompey. *Malone.*

She first belonged to Julius Cæsar, then to Antony, and now, as he supposes, to Augustus. It is not likely that in recollecting her turnings, Antony should not have that in contemplation which gave him most offence. *M. Mason.*

This interpretation is sufficiently plausible, but there are two objections to it. According to this account of the matter, her connection with Cneius Pompey is omitted, though the poet certainly was apprized of it, as appears by the passage just quoted. 2. There is no ground for supposing that Antony meant to insinuate that Cleopatra had granted any personal favour to Augustus, though he was persuaded that she had "*sold* him to the novice." *Malone.*

Mr. M. Mason's explanation is, I think, very sufficient; and Antony may well enough be excused for want of circumstantiality in his invective. The sober recollection of a critick should not be expected from a hero who has this moment lost the one half of the world. *Steevens.*

[7] *That* spaniel'd *me at heels,*] All the editions read:

That pannell'd *me at heels,* ——

Sir T. Hanmer substituted *spaniel'd* by an emendation, with which it was reasonable to expect that even rival commentators would be satisfied; yet Dr. Warburton proposes *pantler'd,* in a note, of which he is not injured by the suppression; and Mr. Upton having in his first edition proposed plausibly enough—

That paged *me at heels,* ——

in the second edition retracts his alteration, and maintains *pannell'd* to be the right reading, being a metaphor taken, he says, from a *pannel* of wainscot. *Johnson.*

Spaniel'd is so happy a conjecture, that I think we ought to acquiesce in it. It is of some weight with me that *spaniel* was often formerly written *spannel.* Hence there is only the omission of the first letter, which has happened elsewhere in our poet, as in the word *chear,* &c. To *dog* them at the heels is not an uncommon expression in Shakspeare; and in *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* Act II, sc. ii, Helena says to Demetrius:

"I am your spaniel,—only give me leave,
"Unworthy as I am, to follow you." *Tollet.*

Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,[8]—
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,[9]
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,

Spannel for *spaniel* is yet the inaccurate pronunciation of some persons, above the vulgar in rank, though not in literature. Our author has in like manner used the substantive *page* as a verb in *Timon of Athens:*

" Will these moist trees
" That have out-liv'd the eagle, *page thy heels*, &c.

In *King Richard III*, we have—

" Death and destruction *dog thee at the heels*." *Malone.*

[8] —— *this* grave *charm*,] I know not by what authority, nor for what reason, *this* grave *charm*, which the first, the only original copy exhibits, has been through all the modern editions changed to *this* gay *charm*. By *this* grave *charm*, is meant, *this sublime, this majestick beauty*. *Johnson.*

I believe *grave charm* means only *deadly*, or *destructive piece of witchcraft*. In this sense the epithet *grave* is often used by Chapman, in his translation of Homer. So, in the 19th Book:

" —— but not far hence the fatal minutes are
" Of thy *grave* ruin."

Again, in the same translator's version of the 22d *Odyssey:*

" ———— and then flew
" Minerva, after every dart, and made
" Some strike the threshold, some the walls invade;
" Some beate the doores, and all acts rendred vaine
" Their *grave* steele offer'd."

It seems to be employed in the sense of the Latin word *gravis*. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *was my* crownet, *my chief end*,] Dr. Johnson supposes that *crownet* means last purpose, probably from *finis coronat opus*. Chapman, in his translation of the Second Book of Homer, uses *crown* in the sense which my learned coadjutor would recommend:

" —— all things have their *crowne*."

Again, in our author's *Cymbeline:*

" My supreme *crown* of grief."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

" As true as Troilus shall *crown* up the verse,
" And sanctify the numbers." *Steevens.*

So, again, in *All 's Well that Ends Well:*

" All 's Well that Ends Well; still *the fine 's the crown*." C.

Beguil'd me[1] to the very heart of loss.[2]—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown

[1] *Like a right* gipsy, *hath, at* fast and loose,
Beguil'd me &c.] There is a kind of pun in this passage, arising from the corruption of the word *Ægyptian* into *gipsy*. The old law-books term such persons as ramble about the country, and pretend skill in palmistry and fortune-telling, *Ægyptians*. *Fast and loose* is a term to signify a cheating game, of which the following is a description. A leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it would think he held it fast to the table; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends, and draw it away. This trick is now known to the common people, by the name of *pricking at the belt* or *girdle*, and perhaps was practised by the Gypsies in the time of Shakspeare. *Sir J. Hawkins.*

Sir John Hawkins's supposition is confirmed by the following Epigram in an ancient collection called *Run and a great Cast*, by Thomas Freeman, 1614:

"*In Ægyptum suspensum.* Epig. 95.
"Charles the *Ægyptian*, who by jugling could
"Make *fast or loose*, or whatsoere he would;
"Surely it seem'd he was not his craft's master,
"Striving to loose what struggling he made faster:
"The hangman was more cunning of the twaine,
"Who knit what he could not unknit againe.
"You countrymen *Ægyptians* make such sots,
"Seeming to loose indissoluble knots;
"Had you been there, but to have seen the cast,
"You would have won, had but you laid—'tis fast."
Steevens.

That the Ægyptians were great adepts in this art before Shakspeare's time, may be seen in Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 336, where these practices are fully explained. *Reed.*

[2] —— *to the very* heart *of loss.*] To the utmost loss possible. *Johnson.*

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor:*
"Here is the heart of my purpose." Steevens.

For poor'st diminutives, to dolts;[3] and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails.[4] [*Exit* CLEO.] 'Tis well thou 'rt gone,
If it be well to live: But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas[5] on the horns o' the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,

[3] —— *most monster-like, be shown*
For poor'st diminutives, to dolts;] [Old copy—*for* dolts;] As the allusion here is to monsters carried about in shows, it is plain, that the words, *for poorest diminutives*, must mean for the least piece of money. We must therefore read the next word:
—— *for* doits, ——
i. e. farthings, which shows what he means by *poorest diminutives*. *Warburton.*

There was surely no occasion for the poet *to show what he meant* by *purest diminutives*. The expression is clear enough, and certainly acquires no additional force from the explanation. I rather believe we should read:
For poor'st diminutives, to dolts; ——
This aggravates the contempt of her supposed situation; to be shown, *as monsters are*, not only *for the smallest piece of money*, but *to the most stupid and vulgar spectators*. *Tyrwhitt.*

I have adopted this truly sensible emendation. *Steevens.*

It appears to me much more probable that *dolts* should have been printed for *doits*, than that *for* should have been substituted for *to*.

Whichsoever of these emendations be admitted, there is still a difficulty. Though monsters are shown to the stupid and the vulgar for *poor'st diminutives*, yet Cleopatra, according to Antony's supposition, would certainly be exhibited to the Roman populace *for nothing*. Nor can it be said that he means that *she* would be exhibited *gratis*, as monsters are shown for small pieces of money; because his words are "monster-like," be [*thou*] shown for poor'st diminutives, &c.

The following passage in *Troilus and Cressida* adds some support to my conjecture: "How this poor world is pester'd with such water-flies; *diminutives* of nature!" *Malone.*

[4] *With her* prepared *nails.*] i. e. with nails which she suffered to grow for this purpose. *Warburton.*

[5] *Let me lodge Lichas* &c.] Sir T. Hanmer reads thus:
——— *thy rage*
Led thee *lodge Lichas — and* ——
Subdue thy *worthiest self.* ——

Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the Roman boy[6] she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for 't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield;[7] the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.[8]

This reading, harsh as it is, Dr. Warburton has received, after having rejected many better. The meaning is, Let me do something in my rage, becoming the successor of Hercules. *Johnson.*

Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;] This image our poet seems to have taken from Seneca's *Hercules*, who says Lichas being launched into the air, sprinkled the clouds with his blood. Sophocles, on the same occasion, talks at a much soberer rate. *Warburton.*

Shakspeare was more probably indebted to Golding's version of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, B. IX, edit. 1575:

"Behold, as Lychas trembling in a hollow rock did lurk,
"He spyed him: And as his griefe did all in furie work,
"He sayd, art thou syr Lychas, he that broughtest unto mee
"This plagye present? Of my death must thou the woorker bee?
"Hee quaak't and shaak't and looked pale, and fearfully 'gan make
"Excuse. But as with humbled hands hee kneeling too him spake,
"The furious Hercule caught him up, and swindging him about
"His head a halfe a doozen tymes or more, he floong him out
"Into th' Euboyan sea, with force surmounting any sling;
"He hardened intoo peble stone as in the ayre he hing," &c. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *the Roman boy* —] Old copy—the *young* Roman boy —. See p. 346, n. 8, where a similar interpolation has been already ejected, for similar reasons. *Steevens.*

[7] *Than Telamon for his shield;*] i. e. than *Ajax Telamon* for the armour of *Achilles*, the most valuable part of which was the shield. *The boar of Thessaly* was the boar killed by *Meleager*. Steevens.

Char. To the monument;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.[9]
Cleo. To the monument:—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: Hence,
Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death.—
To the monument. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

The same. Another Room.

Enter ANTONY *and* EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
Eros. Ay, noble lord.
Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that 's dragonish;[1]
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,

[8] *Was never so* emboss'd.] A hunting term: when a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *imbost*. *Hanmer*. See Vol. VI, p. 14, n. 9. *Malone*.

[9] *The soul and body rive not more in parting,*
Than greatness going off.] So, in *King Henry VIII*:
" —— it is a sufferance, panging
" As soul and body's severing." *Malone*.

[1] *Sometime, we see a cloud that 's dragonish;* &c.] So, Aristophanes, *Nubes*, v. 345:
" Ἠδὴ ποτ' ἀναζλίψας εἶδες νεφέλην Κενταύρῳ ὁμοίαν;
" Ἣ παρδάλει, ἢ λύκῳ, ἢ ταύρῳ; — *Sir W. Rawlinson*.
Perhaps Shakspeare received the thought from P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, B. II, ch. iii: " —our eie-sight testifieth the same, whiles in one place there appeareth the resemblance of a waine or chariot, in another of a *beare*, the figure of a bull in this part," &c. or from Chapman's *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:
" Like to a mass of clouds that now seem like
" An elephant, and straightways like an ox,
" And then a mouse," &c. *Steevens*.
I find the same thought in Chapman's *Busy d'Ambois*, 1607:
" —— like empty *clouds*,
" In which our faulty apprehensions forge
" The forms of *dragons*, *lions*, elephants,
" When they hold no proportion."
Perhaps, however, Shakspeare had the following passage in *A Treatise of Spectres*, &c. quarto, 1605, particularly in his

A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't,[2] that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.[3]

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a thought,
The rack dislimns;[4] and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros,[5] now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.[6]—

thoughts: "The *cloudes* sometimes will seem to be monsters, *lions*, bulls, and wolves; *painted* and figured: albeit in truth the same be nothing but a *moyst humour mounted in the ayre*, and drawne up from the earth, not having any figure or colour, but such as the *ayre* is able to give unto it." *Malone.*

[2] —— *blue promontory*
With trees upon 't,] Thus, says Commodore Byron, (speaking of the deceptions of a *fog-bank*,) "— the master of a ship, not long since, made oath, that he had seen an island between the west end of Ireland and Newfoundland, and even distinguished *the trees that grew upon it.* Yet it is certain that no such island exists," &c. Byron's *Voyage*, 4to. p. 10. *Steevens.*

[3] *They are black vesper's pageants.*] The beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakspeare's age. *T. Warton.*

[4] *The rack dislimns;*] i. e. The fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture. *Steevens.*

[5] *My good* knave, *Eros,*] *Knave* is servant. So, in *A mery Geste of Robyn Hoode*, bl. l. no date:

"I shall thee lende lyttle John my man,
"For he shall be thy *knave.*"

Again, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Degore*, bl. l. no date:

"He sent the chylde to her full rathe,
"With much money by his *knave.*" *Steevens.*

[6] Pack'd cards *with Cæsar*, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.] Shakspeare has here, as usual,

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once;
And that she has discharg'd: What thou would'st do,
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!

taken his metaphor from a low trivial subject; but has enobled it with much art, by so contriving that the principal term in the subject from whence the metaphor was *taken*, should belong to, and suit the dignity of the subject to which the metaphor is *transferred*: thereby providing at once for the integrity of the figure, and the nobleness of the thought. And this by the word *triumph*, which either signifies Octavius's conquest, or what we now call, contractedly, the *trump* at cards, then called the *triumph*, or the *triumphing sort*. *Warburton.*

This explanation is very just; the thought did not deserve so good an annotation. *Johnson.*

This use of the word *triumph* comes to us from the French, who at this day call the *trump* at cards, *le triomphe*. *Steevens.*

It is evident that Ben Jonson did not consider the word *trump* as derived from *triumph*, but from the French *tromper*, to deceive, as appears from the following passage in his *New Inn*:

" Yet all, sir, are not sons of the white hen;
" Nor can we, as the songster says, come all
" To be wrapt soft and warm in Fortune's smock.
" When she is pleas'd to trick, or *tromp* mankind,
" Some may be coats, as in the cards; but then
" Some must be knaves, some varlets, bawds, and others
" As aces, duces, cards of ten, to face it
" Out in the game, which all the world is." *M. Mason.*

I believe Dr. Warburton here, as in many other places, saw more than his author meant. Shakspeare, I think, only intended to say, that Cleopatra, by collusion, played the great game they were engaged in falsely, so as *to sacrifice Antony's fame to that of his enemy*. The playing false to the adversary's *trump card* (as Dr. Warburton explains the words) conveys no distinct idea. The plain sense of the passage will appear from the following dialogue in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: " S. What a shouffling do you keepe with those cardes?—A. I *plaie fair playe*, and shooffel them as I ought. S. Methinks you *packe*, and set them." *Malone.*

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Eros, unarm;[7] the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck off;—
[*Exit* MAR.

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep[8]
The battery from my heart.[9] O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,[1]
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—
[*Exit* EROS.

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture:[2]—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further: Now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: Seal then, and all is done.[3]—

[7] *Eros, unarm;*] Old copy, in defiance of metre—*Unarm, Eros. Steevens.*

[8] *The* seven-fold shield of *Ajax cannot keep*, &c.] This thought might have been taken from the Epistle prefixed to *Wilson's Commonwealth*, 1598: "Which neyther a *seaven-fold shielde*, nor Pallas' Ægis can avoyde." *Steevens.*

[9] The *battery from my heart.*] I would read:
This *battery from my heart. Johnson.*

[1] —— *thy continent,*] i. e. the thing that contains thee. So, in *Hamlet:* "You shall find in him the *continent* of what part a gentleman would see." *Steevens.*

[2] *All* length *is torture:*] I strongly suspect that, instead of *length*, our author wrote—*life. Steevens.*

[3] —— Seal *then, and all is done.*] Metaphor taken from civil contracts, where, when all is agreed on, the sealing compleats the contract; so he hath determined to die, and nothing remained but to give the stroke. *Warburton.*

I believe the reading is:
—— seel *then, and all is done.*——
To *seel hawks*, is to close their eyes. The meaning will be: Close thine eyes *for* ever, and be quiet. *Johnson.*

Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we 'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,[4]
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she,[5] which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,

In a former scene we have:

" —— The wise gods *seel* our eyes
" In our own filth." *Malone.*

The old reading is the true one. Thus, in *King Henry V:*

" And so, espous'd to death, with blood he *seal'd*
" A testament of noble-ending love." *Steevens.*

[4] *Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,*] Dr. Warburton has justly observed that the poet seems not to have known that Dido and Æneas were not likely to be found thus lovingly *associated,* " where souls do couch on flowers." He undoubtedly had read Phaer's translation of Virgil, but probably had forgot the celebrated description in the Sixth Book:

" Talibus Æneas ardentem et *torva tuentem*
" Lenibat dictis animum, lacrimasque ciebat.
" Illa solo fixos oculos *aversa* tenebat:—
" Tandem proripuit sese, atque inimica refugit
" In nemus umbriferum.—" *Malone.*

Dr. Warburton has also observed that Shakspeare most probably wrote—*Sichæus.* At least, I believe, he intended to have written so, on the strength of the passage immediately following the lines already quoted:

" —— conjux ubi pristinus illi
" Respondet curis, æquatque *Sichæus* amorem."

Thus rendered by Phaer, edit. 1558:

" —— where ioynt with her, her husband old,
" *Sycheus* doth complayne, and equall loue with her doth holde."

But *Æneas* being the more familiar name of the two, our author inadvertently substituted the one for the other. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *condemn myself, to* lack
The courage of a woman; less *noble* mind
Than she,] Antony is here made to say, that he is destitute *of even the courage of a woman; that he is destitute of a lower*

I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,

noble mind than Cleopatra. But he means to assert the very contrary: that he must acknowledge he *has* a less noble mind than she. I therefore formerly supposed that Shakspeare might have written:

——— *condemn myself to lack*
The courage of a woman; less noble-minded
Than she, &c.

But a more intimate acquaintance with his writings has shown me that he had some *peculiar* inaccuracies, which it is very idle to endeavour to amend. For these the poet, not his editor, must answer. We have the same inaccurate phraseology in *The Winter's Tale:*

" —— I ne'er heard yet,
" That any of these bolder vices *wanted*
" *Less* impudence to gainsay what they did,
" Than to perform it first."

Again, in *Macbeth:*

" Who *cannot want* the thought, how monsterous
" It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
" To kill their gracious father?"

Again, in *King Lear*, Act II, sc. iv:

" —— I have hope,
" You *less* know how to value her desert,
" Than she to *scant* her duty."

See Vol. VI, p. 183, n. 3; and p. 226, n. 7.

The passage in North's translation of Plutarch, which Shakspeare has here copied, shows that, however inaccurate, the text is not corrupt: " When he had sayd these words, he went into a chamber, and unarmed himselfe, and being naked say'd thus: O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy companie, for I will not be long from thee; but I am sorrie that having been so great a captaine and emperour, I am indeede *condemned* to be *judged* of *lesse corage and noble* MINDE than a woman." Instead of " to be judged of less," which applies equally well to *courage*, and to *mind*, Shakspeare substituted the word *lack*, which is applicable to *courage*, but cannot without a solecism be connected with " *less* noble mind." *Malone.*

" Condemn myself *to lack*," &c. however licentiously, may have been employed to signify—condemn myself *for lacking* even the courage of a woman.

To *mind*, in this instance, may be a verb, signifying to *intend, incline*, or *be disposed*. So, in Spenser's *State of Ireland:* " When one of them *mindeth* to go into rebellion, he will convey away all his lordships" &c.

Again, in Chapman's version of the 24th *Iliad:*

" —— As for me; be sure, I *mind* no harme
" To thy grave person."

Again, in the Third Part of our author's *King Henry VI:*

" Belike, she *minds* to play the Amazon."

That, when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then would'st kill me: do 't; the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms,[6] bending down
His corrigible neck,[7] his face subdued
To penetrative shame; whil'st the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?[8]

Eros. I would not see 't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free,[9] swor'st thou not then

Again, *ibid:*

"But if you *mind* to hold your true obedience —."

There may still, however, remain a slight corruption, viz. *noble* instead of *nobly*. I would therefore read —

—— *condemn myself to lack*
The courage of a woman; less nobly mind
Than she, &c.

i. e. *am less nobly inclined than she is. Steevens.*

[6] —— *pleach'd arms,*] Arms folded in each other. *Johnson.*

A passage very like this occurs in Thomas Kyd's translation of Robert Garnier's *Cornelia,* published in 1594:

"Now shalt thou march (thy hands fast bound behind thee,)
"Thy head hung down, thy cheeks with tears besprent,
"Before the victor; while thy rebel son
"With crowned front triumphing follows thee." *Steevens.*

[7] *His* corrigible *neck,*] *Corrigible* for *corrected,* and afterwards *penetrative* for *penetrating.* So Virgil has "*penetrabile* frigus" for "*penetrans* frigus," in his *Georgicks. Steevens.*

[8] *His baseness that ensued?*] The poor conquered wretch that followed. *Johnson.*

[9] *When I did make thee free,* &c.] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch:* "Now he had a man of his called Eros, whom he

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.
Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world[1] lies.
Ant. Lo thee. [*Turning from him.*
Eros. My sword is drawn.
Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.
Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewel.
Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewel.
Eros. Farewel, great chief. Shall I strike now?
Ant. Now, Eros.
Eros. Why, there then:—[*Falls on his Sword.*] Thus
do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*
Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros

loued and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to sweare vnto him, that he should kill him when he did commaunde him: and then he willed him to keepe his promise. His man drawing his sworde, lift it vp as though he had ment to haue striken his maister: but turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into him selfe, and fell downe dead at his maister's foote. Then said Antonius, O noble Eros, I thanke thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to show me what I should do to my selfe, which thou couldest not doe for me. Therewithall he tooke his sword, and thrust it into his bellie, and so fell downe vpon a little bed. The wounde he had, killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a little when he was layed: and when he came somewhat to him selfe againe, he praied them that were about him to dispatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out and tormenting him selfe: vntil at last there came a secretarie vnto him called Diomedes, who was commaunded to bring him into the tombe or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that she was aliue, he verie earnestlie prayed his men to carie his bodie thither, and so he was caried in his men's armes into the entry of the monument." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *the* worship *of the whole world* —] The *worship*, is the *dignity*, the *authority*. *Johnson.*
So, in *King John*:
"By giving it the worship of revenge." Steevens.

Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death,[2] and run into 't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus
[*Falling on his Sword.*
I learn'd of thee. How! not yet dead?[3] not dead?—
The guard!—ho![4]—O, despatch me.

Enter DERCETAS *and* Guard.

1 *Guard.* What 's the noise?

[2] —— *But I will be*
A bridegroom in my death, &c.] This thought has occurred before in *Measure for Measure:*
" I will encounter darkness as a bride,
" And hug it in my arms."
Dryden's *Don Sebastian* has the same image, though more luxuriantly expressed:
" The sprightly bridegroom on his wedding night
" More gladly enters not the lists of love:
" Why, 'tis enjoyment to be summon'd thus." *Steevens.*
Stowe, describing the execution of Sir Charles Davers, one of the Earl of Essex's associates, says, that " having put off his gown and doublet in a most cheerful manner, *rather like a bridegroom than a prisoner appointed for death*, he prayed very devoutly." *Malone.*

[3] —— *not* yet *dead?*] *Yet*, which is wanting in the old copy, was supplied by Mr. Pope. *Steevens.*

[4] *The guard!*—ho!] [Old copy—guard *how.*] I suspect the poet wrote:
The guard, ho! *O, despatch me!*
So, afterwards:
" What, *ho!* the emperor's *guard!*"
In the last scene of the third Act, he has said—
" Authority melts from me. Of late, when I cried *ho*,
" Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
" And cry, *your will?*"
The same mistake has happened in *The Merchant of Venice.* See Vol. IV, p. 421, n. 1.
And twice in the original copy of *Hamlet*, 1604:
" *Queen.* Help, *how!*
" *Pol.* What *how*, help."
Again, in the last Act:
" O villainy! *how*, let the door be lock'd."
The emendation which I have proposed, ought therefore certainly to be admitted into the text. *Malone.*
I find this emendation already admitted into the text of edition 1785. *Steevens.*

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end
Of what I have begun.
2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.
1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.
All. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.
1 *Guard.* Not I.
2 *Guard.* Nor I.
3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt* Guard.
Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where 's Antony?
Der. There, Diomed, there.
Dio. Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit* DERCETAS.
Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.
Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
Ant. When did she send thee?
Dio. Now, my lord.
Ant. Where is she?
Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a phrophesying fear[5]
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar,[6] and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.
Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I pr'ythee.
Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!

[5] —— *a* prophesying *fear* —] I suppose our author designed we should read:
—— *a prophet's fear* ——." *Steevens.*

[6] *She had* dispos'd with Cæsar,] To dispose, in this instance, perhaps signifies to make terms, to settle matters. Steevens.

Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 *Guard.* Woe are we,[7] sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing* ANT.

SCENE XIII.

The same. A Monument.

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death 's upon him, but not dead.[8]
Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, *borne by the* Guard.

Cleo. O thou sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling[9] stand

[7] *Woe are we,*] Old copy—Woe, *woe*, —. But as the second *woe* appears (for it spoils the verse) to have been accidentally repeated by the compositor, I have left it out. *Steevens.*

[8] *His death 's upon him, but not dead.*] The defective measure, and want of respect in the speaker, induce me to suppose, that this line originally stood thus:

His death 's upon him, madam, *but not dead. Steevens.*

[9] —— *darkling* —] i. e. without light. So, in *The Two angry Women of Abington,* 1599:

"—— my mother hath a torch, your wife
"*Goes darkling* up and down." Steevens.

The varying shore o' the world![1]—O Antony!
Antony, Antony!—Charmian, help;[2] help, Iras;
Help, friends below; let 's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace:
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.
Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying;[3] only
I here impórtune death[4] a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—
Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken:[5] not the imperious show

[1] *O* thou *sun*,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling stand
The varying *shore o' the world!*] *Thou* is wanting in the old copy, and was supplied by Mr. Pope, whose reading may be justified on the authority of a similar passage in *Timon of Athens:*
" *Thou* sun, that comfort'st, burn!" *Steevens.*
She desires the sun to *burn* his own *orb*, the vehicle of light, and then the earth will be dark. *Johnson.*
The varying shore o' the world! i. e. of the *earth*, where light and darkness make an incessant *variation*. *Warburton.*
According to the philosophy which prevailed from the age of Aristotle to that of Shakspeare, and long since, the sun was a planet, and was whirled round the earth by the motion of a solid sphere in which it was fixed.—If the sun therefore was to set fire to the sphere, so as to consume it, the consequence must be, that itself, for want of support, must drop through, and wander in endless space; and in this case the earth would be involved in endless night. *Heath.*

[2] —— *Charmian, help;* &c.] Old copy—
" The varring shore o' th' world. O Antony, Antony, Antony,
" Helpe Charmian, helpe Iras helpe: helpe friends
" Below, let 's draw him hither."
For the sake of somewhat like metre, one word has been omitted and others transposed. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *Egypt*, dying;] Perhaps this line was originally completed by a further repetition of the participle; and stood thus:
I am dying, Egypt, dying, dying; *only* &c. *Steevens.*

[4] *I here* impórtune *death* &c.] I *solicit* death to delay; or, I *trouble* death by keeping him in waiting. *Johnson.*

[5] Cleo. *I dare not, dear,*
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken:] Antony is supposed to be at the foot of the

Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar[6] ever shall
Be brooch'd with me;[7] if knife, drugs, serpents, have

monument, and tells Cleopatra that he *there* importunes death, till he can lay his last kiss upon her lips, which was intimating to her his desire that she should come to him for that purpose. She considers it in that light, and tells him that she dares not. *M. Mason.*

Antony has just said that he only solicits death to delay his end, till he has given her a farewel kiss. To this she replies that *she dares not;* and, in our author's licentious diction, she may mean, that she, now above in the monument, does not dare to descend that he may take leave of her. But, from the defect of the metre in the second line, I think it more probable that a word was omitted by th compositor, and that the poet wrote:

I dare not, dear,
(*Dear my lord, pardon,*) *I dare not* descend,
Lest I be taken.

Mr. Theobald amends the passage differently, by adding to the end of Antony's speech—*Come down. Malone.*

Theobald's insertion seems misplaced, and should be made at the end of the next line but one. I would therefore read:

I lay upon thy lips.
Cleo. *I dare not, dear,*
(*Dear my lord, pardon,*) *I dare not* come down. *Ritson.*

[6] *Of the* full-fortun'd *Cæsar* —] So, in *Othello:*
" What a *full-fortune* doth the thick-lips owe!" *Malone.*

[7] *Be* brooch'd *with me;*] *Be brooch'd,* i. e. *adorn'd.* A *brooch* was an ornament formerly worn in the hat. So, in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster:* " Honour 's a good *brooch* to wear in a man's hat at all times." Again, in his *Staple of News:*

" The very *brooch* o' the bench, gem of the city."

Again, in *The Magnetick Lady:*

" The *brooch* to any true state cap in Europe."

The Rev. Mr. Lambe observes, in his notes on the ancient metrical *History of Flodden Field,* that *brooches,* in the North, are buckles set with stones, such as those with which shirt-bosoms and handkerchiefs are clasped. *Steevens.*

Be brooch'd *with me;*

Brooch is properly a *bodkin,* or some such instrument, (originally a spit) and ladies' bodkins being headed with gems, it sometimes stands for an ornamental trinket or jewel in general, in which sense it is perhaps used at present; or as probably in its original one, for *pinned up,* as we now say *pin up the basket, brooch'd with me,* i. e. pinned up, completed with having me to adorn his triumph. *Percy.*

A *brooch* is always an *ornament;* whether a buckle or pin for the breast, hat or hair, or whatever other shape it may assume. A *broach* is a spit: the spires of churches are likewise so called in the northern counties, as Darnton broach. Brooch'd, in the

Edge, sting, or operation,[8] I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion,[9] shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here 's sport, indeed![1]—How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,[2]
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;
[*They draw* ANTONY *up.*
And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd:[3]

text, certainly means *adorn'd*, as it has been properly explained by Mr. Steevens. *Ritson.*

[8] —— *if knife, drugs, serpents, have*
Edge, sting, or operation,] Here is the same irregular position of the words, that Mr. Warner would avoid or amend in *Hamlet;* and yet Shakspeare seems to have attended to this matter in the play before us, Act III, sc. ii. *Tollet.*

This thought occurs in *Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment in Suffolke and Norfolke*, by Churchyard, no date, 4to. where Beautie says—

"If he do dye, by mightie Jove I sweare
"I will not live, *if sword or knife be found*" &c.

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre:*

"If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
"Untied I still my virgin knot will keep." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *still conclusion.*] Sedate determination; silent coolness of resolution. *Johnson.*

[1] *Here 's sport, indeed!*] I suppose the meaning of these strange words is, *here 's* trifling, *you* do not work *in earnest*. *Johnson.*

Perhaps, rather, here 's a curious game, the last we shall ever play with Antony! Or, perhaps, she is thinking of fishing with a line, a diversion of which we have been already told she was fond. Shakspeare has introduced ludicrous ideas with as much incongruity in other places. *Malone.*

Cleopatra, perhaps, by this affected levity, this phrase which has no determined signification, only wishes to inspire Antony with cheerfulness, and encourage those who are engaged in the melancholy task of drawing him up into the monument. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *into* heaviness,] Heaviness is here used equivocally for *sorrow* and *weight*. *Malone.*

Quicken with kissing;[4] had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.
All. A heavy sight!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine,[5] and let me speak a little.
Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune[6] break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.
Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!
Cleo. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.
Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I 'll trust;
None about Cæsar.
Ant. The miserable change[7] now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes

[3] —— where *thou hast liv'd:*] Old copy—*when* thou, &c. Corrected by Mr. Pope. *Malone.*

[4] *Quicken with kissing;*] That is, *Revive by my kiss. Johnson.* So, in Heywood's *Royal King*, 1637:

" And *quickens* most where he would most destroy."

Steevens.

[5] *Give me some wine,* &c.] This circumstance, like almost every other, Shakspeare adopted from Plutarch. Sir Thomas North, in his translation, says—" Antony made her cease from lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was athirst, or else for that thereby to hasten his death. When he had dronke he, earnestly prayed her, and persuaded that she would seeke to save her life, if she could possible, without reproache and dishonour: and that she should chiefly trust Proculeius above any man else about Cæsar." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *housewife Fortune* —] This despicable line has occurred before. *Johnson.*

See *As you Like it*, Vol. V, p. 16, n. 8: " Let us sit, and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel," &c. *Malone.*

[7] *The miserable change* &c.] This speech stands thus in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch: " As for himself, she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his days; but rather, that she should think him the more fortunate, for the former triumphs and honours he had received, considering that while he lived, he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world, and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Roman, by another Roman." *Steevens.*

Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more. [*Dies.*

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo 't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a stye?—O, see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole[8] is fallen; young boys, and girls,
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.[9] [*She faints.*

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,—

Iras. Madam,—

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt!
Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman;[1] and commanded

[8] *The soldier's pole* —] He at whom the soldiers pointed, as at a pageant held high for observation. *Johnson.*

[9] —— *the odds is gone,*
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.] So, in *Macbeth:*
" —— from this instant
" There 's nothing serious in mortality:
" All is but toys; renown, and grace, is dead;
" The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
" Is left this vault to brag on." *Malone.*

[1] *No more, but* e'en *a woman;*] Cleopatra is discoursing with her women; but she naturally replies to Iras, who had addressed herself to her, and not to Charmian, who only interposed to prevent Iras from continuing to speak. Strike out the speech of Charmian, which is said aside to Iras, and the sense will be evident. Iras addresses Cleopatra by the titles of *Royal Egypt* and *Empress!* which Cleopatra rejects as ill suited to her present condition; and says, she is no more in that state of elevation, but on a level with the rest of her sex. M. Mason.

Iras has just said,—Royal Egypt, Empress! Cleopatra com-

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.[2]—It were for me
To throw my scepter at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All 's but naught;
Patience is sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that 's mad: Then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it 's out:—Good sirs, take heart:—
[*To the Guard below.*
We 'll bury him: and then, what 's brave, what 's noble,
Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.
[*Exeunt; those above bearing off* ANTONY's *Body*,

pletes the sentence, (without taking notice of the intervening words spoken by Charmian,)—*Empress* "no more; but e'en a woman," now on a level with the meanest of my sex. So, in *Julius Cæsar*, Act I, sc. iii. Cassius says—

"No, it is Casca; one incorporate
"To our attempts. *Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?*"

to which Cinna replies, without taking any notice of the latter words [Am I not stay'd for?]:

"I am glad on 't."

i. e. I am glad that Casca is *incorporate to our attempts*. See also Vol. XIII, p. 50, n. 8.

The old copy reads—but *in* a woman. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson. The same error has happened in many other places in these plays. See Vol. V, p. 181, n. 7. *Malone.*

Peace, peace, Iras, is said by Charmian, when she sees the queen recovering, and thinks speech troublesome. *Johnson.*

[2] —— *the meanest* chares.] i. e. task-work. Hence our term *chare-woman*. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630: "She, like a good wife, is teaching her servants sundry *chares*." Again, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"—— spins,
"Cards, and does *chare-work*." ——

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, ch. 91, Robin Goodfellow says—

"And at my crummed messe of milke, each night from maid or dame,
"*To do their chares*, as they suppos'd" &c. Steevens.

ACT V..... SCENE I.

Cæsar's *Camp before* Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS,[3] GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, *and Others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by
The pauses that he makes.[4]

[3] *Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, and* [Old copy] Menas, *&c.*] But Menas and Menecrates, we may remember, were two famous pirates, linked with Sextus Pompeius, and who assisted him to infest the Italian coast. We no where learn, expressly, in the play, that Menas ever attached himself to Octavius's party. Notwithstanding the old folios concur in marking the entrance thus, yet in the two places in the scene, where this character is made to speak, they have marked in the margin, *Mec.* so that, as Dr. Thirlby sagaciously conjectured, we must cashier Menas, and substitute Mecænas in his room. Menas, indeed, deserted to Cæsar no less than twice, and was preferred by him. But then we are to consider, Alexandria was taken, and Antony killed himself, *anno* U. C. 723. Menas made the second revolt over to Augustus, U. C. 717; and the next year was slain at the siege of Belgrade, in Pannonia, five years before the death of Antony. *Theobald.*

[4] *Being so* frustrate, *tell him, he mocks* [us by]
The pauses that he makes.] *Frustrate*, for *frustrated*, was the language of Shakspeare's time. So, in *The Tempest:*

" —— and the sea mocks
" Our *frustrate* search by land."

So, *consummate* for *consummated*, *contaminate* for *contaminated*, &c.

Again, in Holland's translation of *Suetonius*, 1606: "But the designment both of the one and the other were defeated and *frustrate* by reason of Piso his death."

The last two words of the first of these lines are not found in the old copy. The defect of the metre shows that somewhat was omitted, and the passage, by the omission, was rendered unintelligible.

When in the lines just quoted, the sea is said to mock the search of those who were seeking on the land for a body that had been drowned in the ocean, this is easily understood. But in that before us the case is very different. When Antony himself made these pauses, would he mock, or laugh at them? and what is the meaning of *mocking a pause?*

In *Measure for Measure*, the concluding word of a line was *omitted*, and in like manner has been supplied:

" *How I* may formally in person bear [me]
" *Like* a true friar."

Dol. Cæsar, I shall.[5] [*Exit* Dol.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, 1599, and 1623:

" And hide me with a dead man in his."

shroud or *tomb* being omitted.

Again, in *Hamlet*, 4to. 1604:

" Thus conscience doth make cowards."

the words *of us all* being omitted.

Again, *ibidem:*

" Seeming to feel this blow," &c.

instead of

" —— *Then senseless Ilium*

" Seeming to feel this blow."

See also note on the words—" *mock* the meat it feeds on," in *Othello*, Act III, sc. iii.

And similar omissions have happened in many other plays. See Vol. XI, p. 67, n. 5.

In further support of the emendation now made, it may be observed, that the word *mock*, of which our author makes frequent use, is almost always employed as I suppose it to have been used here. Thus, in *King Lear:* " Pray do not mock *me*." Again, in *Measure for Measure:*

" You do blaspheme the good in *mocking me*."

Again, in *All 's Well that Ends Well:*

" You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,"

" And *mock us with* our bareness."

Again, in the play before us:

" —— that nod unto the world,

" And *mock our eyes with* air."

The second interpretation given by Mr. Steevens, in the following note, is a just interpretation of the text as *now regulated;* but extracts from the words in the old copy a meaning, which, without those that I have supplied, they certainly do not afford. *Malone.*

I have left Mr. Malone's emendation in the text; though, to complete the measure, we might read—frustrated, or—

Being so frustrate, tell him, that *he mocks* &c.

as I am well convinced we are not yet acquainted with the full and exact meaning of the verb *mock*, as sometimes employed by Shakspeare. In *Othello* it is used again with equal departure from its common acceptation.

My explanation of the words—*He mocks the pauses that he makes*, is as follows: He plays wantonly with the intervals of time which he should improve to his own preservation. Or the meaning may be—Being thus defeated in all his efforts, and left without resource, tell him that these affected pauses and delays of his in yielding himself up to me, are mere idle mockery. *He mocks the pauses*, may be a licentious mode of expression for—*he makes a mockery of us by these pauses;* i. e. he trifles with us. Steevens.

[5] *Cæsar, I shall.*] I make no doubt but it should be marked

Enter DERCETAS, *with the Sword of* ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st
Appear thus to us?[6]

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters: If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I 'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is 't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: The round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets,[7]

here, that Dolabella goes out. 'Tis reasonable to imagine he should presently depart upon Cæsar's command; so that the speeches placed to him in the sequel of this scene, must be transferred to Agrippa, or he is introduced as a mute. Besides, that Dolabella should be gone out appears from this, that when Cæsar asks for him, he recollects that he had sent him on business. *Theobald.*

[6] —— *thus to us?*] i. e. with a drawn and bloody sword in thy hand. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *The round world should have shook*
Lions into civil streets, &c.] I think here is a line lost, after which it is in vain to go in quest. The sense seems to have been this: *The round world should have shook*, and this great alteration of the system of things should send *lions into streets, and citizens into dens*. There is sense still, but it is harsh and violent. *Johnson.*

I believe we should read—A greater crack *than this:* The *ruin'd* world, i. e. the general disruption of elements should have *shook* &c. Shakspeare seems to mean that the death of so great a man ought to have produced effects similar to those which might be expected from the dissolution of the universe, when all distinctions shall be lost. To *shake* any thing out, is a phrase in common use among our ancient writers. So Holinshed, p. 743: "God's providence *shaking* men out of their shifts of supposed safetie," &c.

Perhaps, however, Shakspeare might mean nothing more here than merely an earthquake, in which the shaking of the *round world* was to be so violent as to toss the inhabitants of woods into cities, and the inhabitants of cities into woods. *Steevens.*

The sense, I think, is complete and plain, if we consider *shook* (more properly *shaken*) as the participle past of a verb *active*. The metre would be improved if the lines were distributed thus:

And citizens to their dens:—The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;

—— *The round world should have shook*
Lions into civil streets, and citizens
Into *their dens. Tyrwhitt.*

The defect of the metre strongly supports Dr. Johnson's conjecture, *that something is lost.* Perhaps the passage originally stood thus:

The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack. The round world should have shook;
Thrown hungry *lions into civil streets,*
And citizens to their dens.

In this very page, five entire lines between the word *shook* in my note, and the same word in Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, were *omitted* by the compositor in the original proof sheet.

That the words—"The round world should have shook," contain a distinct proposition, and have no immediate connection with the next line, may be inferred from hence; that Shakspeare, when he means to describe a violent derangement of nature, almost always mentions the earth's *shaking*, or being otherwise convulsed; and in these passages constantly employs the word *shook*, or some synonymous word, as a neutral verb. Thus, in *Macbeth*:

"—— The obscure bird
"Clamour'd the live-long night: some say, *the earth*
"Was fev'rous, and did *shake*."

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"—— as if the *world*
"Was fev'rous, and did *tremble*."

Again, in *Pericles*:

"Sir,
"Our lodgings standing bleak upon the sea,
"Shook, as the earth did *quake*."

Again, in *King Henry IV*, P. I:

"I say, the earth did *shake*, when I was born.—
"O, then the *earth shook*, to see the heavens on fire,
"And not in fear of your nativity."

Again, in *King Lear*:

"—— thou all-*shaking* thunder,
"Strike flat the thick *rotundity* of the *world*,
"Crack nature's moulds."

This circumstance, in my apprehension, strongly confirms Dr. Johnson's suggestions that some words have been omitted in the next line, and is equally adverse to Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation. The words omitted were probably in the middle of the line which originally might have stood thus in the MS:

"*Lions* been hurtled *into civil streets,*
"*And citizens to their dens. Malone.*

Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings[8]
To wash the eyes of kings.[9]

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.[1]

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror 's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this;—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies:[2] I must perforce

[8] —— a *tidings* —] Thus the second folio. In the first, the article had been casually omitted. *Steevens.*

[9] —— but *it is a tidings*
To wash the eyes of kings.] That is, *May the gods rebuke me,* if this be not *tidings to make kings weep.*
But, again, for *if not.* *Johnson.*

[1] Waged *equal with him.*] For *waged,* [the reading of the first folio,] the modern editions have *weighed.* *Johnson.*
It is not easy to determine the precise meaning of the word *wage.* In *Othello* it occurs again:
" To wake and *wage* a danger profitless."
It may signify to *oppose.* The sense will then be, *his taints and honours* were an equal match; i. e. were opposed to each other in just proportions, like the counterparts of a wager. *Steevens.*
Read—*weigh,* with the second folio, where it is only misspelled *way.* So, in *Shore's Wife,* by A. Chute, 1593:
" —— notes her myndes disquyet
" To be so great she seemes downe *wayed* by it." *Ritson.*

[2] —— *But we do* lance
Diseases in our bodies:] [Old copy—*launch.*—] *Launch* was the ancient, and is still the vulgar pronunciation of *lance.* Nurses always talk of *launching* the gums of children, when they have difficulty in cutting teeth.

Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts[3] did kindle,—that our stars,[4]
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season;

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We 'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?[5]

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,[6]

I have followed thee, says Cæsar, *to this*; i. e. I have pursued thee, till I compelled thee to self-destruction. But, adds the speaker, (at once extenuating his own conduct, and considering the deceased as one with whom he had been united by the ties of relationship as well as policy, as one who had been a part of himself,) the violence, with which I proceeded, was not my choice; I have done but by him as we do by our own natural bodies. I have employed force, where force only could be effectual. I have shed the blood of the irreclaimable Antony, on the same principle that we *lance* a disease incurable by gentler means. *Steevens.*

When we have any bodily complaint, that is curable by scarifying, we use the lancet; and if we neglect to do so, we are destroyed by it. Antony was to me a disease; and by his being cut off, I am made whole. We could not both have lived in the world together.

Launch, the word in the old copy, is only the old spelling of *launce*. See Minsheu's *Dictionary*, in v.

So also Daniel, in one of his Sonnets:

" —— sorrow's tooth ne'er rankles more,
" Than when it bites, but *launcheth* not the sore." *Malone.*

[3] —— his *thoughts* —] His is here used for *its*. *M. Mason.*

[4] *Our equalness to this.*] That is, *should have made us*, in our equality of fortune, &c. agree *to* a pitch like this, that one of us must die. *Johnson.*

[5] —— *Whence are you?*] The defective metre of this line, and the irregular reply to it, may authorize a supposition that it originally stood thus:

We 'll hear him what he says.—Whence, and who *are you?*
Steevens.

Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she 's forced to.
Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we[7]
Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.[8]
Mess. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*
Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius; Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph:[9] Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.
Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit* PRO.
Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where 's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? [*Exit* GAL.
Agr. Mec. Dolabella!

[6] *A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress*, &c.] If this punctuation be right, the man means to say, that he is *yet an Ægyptian*, that is *yet a servant of the Queen of Ægypt*, though soon to become a subject of Rome. *Johnson.*

[7] *How* honourable *and how kindly we*—] Our author often uses adjectives adverbially. So, in *Julius Cæsar:*

"Young man, thou could'st not die more *honourable.*"

See also Vol. VIII, p. 302, n. 6. The modern editors, however, all read—*honourably. Malone.*

[8] —— *for Cæsar cannot* live
To be ungentle.] The old copy has *leave.* Mr. Pope made the emendation. *Malone.*

[9] —— *her life in Rome*
Would be eternal in *our triumph:*] Hanmer reads, judiciously enough, but without necessity:

Would be eternalling *our triumph:*

The sense is, *If she dies here, she will be forgotten, but if I send her* in triumph to Rome, *her memory and my glory* will be eternal. *Johnson.*

The following passage in *The Scourge of Venus*, &c. a poem, 1614, will sufficiently support the old reading:

"If some foule-swelling ebon cloud would fall,
"For her to hide herself eternal in." Steevens.

Ces. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he 's employed; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: Go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA,[1] CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being fortune, he 's but fortune's knave,[2]
A minister of her will; And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.[3]

[1] *Enter Cleopatra,* &c.] Our author, here, (as in *King Henry VIII,* Vol. XI, p. 334, n. 8,) has attempted to exhibit at once the outside and the inside of a building. It would be impossible to represent this scene in any way on the stage, but by making Cleopatra and her attendants speak all their speeches till the queen is seized, within the monument. *Malone.*

[2] ——*fortune's knave,*] The *servant* of fortune. *Johnson.*

[3] ——— *And it is great*
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.] The difficulty of the passage, if any difficulty there be, arises only from this, that the act of suicide, and the state which is the effect of suicide, are confounded. Voluntary death, says she, is an act *which bolts up change;* it produces a state,

Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level.

The speech is abrupt, but perturbation in such a state is surely natural. *Johnson.*

It has been already said in this play, that

"—— our *dungy* earth alike
"Feeds man as beast." ——

Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, *and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.
Cleo. [*within*] What 's thy name?
Pro. My name is Proculeius.
Cleo. [*within*] Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceived,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.[4]
Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,[5]
Where he for grace is kneel'd to
Cleo. [*within*] Pray you, tell him

And Mr. Tollet observes, "that in *Herodotus*, B. III, the Æthiopian king, upon hearing a description of the nature of wheat, replied, that he was not at all surprized, if men, who eat nothing but *dung*, did not attain a longer life." Shakspeare has the same epithet in *The Winter's Tale:*

" —— the face to sweeten
" Of the whole *dungy* earth." ——

Again, in *Timon:*

" —— the earth 's a thief
" That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
" From general *excrement.*" *Steevens.*

[4] *He gives me so much of mine own,* as *I*
Will kneel to him with thanks.] I would read—*and* I, instead of—*as* I. *M. Mason.*

I believe the old reading to be the true one. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *that* will pray in aid *for kindness.*] *Praying in aid* is a term used in a court of justice for the calling *in of help from* another that hath an interest in the cause in question. *Hanmer.*

I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got.[6] I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I 'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd;

[*Here* PROCULEIUS. *and two of the Guard, ascend the Monument by a Ladder placed against a Window, and having descended, come behind* CLEOPATRA. *Some of the Guard unbar and open the Gates.*[7]

[6] —— *send him*
The greatness he has got.] I allow him to be my conqueror; I own his superiority with complete submission. *Johnson.*
A kindred idea seems to occur in *The Tempest:*
" Then, as *my gift*, and *thy own acquisition*,
" Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter." *Steevens.*
Johnson has mistaken the meaning of this passage, nor will the words bear the construction he gives them. It appears to me, that by *the greatness he has got*, she means her crown which he has won; and I suppose that when she pronounces these words, she delivers to Proculeius either her crown, or some other ensign of royalty. *M. Mason.*

[7] In the old copy there is no stage-direction. That which is now inserted is formed on the old translation of Plutarch: " Proculeius came to the gates that were very thicke and strong, and surely barred; but yet there were *some cranews through the which her voyce might be heard*, and so they *without* understood that Cleopatra demaunded the kingdome of Egypt for her sonnes: and that Proculeius aunswered her, that she should be of good cheere and not be affrayed to refer all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her aunswere unto Cæsar: who immediately sent Gallus to speak once againe with her, and bad him purposely hold her with talk, *whilst* Proculeius *did set up a ladder against that high windowe by the which Antonius was tresed up, and came down into the monument with two of his men hard by the gate*, where Cleopatra stood to hear what Gallus said unto her. One of her women which was shut in her monument with her, sawe Proculeius by chaunce, as he came downe, and shreeked out, O, poore Cleopatra, thou art taken. Then when she sawe Proculeius behind her as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed herself with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her side. But Proculeius came sodainly upon her, and taking her by both the hands, sayd unto her, Cleopatra, first thou shalt doe thy selfe great wrong, and *secondly unto* Cæsar, to deprive him of the occasion and opportunitie *openlie* to shew his vauntage and mercie, and to give

Guard her till Cæsar come.[8]

[*To* PROCULEIUS *and the Guard. Exit* GALLUS.

his enemies cause to accuse the most courteous and noble prince that ever was, and to appeache him as though he were a cruel and mercilesse man, that were not to be trusted. So, even as he spake the word, he tooke her dagger from her, and shooke her clothes for feare of any poyson hidden about her." *Malone.*

[8] Gal. *You see how easily she may be surpriz'd;——*
Guard her till Cæsar come.] [Mr. Rowe (and Mr. Pope followed him) allotted this speech to *Charmian.*] This blunder was for want of knowing, or observing, the historical fact. When Cæsar sent Proculeius to the queen, he sent Gallus after him with new instructions; and while one amused Cleopatra with propositions from Cæsar, through the crannies of the monument, the other scaled it by a ladder, entered it at a window backward, and made Cleopatra, and those with her, prisoners. I have reformed the passage, therefore, (as, I am persuaded, the author designed it,) from the authority of Plutarch. [Mr. Theobald gives—*You see how easily* &c. to *Gallus;* and *Guard her* &c. to *Proculeius.*] *Theobald.*

This line, in the first edition, is given to Proculeius; and to him it certainly belongs, though perhaps misplaced. I would put it at the end of his foregoing speech:

Where he for grace is kneel'd to.
[Aside to Gallus.] *You see how easily she may be surpriz'd;*

Then, while Cleopatra makes a formal answer, Gallus, upon the hint given, seizes her, and Proculeius, interrupting the civility of his answer:

—— your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

cries out:

Guard her till Cæsar come. Johnson.

To this speech, as well as the preceding, *Pro.* [i. e. Proculeius] is prefixed in the old copy. It is clear, from the passage quoted from Plutarch in the following note, that this was an error of the compositor's at the press, and that it belongs to Gallus; who, after Proculeius hath, according to his suggestion, ascended the monument, goes out to inform Cæsar that Cleopatra is taken. That Cæsar was informed immediately of Cleopatra's being taken, appears from Dolabella's first speech to Proculeius on his entry. See p. 387:

" Proculeius,
" What thou hast done, thy master Cæsar knows," &c.

This information, it is to be presumed, Cæsar obtained from Gallus.

The stage-directions being very imperfect in this scene in the old copy, no *exit* is here marked; but as Gallus afterwards *enters along* with Cæsar, it was undoubtedly the author's intention *that he should* here go out. In the modern editions, this, as well *as the* preceding speech, is given to Proculeius, though the

Iras. Royal queen!
Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!
Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a Dagger.*
Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
[*Seizes and disarms her.*
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.
Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?[9]
Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.
Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars![1]
Pro. O, temperance, lady!
Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I 'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I 'll not sleep neither:[2] This mortal house I 'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chástis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make

error in the old copy clearly shows that *two* speakers were intended. *Malone.*

[9] —— *languish?*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I, sc. ii:
" One desperate grief cure with another's *languish*."
Steevens.

[1] *Worth many babes and beggars!*] Why, death, wilt thou not rather seize a queen, than employ thy force upon *babes* and *beggars*. *Johnson.*

[2] *If idle* talk *will once be necessary,*
I 'll not sleep neither:] *I will not eat,* and *if it will be necessary now for once* to waste a moment in *idle talk* of my purpose, *I will not sleep neither.* In common conversation we often use *will be, with as little* relation to futurity. As, Now I am going, it *will be* fit for me to dine first. *Johnson.*

My country's high pyramides my gibbet,[3]
And hang me up in chains!

Once may mean *sometimes*. Of this use of the word I have already given instances, both in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *King Henry VIII*. The meaning of Cleopatra seems to be this: If *idle talking* be sometimes necessary to the prolongation of life, why I will not *sleep* for fear of *talking idly in my sleep*.

The sense designed, however, may be—If it be necessary, for once, to talk of performing impossibilities, why, I 'll not sleep neither. I have little confidence, however, in these attempts, to produce a meaning from the words under consideration. *Steevens*.

The explications above given appear to me so unsatisfactory, and so little deducible from the words, that I have no doubt that a line has been lost after the word *necessary*, in which Cleopatra threatened to observe an obstinate silence. The line probably began with the words *I 'll*, and the compositor's eye glancing on the same words in the line beneath, all that intervened was lost. See p. 293, n. 4; and p. 376, n. 7.

So, in *Othello*, quarto, 1622, Act III, sc. i:

" And needs no other suitor but his likings,
" To *take the safest occasion by the front*,
" To bring you in."

In the folio the second line is omitted, by the compositor's eye, after the first word of it was composed, glancing on the same word immediately under it in the subsequent line, and then proceeding with that line instead of the other. This happens frequently at the press. The omitted line in the passage, which has given rise to the present note, might have been of this import:

Sir, I will eat no meat, I 'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I 'LL not so much as syllable a word;
I 'LL *not sleep neither: This mortal house I 'll ruin*, &c.

The words *I 'll not sleep neither*, contain a new and distinct menace. I once thought that Shakspeare might have written—I 'll not *speak* neither; but in p. 395, Cæsar comforting Cleopatra, says, " feed, and *sleep*;" which shows that *sleep*, in the passage before us, is the true reading. *Malone*.

I agree that a line is lost, which I shall attempt to supply:

Sir, I will eat no meat, I 'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
[I will not speak; if sleep be necessary,]
I 'll not sleep neither.

The repetition of the word *necessary* may have occasioned the omission. *Ritson*.

[3] *My country's high* pyramides *my gibbet*,] The poet designed we should read—*pyramides*, Lat. instead of *pyramids*, and so the folio reads. The verse will otherwise be defective. Thus, in *Doctor Faustus*, 1604:

" Besides the gates and high *pyramides*
" That Julius Cæsar brought from Africa."

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: as[4] for the queen,
I 'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please, [*To* CLEO.
If you 'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.
[*Exeunt* PRO. *and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Is 't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you, —

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun,[5] and moon; which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.[6]

Again in *Tamburlaine*, 1590:
" Like to the shadows of *pyramides*."
Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. XII, c. lxxiii:
" The theaters, *pyramides*, the hills of half a mile."
Mr. Tollet observes, " that Sandys, in his *Travels*, as well as Drayton, in the 26th Song of his *Polyolbion*, uses *pyramides* as a quadrisyllable." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *as* —] This conjunction is wanting in the first, but is supplied by the second folio. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *as the* heavens; *and therein* stuck
A sun,] So, in *King Henry IV*, P. II:
" —— it *stuck* upon him, as the *sun*
" In the grey vault of *heaven*." *Steevens.*

[6] *The little* O, *the earth.*] Old copy—
The little o' the earth.
Dol. *Most sovereign creature!*—

Dol. Most sovereign creature, —
Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean:[7] his rear'd arm
Crested the world:[8] his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;[9]
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping:[1] His delights

What a blessed limping verse these *hemistichs* give us! Had none of the editors an ear to find the hitch in its pace? There is but a syllable wanting, and that, I believe verily, was but of a single letter. I restore:

The little O *o' th' earth.*

i. e. the little orb or circle. Our poet, in other passages, chooses to express himself thus. *Theobald.*

When two words are repeated near to each other, printers very often omit one of them. The text however may well stand.

Shakspeare frequently uses *O* for an orb or circle. So, in *King Henry V:*

" ——— can we cram
" Within this wooden *O* the very casques," &c.

Again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*

" Than all yon fiery *oes*, and eyes of light." *Malone.*

[7] *His legs bestrid the ocean:* &c.] So, in *Julius Cæsar:*

" Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
" Like a Colossus." *Malone.*

[8] ——— *his rear'd arm*
Crested the world:] Alluding to some of the old crests in heraldry, where a raised arm on a wreath was mounted on the helmet. *Percy.*

[9] ——— and *that to friends;*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read, with no less obscurity:

——— when *that to friends.* *Steevens.*

[1] ——— *For his bounty,*
There was no winter in 't; an autumn *'twas,*
That grew the more by reaping:] Old copy—

——— *an* Antony *it was,* ———.

There was certainly a contrast both in the thought and terms, designed here, which is lost in an accidental corruption. How could an *Antony* grow the more by reaping? I 'll venture, by a very easy change, to restore an exquisite fine allusion; which carries its reason with it too, why there was no *winter* in his bounty:

——— *For his bounty,*
There was no winter *in 't; an* autumn *'twas,*
That grew the more by reaping.

I ought to take notice, that the ingenious Dr. Thirlby likewise started this very emendation, and had marked it in the margin of his book. *Theobald.*

Were dolphin-like;[2] they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates[3] dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra, —

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,[4]

The following lines in Shakspeare's 53d Sonnet add support to the emendation:

" Speak of the spring, and *foison* of the year,
" The one doth shadow of your bounty show;
" The *other* as your *bounty* doth appear,
" And you in every blessed shape we know."

By the *other*, in the third line, i. e. the *foison* of the year, the poet means *autumn*, the season of plenty.

Again, in *The Tempest:*

" How does my *bounteous* sister [*Ceres*]?" *Malone.*

[2] —— *His delights*
Were dolphin-like; *&c.*] This image occurs in a short poem inserted in T. Lodge's *Life and Death of William Longbeard, the most famous and witty English Traitor*, &c. 1593, 4to. bl. l:

" Oh faire of fairest, *Dolphin-like*,
" Within the rivers of my plaint," &c. *Steevens.*

[3] *As* plates —] *Plates* mean, I believe, *silver money*. So, in Marlow's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

" What 's the price of this slave, 200 crowns?——
" And if he has, he 's worth 300 *plates.*"

Again:

" Rat'st thou this Moor but at 200 *plates?*" *Steevens.*

Mr. Steevens justly interprets *plates* to mean silver money. It is a term in heraldry. The balls or roundels in an escutcheon of arms, according to their different colours, have different names. If *gules*, or red, they are called *torteauxes;* if *or*, or yellow, *bezants;* if *argent*, or white, *plates*, which are buttons of silver without any impression, but only prepared for the stamp.

So Spenser, *Fairy Queen*, B. II, c. vii, st. 5:

" Some others were new driven, and distent
" Into great ingoes, and to wedges square;
" Some in round *plates* withouten moniment,
" But most were stampt, and in their metal bare,
" The antique shapes of kings and kesars, straung and rare." *Whalley.*

[4] —— or *ever were one such,*] The old copy has—*nor* ever, *&c.* The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

It 's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms[5] with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.[6]
Dol. Hear me, good madam:
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots[7]
My very heart at root.
Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?
Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir, —
Dol. Though he be honourable, —
Cleo. He 'll lead me then in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will;
I know it.
Within. Make way there,—Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS, SELEUCUS, *and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen
Of Egypt?
Dol. 'Tis the emperor, madam, [CLEO. *kneels.*
Cæs. Arise,
You shall not kneel:——
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.
Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.
Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:

[5] *To* vie *strange forms* —] To *vie* was a term at cards. See Vol. V, p. 280, n. 1; and Vol. VI, p. 71, n. 4. *Steevens.*

[6] ——— *yet, to imagine*
An Antony, were nature's piece *'gainst fancy,*
Condemning shadows quite.] The word *piece,* is a term appropriated to works of art. Here Nature and Fancy produce each their *piece,* and the *piece* done by Nature had the preference. Antony was in reality *past the size of dreaming;* he was more by *Nature* than *Fancy* could present in sleep. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *shoots* —] The old copy reads—*suites.* *Steevens.*
The correction was made by Mr. Pope. The error arose from the two words, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, being pronounced alike. See Vol. IV, p. 61, n. 7. *Malone.*

The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well[8]
To make it clear; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.
Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle) you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I 'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I 'll take my leave.
Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we

[8] *I cannot* project *mine own cause so well* —] *Project* signifies to *invent* a cause, not to *plead* it; which is the sense here required. It is plain that we should read:

I cannot proctor *my own cause so well.*

The technical term, to plead by an advocate. *Warburton.*

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

I cannot parget *my own cause* ——.

Meaning, I cannot *whitewash*, *varnish*, or *gloss* my cause. I believe the present reading to be right. To *project a cause* is to *represent* a cause; to *project* it *well*, is to *plan* or *contrive* a scheme of defence. *Johnson.*

The old reading may certainly be the true one. Sir John Harrington, in his *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, p. 79, says—"I have chosen Ajax for the *project* of this discourse."

Again, in *Looke About You*, a comedy, 1600:

"But quite dislike the *project* of your sute."

Yet Sir Thomas Hanmer's conjecture may be likewise countenanced; for the word he wishes to bring in, is used in the 4th Eclogue of Drayton:

"Scorn'd paintings, *pargit*, and the borrow'd hair."

And several times by Ben Jonson. So, in *The Silent Woman:*

"—— she 's above fifty too, and *pargets*. *Steevens.*

In *Much Ado about Nothing*, we find these lines:

"—— She cannot love,
"Nor take no shape nor *project* of affection,
"She is so self-endear'd."

I cannot *project*, &c. means, therefore, I cannot shape or form *my cause*, &c. *Malone.*

Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.
Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.[9]
Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.[1]—Where 's Seleucus?
Sel. Here, madam.
Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.
Sel. Madam,
I had rather seel my lips,[2] than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.
Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.
Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust

[9] *You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.*] You shall yourself be my counsellor, and suggest whatever you wish to be done for your relief. So, afterwards:

" For we intend so to dispose you, as
" Yourself shall give us counsel." *Malone.*

[1] —— *'tis exactly valued;*
Not petty things admitted.] Sagacious editors! Cleopatra gives in a list of her wealth, says, 'tis exactly valued; but that petty things are not *admitted* in this list: and then she appeals to her treasurer, that she has reserved nothing to herself. And when he betrays her, she is reduced to the shift of exclaiming against the ingratitude of servants, and of making apologies for having secreted certain trifles. Who does not see, that we ought to read:

Not petty things omitted?

For this declaration lays open her falsehood; and makes her angry, when her treasurer detects her in a direct lie. *Theobald.*

Notwithstanding the wrath of Mr. Theobald, I have restored the old reading. She is angry afterwards, that she is accused of having reserved more than petty things. Dr. Warburton and Sir Thomas Hanmer follow Theobald. *Johnson.*

[2] —— *seel my lips,*] Sew up my mouth. *Johnson.*

It means, close up my lips as effectually as the eyes of a hawk are closed. To *seel* hawks was the technical term. *Steevens.*

Than love that 's hired!—What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I 'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, soul-less villain, dog!
O rarely base![3]

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;[4]
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek,[5] that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by[6]
Addition of his envy![7] Say, good Cæsar,

[3] *O rarely base!*] i. e. base in an uncommon degree. *Steevens.*

[4] *O Cæsar,* &c.] This speech of Cleopatra is taken from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, where it stands as follows: "O Cæsar, is not this great shame and reproach, that thou having vouchsafed to take the pains to come unto me, and hast done me this honour, poor wretch and caitiff creature, brought into this pitiful and miserable estate, and that mine own servants should come now to accuse me. Though it may be that I have reserved some jewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me (poor soul) to set out myself withal; but meaning to give some pretty presents unto Octavia and Livia, that they making means and intercession for me to thee, thou mightest yet extend thy favour and mercy upon me," &c. *Steevens.*

[5] *To one so* meek,] *Meek,* I suppose, means here, *tame,* subdued by adversity. So, in the parallel passage in Plutarch: "poor wretch, and caitiff creature, brought into this pitiful and miserable estate —." Cleopatra, in any other sense, was not eminent for *meekness.*

Our author has employed this word, in *The Rape of Lucrece,* in the same sense as here:

"Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and *meek,*
"Like to a bankrupt beggar, wails his case." *Malone.*

[6] Parcel *the sum of my disgraces by* —] *To parcel her disgraces,* might be expressed in vulgar language, *to bundle up her calamities. Johnson.*

The meaning, I think, either is, "that this fellow should add one more parcel or *item* to the sum of my disgraces, namely, his own malice;" or, "that this fellow should *tot up* the sum of my disgraces, and add his own malice to the account."

Parcel is here used technically. So, in *King Henry IV,* P. I: "That this fellow, [Francis, the drawer,] should have fewer words than a parrot! his eloquence the *parcel* of a reckoning." There it means, either an *item,* or the accumulated total formed by various *items. Malone.*

[7] —— *of his* envy!] *Envy* is here, as almost always in these plays, *malice.* See Vol. XI, p. 240, n. 7. *Malone.*

That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends[8] withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one[9] that I have bred? The gods! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence; [*To* SEL.
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance:[1]—Wert thou a man,
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus. [*Exit* SEL.

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,

[8] —— modern *friends* —] *Modern* means here, as it generally does in these plays, *common* or *ordinary*. *M. Mason.*

So, in *As you Like it:*

"Full of wise saws and *modern* instances."

See Vol. V, p. 59, n. 4. *Steevens.*

[9] With *one* —] *With*, in the present instance, has the power of *by*. So, in *The Lover's Progress* of Beaumont and Fletcher: "And courted *with* felicity." *Steevens.*

[1] *Through the ashes of my* chance:] Or *fortune*. The meaning is, Begone, or I shall exert that royal spirit which I had in my prosperity, in spite of the imbecility of my present weak condition. This taught the Oxford editor to alter it to *mischance*. *Warburton.*

We have had already in this play—"the wounded *chance* of Antony." *Malone.*

Or I shall show the cinders *of my spirits*
Through the ashes *of my chance:*] Thus Chaucer, in his *Canterbury Tales*' Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 3180:

"Yet in our *ashen* cold is fire yreken."

And thus (as the learned editor has observed) Mr. Gray, in his *Church-Yard Elegy:*

"Even in our *ashes* live their wonted fires."

Mr. Gray refers to the following passage in the 169 (171) Sonnet of Petrarch, as his original:

"Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio foco,
"Fredda una lingua, e due begli occhi chiusi
"Rimaner dopo noi pien di faville." *Edit.* 1564, p. 271.

Thus also Sidney, in his *Arcadia*, Lib. 3:

"*In ashes* of despaire (though burnt) shall make thee *live.*" *Steevens.*

Again, in our author's 73d Sonnet:

"In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
"That on the ashes of his youth doth lie." *Malone.*

We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.[2]
Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar 's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons:[3] no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; And so adieu.
Cleo. My master, and my lord!
Cæs. Not so: Adieu.
[*Exeunt* CÆS. *and his Train.*
Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.
[*Whispers* CHAR.

[2] *Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought*
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.] We suffer at our highest state of elevation in the *thoughts of mankind for that which others do; and when we fall,* those that contented themselves only to think ill before, call us to *answer in our own names for the merits of others. We are therefore to be pitied. Merits* is in this place taken in an ill sense, for actions *meriting* censure. *Johnson.*

The plain meaning is this: *The greatest of us are aspersed for things which others do: and when, by the decline of our power, we become in a condition to be questioned, we are called to answer in our own names for the actions of other people.*

Merit is here used, as the word *desert* frequently is, to express a certain degree of merit or demerit. A man may merit punishment as well as reward. *M. Mason.*

As *demerits* was often used, in Shakspeare's time, as synonymous to *merit,* so merit might have been used in the sense which we now affix to *demerit;* or the meaning may be only, we are called to account, and to answer in our own names for *acts,* with which others, rather than we, *deserve* to be charged. *Malone.*

[3] *Make not your thoughts your* prisons:] I once wished to read—
Make not your thoughts your poison: ——
Do not destroy yourself by musing on your misfortune. Yet I would change nothing, as the old reading presents a very proper sense. *Be not a prisoner in imagination, when in reality you are free. Johnson.*

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.
Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.
Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?
Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit* CHAR.
Cleo. Dolabella?
Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.
Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.
Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.
Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. [*Exit* DOL.] Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanick slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shalt
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.
Iras. The gods forbid!
Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune:[4] the quick comedians[5]

[4] —— *and* scald rhymers
Ballad *us out o' tune:*] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*
" —— thou ——
" Shalt have thy trespass cited up in *rhymes*,
" And *sung* by children in succeeding times." *Malone.*
Scald was a word of contempt implying poverty, disease, and filth. *Johnson.*
So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Evans calls the host of the Garter "*scald*, scurvy companion;" and in *King Henry V*, Fluellen bestows the same epithet on Pistol. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *the* quick *comedians* —] The gay inventive players. *Johnson.*

Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness[6]
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I 'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that 's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.[7]—Now, Charmian?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, Iras, go.[8]—

Quick means, here, rather *ready* than *gay*. *M. Mason.*

The lively, inventive, *quick*-witted comedians. So, (*ut meos quoque attingam,*) in an ancient tract, entitled *A briefe Description of Ireland, made in this Yeare*, 1589, by Robert Payne, &c. 8vo. 1589: "They are *quick-witted*, and of good constitution of bodie." See p. 200, n. 3. *Malone.*

[6] —— *boy my greatness* —] The parts of women were acted on the stage by boys. *Hanmer.*

Nash, in *Pierce Pennylesse his Supplication*, &c. 1595, says, "Our players are not as the players beyond sea, a sort of squirting bawdy comedians, that have whores and common courtesans to play women's parts," &c. To obviate the impropriety of men representing women, T. Goff, in his tragedy of *The Raging Turk, or Bajazet II*, 1631, has no female character. *Steevens.*

[7] *Their most* absurd *intents.*] Why should Cleopatra call Cæsar's designs *absurd?* She could not think his intent of carrying her in triumph, such, with regard to his own glory; and her finding an expedient to disappoint him, could not bring it under that predicament. I much rather think the poet wrote:

Their most assur'd *intents.* ——

i. e. the purposes, which they make themselves most sure of accomplishing. *Theobald.*

I have preserved the old reading. The design certainly appeared *absurd* enough to Cleopatra, both as she thought it unreasonable in itself, and as she knew it would fail. *Johnson.*

[8] —— Sirrah, *Iras, go.*] From hence it appears that *Sirrah*, an appellation generally addressed to males, was equally applicable to females.

Thus, in Arthur Hall's translation of the sixth *Iliad:*

Now, noble Charmian, we 'll despatch indeed:
And, when thou hast done this chare, I 'll give thee leave
To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore 's this noise? [*Exit* IRAS. *A Noise within.*

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be denied your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor[9] an instrument
[*Exit* Guard.
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution 's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.[1]

"Unto the *maides* quoth Hector then, your mistresse where is she?
"What, is not she now gone abroade some sister hers to see,
"Or to my good sisters there hir griefe, to put away,
"And so to passe the time with them? now *Sirs* do quickly say." *Steevens.*

[9] —— How *poor* &c.] Thus the second folio. The first nonsensically reads—*What* poor &c. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *now the fleeting moon*
No planet is of mine.] Alluding to the Ægyptian devotion paid to the moon under the name of Isis. *Warburton.*

I really believe that our poet was not at all acquainted with the devotion that the Ægyptians paid to this planet under the name of Isis; but that Cleopatra having said, *I have nothing of woman in me*, added, by way of amplification, that she had not *even the changes of disposition peculiar to her sex, and which sometimes happen as frequently as those of the moon;* or that she was not, like the sea, governed by the moon. So, in *King Richard III:* "—I being governed by the watry *moon*," &c. Why should she say on this occasion that she no longer made use of the forms of worship peculiar to her country?

Fleeting is inconstant. So, in William Walter's *Guistard and Sismond*, 12mo. 1597:

"More variant than is the *flitting lune.*"

Again, in Greene's *Metamorphosis*, 1617: "—to show the world she was not *fleeting.*" See Vol. XI, p. 49, n. 9. *Steevens.*

Our author will himself furnish us with a commodious interpretation of this passage. I am now "whole as the marble, founded as the rock," and no longer changeable and fluctuating between different purposes, like the *fleeting* and *inconstant* moon,

"That monthly changes in her circled orb." *Malone.*

Re-enter Guard, *with a* Clown *bringing a Basket.*

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit* Guard.
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus[2] there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those, that do die of it, do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on 't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt,—Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm: But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do:[3] But this is most fallible, the worm 's an odd worm.

[2] —— *the pretty* worm *of Nilus* —] *Worm* is the Teutonick word for *serpent;* we have the *blind-worm* and *slow-worm* still in our language, and the Norwegians call an enormous monster, seen sometimes in the Northern ocean, the *sea-worm.* *Johnson.*

So, in *The Dumb Knight,* 1633:

" Those coals the Roman Portia did devour,
" Are not burnt out, nor have th' Ægyptian *worms*
" Yet lost their stings."

Again, in *The Tragedy of Hoffman,* 1631:

" —— I 'll watch for fear
" Of venemous *worms.*"

See Vol. X, p. 206, n. 2. *Steevens.*

In the Northern counties, the word *worm* is still given to the serpent species in general. I have seen a Northumberland ballad, entituled, *The laidly Worm of Spindleston Heughes,* i. e. The loathsome or foul serpent of Spindleston Craggs; certain rocks so called, near Bamburgh Castle.

Shakspeare uses *worm* again in the same sense. See *The Second Part of King Henry VI:*

" The mortal *worm* might make the sleep eternal." *Percy.*

Again, in the old version of *The New Testament,* Acts xxviii, " Now when the barbarians sawe the *worme* hang on his hand," &c. *Tollet.*

[3] *But he that will believe* all *that they say, shall never be saved by* half *that they do:*] Shakspeare's clowns are always jokers, and deal in sly satire. It is plain this must be read the contrary way, and *all* and *half* change places. *Warburton.*

Probably Shakspeare designed that confusion which the critick would disentangle. *Steevens.*

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewel.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewel. [Clown *sets down the Basket.*

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.[4]

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewel.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewel.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm. [*Exit.*

Re-enter IRAS, *with a Robe, Crown,* &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me:[5] Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:[6]—

[4] —— *will do his kind.*] The serpent will act according to his nature. *Johnson.*

So, in Heywood's *If you know not Me you know Nobody*, 1633:

"Good girls, they *do their kind.*"

Again, in the ancient black letter romance of *Syr Tryamoure*, no date:

"He *dyd* full gentylly *his kinde.*"

Again, in Philemon Holland's translation of the 8th Book of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* ch. 42: "— Queene Semiramis loved a great horse that she had so farre forth, that she was content hee should *doe his kind* with her." *Steevens.*

Again, in *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"For tickle Fortune *doth*, in changing, but her *kind.*"
Malone.

[5] Immortal longings *in me:*] This expression appears to have been transplanted into Addison's *Cato:*

"This *longing* after *immortality.*" *Steevens.*

[6] —— *Now no more*
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist *this lip:*] This verb occurs also in Chapman's version of the 22d Iliad:

Yare, yare,[7] good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.[8]—So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewel, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewel.
[*Kisses them.* IRAS *falls and dies.*
Have I the aspick in my lips?[9] Dost fall?[1]
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,[2]
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.
Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

" —— the wine he finds in it,
" Scarce *moists* his palate." *Steevens.*

[7] *Yare, yare,*] i. e. make haste, be nimble, be ready. So, in the old bl. romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys:*
" Ryght soone he made him *yare.*"
See Vol. II, p. 9, n. 2. *Steevens.*
A preceding passage precisely ascertains the meaning of the word:
" —— to proclaim it civilly, were like
" A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
" For being *yare* about him." *Malone.*

[8] *I am* fire, *and* air; *my other elements*
I give to baser life.] So, in *King Henry V:* " He is pure *air* and *fire;* and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him." " Do not our lives (says Sir Andrew Aguecheek) consist of the *four* elements?" *Malone.*
Homer, *Iliad* VII, 99, speaks as contemptuously of the grosser elements we spring from:
" Αλλα ὑμεῖς μὲν πάντες ὕδωρ ὲ γαῖα γενοισθε." *Steevens.*

[9] *Have I the aspick in my lips?*] Are my lips poison'd by the aspick, that my kiss has destroyed thee? *Malone.*

[1] —— *Dost fall?*] Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, or I know not why she should fall so soon. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *a lover's* pinch,] So before, p. 222:
" That am with Phœbus' *amorous* pinches black." *Steevens.*

Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He 'll make demand of her;[3] and spend that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have. Come, mortal wretch,[4]
[*To the Asp, which she applies to her Breast.*
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, could'st thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
Unpolicied![5]

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?[6]

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—

[3] *He 'll make demand of her;*] He will enquire of her concerning me, and kiss her for giving him intelligence. *Johnson.*

[4] —— *Come, mortal wretch,*] Old copies, unmetrically:
—— *Come,* thou *mortal wretch,* —. *Steevens.*

[5] ——— *ass*
Unpolicied!] i. e. an ass *without more policy* than to leave the means of death within my reach, and thereby deprive his triumph of its noblest decoration. *Steevens.*

[6] *That sucks the nurse asleep?*] Before the publication of this piece, *The Tragedy of Cleopatra,* by Daniel, 1594, had made its appearance; but Dryden is more indebted to it than Shakspeare. Daniel has the following address to the asp:

" Better than death death's office thou dischargest,
" That with one gentle touch can free our breath;
" And in a pleasing sleep our soul enlargest,
" Making ourselves not privy to our death.—
" Therefore come thou, of wonders wonder chief,
" That open canst with such an easy key
" The door of life; come gentle, cunning thief,
" That from ourselves so steal'st ourselves away."
See Warton's Pope, Vol. IV, 219, v. 73.

Dryden says on the same occasion:

" —— Welcome thou kind deceiver!
" Thou best of thieves; who with an easy key
" Dost open life, and, unperceiv'd by us,
" Even steal us from ourselves: Discharging so
" Death's dreadful office better than himself,
" Touching our limbs so gently into slumber,
" That death stands by, deceiv'd by his own image,
" And thinks himself but sleep." *Steevens.*

O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—
[*Applying another Asp to her Arm.*
What should I stay — [*Falls on a Bed, and dies.*
Char. In this wild world?[7]—So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;[8]
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown 's awry;[9]
I 'll mend it, and then play.[1]

Enter the Guard, *rushing in.*

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?
Char. Speak softly, wake her not.
1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent —
Char. Too slow a messenger.
[*Applies the Asp.*
O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

[7] *In this* wild *world?*] Thus the old copy. I suppose she means by this *wild* world, this world which by the death of Antony is become a *desert* to her. A *wild* is a desert. Our author, however, might have written *vild* (i. e. *vile* according to ancient spelling) for worthless. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *Downy windows, close;*] So, in *Venus and Adonis:*
" Her two blue *windows* faintly she upheaveth." *Malone.*
Charmian, in saying this, must be conceived to close Cleopatra's eyes; one of the first ceremonies performed toward a dead body. *Ritson.*

[9] —— *Your crown 's* awry;] This is well amended by the editors. The old editions had—
—— *Your crown 's* away. *Johnson.*
So, in Daniel's *Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1594:
" And senseless, in her sinking down, she *wryes*
" The diadem which on her head she wore;
" Which Charmian (poor weak feeble maid) espyes,
" And hastes to right it as it was before;
" For Eras now was dead." *Steevens.*
The correction was made by Mr. Pope. The author has here as usual followed the old translation of Plutarch: " — They found Cleopatra starke dead layed upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feete; and her other woman called Charmian half dead, and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head." *Malone.*

[1] —— *and then* play.] i. e. play her part in this tragick scene by destroying herself: or she may mean, that having performed her last office for her mistress, she will accept the permission given her *in p. 398*, to " *play* till dooms-day." Steevens.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All 's not well: Cæsar 's beguil'd.
2 *Guard.* There 's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—call him.
1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this well done?
Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.[2]
Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?
2 *Guard.* All dead.
Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see performed the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.
Within. A way there, way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, *and Attendants.*

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.
Cæs. Bravest at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.
Dol. Who was last with them?
1 *Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought her figs;
This was his basket.
Cæs. Poison'd then.
1 *Guard.* O Cæsar,
This Charmian lived but now; she stood, and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.
Cæs. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,

[2] *Descended of so many royal kings.*] Almost these very words are found in Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch; and in Daniel's play on the same subject. The former book is not uncommon, and therefore it would be impertinent to crowd the page with every circumstance which Shakspeare has borrowed from the same original. *Steevens.*

As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.
Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:[3]
The like is on her arm.
1 *Guard.* This is an aspick's trail: and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.
Cæs. Most probable,
That so she died; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite[4]
Of easy ways to die.[5]—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip[6] in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them: and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory,[7] which

[3] —— *something* blown:] The flesh is somewhat *puffed* or *swoln*. *Johnson.*
So, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Bevys* of Hampton, bl. l. no date:
" That with venim upon him throwen,
" The knight lay then to-*blowen*."
Again, in the romance of *Syr Isenbras*, bl. l. no date:
" With adders all your bestes ben slaine,
" With venyme are they *blowe*."
Again, in Ben Jonson's *Magnetick Lady*:
" —— What is *blown*, puft? speak English.—
" Tainted an' please you, some do call it,
" She *swells* and so *swells*," &c. *Steevens.*

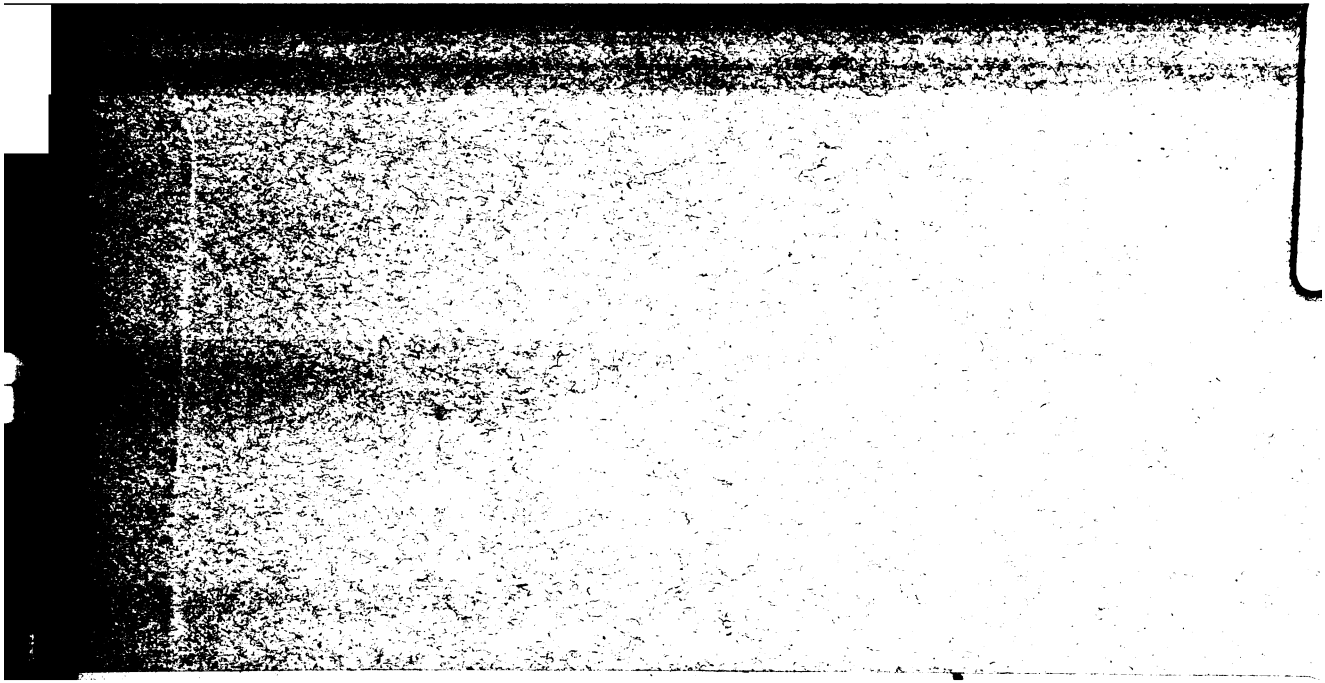
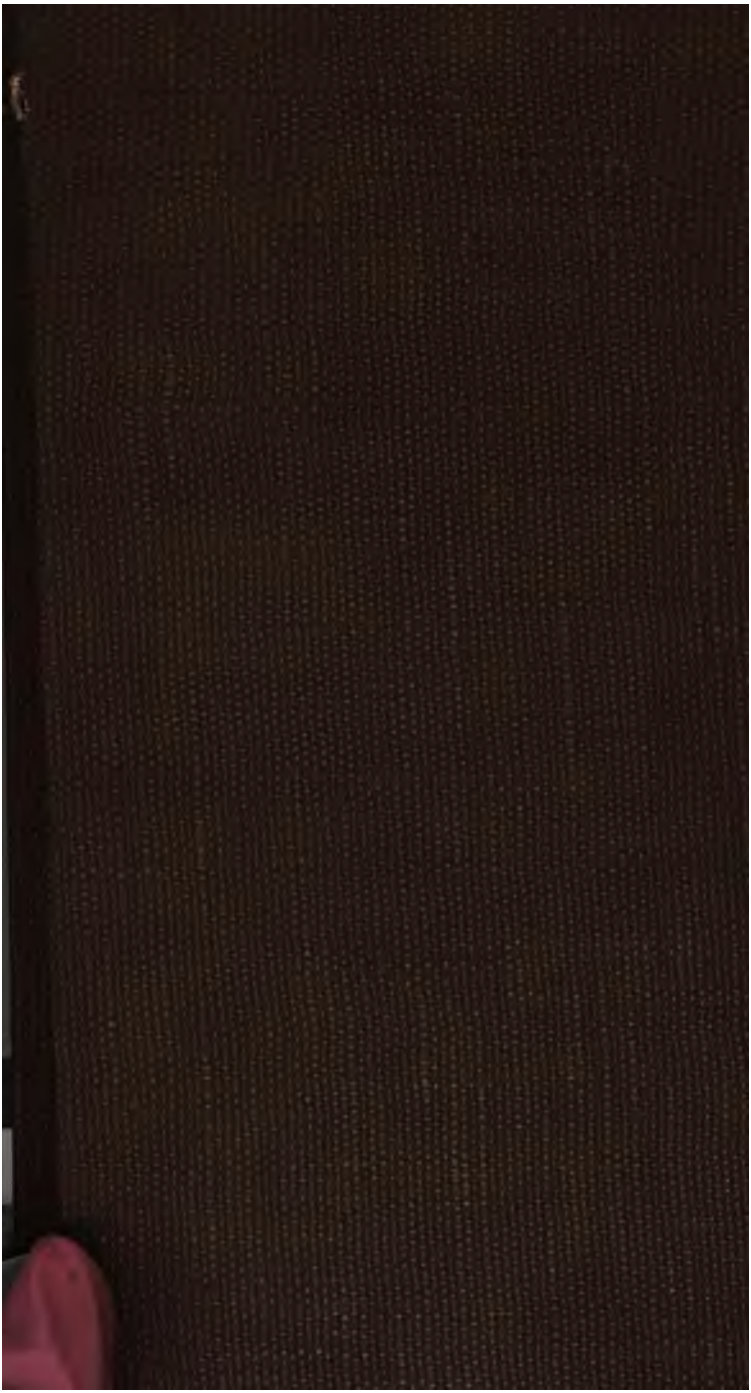
[4] *She hath pursu'd* conclusions *infinite* —] To *pursue conclusions*, is to *try experiments*. So, in *Hamlet*:
" —— like the famous ape,
" To *try conclusions*," &c.
Again, in *Cymbeline*:
" I did amplify my judgment in
" Other *conclusions*." *Steevens.*

[5] *Of easy ways to die.*] Such was the death brought on by the aspick's venom. Thus Lucan, Lib. IX:
" At tibi Leve miser fixus præcordia pressit
" Niliaca serpente cruor; nulloque dolore
" Testatus morsus subita caligine mortem
" Accipis, & Stygias somno descendis ad umbras."
Steevens.

[6] —— *shall* clip —] i. e. enfold. See p. 345, n. 3. Steevens.

Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*[8]

[7] —— *their story is*
No less in pity, than his glory, &c.] i. e. the narrative of such events demands not less compassion for the sufferers, than glory on the part of him who brought on their sufferings. *Steevens.*

[8] This play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first Act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others: the most tumid speech in the play is that which Cæsar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connection or care of disposition. *Johnson.*